

Burley. *Not in*
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MEMOIRS
OF
EUROPE,

Towards the Close of the
Eighth Century.

Written by
EGINARDUS,
Secretary and Favourite to
CHARLEMAGNE;

Mary de la Riviere (Minley)
And done into *English* by the
TRANSLATOR
OF THE
New *ATALANTIS.*

L
LONDON:
Printed for JOHN MORPHEW, near
Stationers-Hall, 1710. 5

T O

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

SIR,

A S a Dedication seems of necessity towards the Ornament of a Work of this Kind, I could not hesitate upon my Choice, because Experience (and the Example of the *Indians*, who, in the Worship of their *Demons*, consult only Fear, which in some Cases seems to be our strongest Passion) has taught me to endeavour to secure any one that may henceforward prove my Heroe, from the well-bred further Reflections of so polite a Pen as yours. Tho' your Worship, in the *TATLER*, of *November* the Tenth, has been pleased to call a *Patron* the *Filthiest Creature in the Street*, &c. yet I cannot but observe, in innumerable Instances, that you are so delighted with such Addresses, as even to make them to your self:

self: I hope therefore, a corroborating Evidence of your Perfections, may not be unacceptable.

I have learnt from your Worship's Lucubrations, to have all the Moral Vertues in Esteem; and therefore take this Opportunity of doing Justice, and asking a certain worthy Gentleman, one Capt. S—l, Pardon, for ever mistaking him for your Worship; for if I persevere in that Accusation, I must believe him not in earnest, when he makes the following Assurances in a Letter, which according to your Example, Sir, who seem prodigiously fond of such Insertions, I venture to transcribe *verbatim*.

To Mrs. M——y.

MADAM,

I Have receiv'd a Letter from you, wherein you tax me, as if I were Bickerstaff, with falling upon you as Author of the *Atalantis*, and the Person who honour'd me with a Character in that Celebrated Piece. I solemnly assure you, you wrong me in this, as much as you know you do in all else you have been pleas'd to say of

The Dedication.

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of me. I had the greatest Sense imaginable of the kind Notice you gave me when I was going on to my Ruin, and am so far from retaining an Inclination to revenge the Inhumanity with which you have treated Me, that I give my self a Satisfaction in that you have cancelled, with Injuries, a Friendship I should never have been able to return.

This will convince you how little I am an *Ingrate*; for I believe you will allow no one that is so mean as to be forgetful of Services, ever fails in returning Injuries.

As for the Verses you quote of mine, they are still my Opinion, &c.

*Against a Woman's Wit, 'tis full as low,
Your Malice, as your Bravery to show.*

and your Sex, as well as your Quality of a Gentlewoman (a Justice you would not do my Birth and Education) shall always preserve you against the Pen of your provok'd

Sept. 6. 1709.

Most humble Servant,

R——d S——le.

A. 3.

Soon

Soon after, two most mighty *Tatlers* came out, levell'd directly at humble Me; but That I could have forgiven, had they not aim'd to asperse one *too great to name*. Vain! ridiculous Endeavour! as well the Sun may be cover'd with a Hand, as such Merit sullied by the Attempts of the most malicious, most witty Pen.

Since Mr. S——*te's* reconcil'd Friendship (promised after my Application to him when under State-Confinement) could never be guilty of so barbarous a Breach, since he could not commit the Treacheroust! the Basest! the most Abject thing upon Earth! so contrary to his Assurances! It must be you, Sir, to whom my Thanks are due; making me a Person of such Consideration, as to be worthy your important War. A weak, unlearn'd Woman's Writings, to employ so great a Pen! Heavens! how valuable am I? How fond of that *Immortality*, even of *Infamy*, that you have promised! I am ravish'd at the Thoughts of *living a thousand Years* hence in your indelible Lines, tho' to give Offence. He that burnt the Temple of *Diana* was ambitious after much such a
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Sort of Fame, as what your Worship seems to have in store for me! Nay, (just tho' you are) you even strain a Point to oblige me; as to the Fate of my *Atalantis*, calling that *present State Oblivion*, which was more powerful *Suppression*: I doubt your Worship must be forced to make many as bold Attempts, else in my frail Woman's Life there will be little of Heroick Ills worth recording: Nor would I for the World, by (as your Worship seems to fear) *feign'd Names*, or *none at all*, put you to your Criticisms upon *the Style of all your Contemporaries*, though to give you an Opportunity to show your profound Judgment. No, Sir, I will not hazard losing my Title to so promising a Favour: Draw what Lengths you please; I shall be proud of furnishing Matter towards your inexhaustible *Tatler*, and of being a perpetual Monument of Mr. *Bickerstaff's* Gallantry and Morality.

As to the following Work (for which I humbly implore your Worship's All-sufficient Protection) I refer you to it self and the Preface: But could I have found you in your *Sheer-Lane*, in which

viii. *The Dedication.*

Attempt I have wander'd many Hours
in vain, I should have submitted it,
with that Humility due, to so Omnipotent
a Censor. Receive then, Sir, with
your usual Goodness, with the same
Intent with which it is directed, this
Address of,

SIR,

Your most Oblig'd

Most humble Servant,

D. M.

THE
French Translator's
 EPISTLE DEDICATORY
 TO
LOUISA of Savoy,
 Countess of ANGOULESM.

MADAM,

THE First Volume of *Eginardus* having been Sacred to *Francis*, our August Monarch; the Second would have esteemed it as an Indignity, to have implored Protection from any but your Highness.

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iv. The DEDICATION.

THITHER, Madam, all honest Hearts have a natural Propensity; with ~~Pleasure we behold You the happy Fa-~~
vourite of a vertuous Prince ; our Souls replenished with Delight ! our Eyes crouded with Tears of Joy ! acknowledge none so worthy.

Your Highness, Madam, succeeds the Dutches of *Beaujou* in the Counsel and ~~Extreme of the King~~ That Design which was ascrib'd to *Augustus*, when he appointed *Tiberius* to be his Successor, that the Foil might shew the Diamond to Advantage, seems to have been in the Mind of our Monarch : By her all Glare to display the true Brightness of your Highness's Vertue.

The Dutches of *Beaujou*, doubtless, made the Instrument of Heaven, to bring such Goodness into the Family of BOURBON, never can forgive her self the ONLY meritorious Action of her Life ! You no sooner appeared, Madam, but we breathed a new Air, from the sweet Odour of solid Vertue ! sound Religion, unfeigned Piety !

THE DEDICATION.

Piety! unaffected Generosity! affectionate Reverence to the Throne! The Graces were! seen to take Residence among us, instead of Loser Gallantry, Mercenary Opinions, Ridiculing of Devotion, Rapacious Avarice, Contempt and Neglect of our Lawful Monarch, by a Fashionable Pride, which made it a Mode to despise, what, next to our Religion, is dearest to us.

No sooner was your Highness the just Object of our Esteem, but You became one of Hatred to the Dutches of Beaujon; she found her Error in bringing You to Court; and would have retrieved it; which being impossible, she began to persecute and reproach; she thought it Ingratitude and Presumption to dare to be good near her Person, she would ruin what she had raised. But not succeeding, because Your Highness was alway full of Vertue, full of Duty to the Throne; she terms the Countess of Angoulême an Ingrate. You have repayed Reviling with Blessings, shewed a Meekness truly primitive; yet nothing has been able to influ-

vi The DEDICATION.

ence that haughty Heart, which scorns to compound for less than Ruin ! and who for having ONCE ! one ONLY time of her Life, done a good Action ! makes it her perpetual Boast and Regret ; with the Vanity of retorting upon your Highness what all Mankind do upon her, *The Sin of Ingratitude.*

The whole Creation stands at a Gaze, to hear that Word so often used in the Family of the Dutchess of *Beaujou*, where it never ought to be named ! In Policy the *Sound* should be kept as remote from her Ears, as the *Reverse* has been from her Practice.

But, why, Madam, does she stigmatize your Highness ? YOU, EVER FAULTLESS ? What have you done ? No ONE Action towards her Disgrace, the Work was all her Own ! She despised ——— and would no longer obey ———. Because you could not prostitute your Deity and your Manners to so hateful an Imitation : Because you were
still

The DEDICATION. vii.

still loyal, still vertuous, you must be termed *ingrateful*! But if a long Train of Injuries and black Aspersions, can cancel one Obligation (as certainly it does,) How innocent are you, Madam, in respect of the Dutches of *Beaujon*? How criminal the Dutches of *Beaujon*, in regard to the Countess of *Angoulesm*?

Heaven is sometimes pleased with Bitterness to *Zest* the Bowl of Bliss! This Attempt of impotent Malice, flies like Clouds before the Morning-Sun of Vertue! Your *undeserved Sufferings, Innocence persecuted*! makes you dearer to our Hearts! In you, Madam, may be seen a Prodigy, the Favourite of the King, become the Darling of the People. We promise ourselves, Madam, a gracious Representation from your Goodness! You will fill our Sovereign with a tender Regard! confirm his Zeal for Religion! promote the Interest of the Ingenious! and introduce at Court, an other Recommendation for the Deserving, than the late fashionable One of Money.

viii The DEDICATION.

I, the humblest and most unworthy of your Servants, do plead no Merit from *Eginardus*, but a bare Translation. If some Part of it be thought too light, to entertain your Highness, be pleased to consider it as Shades and Colours in Painting, the Deformity of Vice expos'd, to heighten the Beauty and Shine of Vertue!

I am, with most profound Respect,

M A D A M,

Your Highness's most Obedient

And most Humble Servant.

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THE PREFACE.

TH E S E following Memoirs were found by me in my Father's Library, and much valued by him for the Merit of the Author, and the Scarcity of the Book: He had met with it somewhere abroad, in his Exile for the Royal Cause, having been obliged by his Articles, at the Rendition of Colchester, to depart the Kingdom. The French is so obsolete, that I have bestowed much Pains and Application in the Work. The Preface tells us, 'Twas wrote originally in Latin by Eginardus, Secretary and Favourite to Charles the Great, King of the Franks, who wrote that Emperor's Life, and the History of those Times, from whence he was called by Valafriid Strabo, Eginard the Great.

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The Preface.

They were designed for Charles's particular Entertainment, and to instruct him the Merits and Capacity of his Contemporaries, as well Ministers as Princes: the Secretary and Favourite, having been Ambassador at Rome and Constantino-ple, seems to expatiate upon the Finest and Defects of those Courts, (more particularly of Irene's the Empress, who was once in Treaty to have marry'd his Sister, so to have join'd the East and West, making it worthy the Name of Empire) as afterwards with equal Success on his own. Charlemagne, to witness the Esteem he had for the Piece, deposited Copy of it in the University which he had founded at Pavia, whence Francis the First (equally an Admirer and In-urager of Learning) brought it again to France, in the Year 1535, order'd it to be done in their own Language, printed and dedicated with much Applause to himself.

Paulus Diaconus, Secretary and Historiographer to Desiderius King of the Lombards, Baron. Annal. Theophanes, and Modorus; and Zonaras (who wrote History of that Century in the Reign of Alexius Comnenus, A. D. 1118.)

agree

The Preface.

agree with Eginardus in most. Points. They are meer Historians relating Matter of Fact; whereas by way of Narrative, Characters, and Memoirs, he tins in and refines upon whatever occurs of particular Importance and Design, in ~~Age wherein he flourish'd.~~ The Sarmians were a People so distant, that scarce an Author has shown us so early and so clear a Prospect of their Country and Interests as Eginardus: The succeeding Volumes giving a full Account of the Wars betwixt Theodorick, Gensericus, and Belisarius 'till after the Death of this latter, and Election of Lescus II. who was killed in Battle against Charles the Great.

Mr. Echard's Continuator speaks of Eusebius Constantine's Reign, much to the same Purpose as Eginardus; they indeed differ as to Plato, calling him only Monk, not Patriarch, though agreeing to his Persecution, and that his sacred Person was imprison'd, and the rest of the Monks banished for their Excommunicating (Irene's Patriarch) Tharaisius who had married the Emperor to Theodora, Mary his Wife, (whom they confin'd to a Monastery) being still living.

As to Irene, though the Champions of the Papacy extol her blind Zeal for Image-Worship, yet the rest of the Writers concur, That she was an Adulteress, a cruel, cunning, avaritious Woman, who would stick at no Villanies that could promote her Design; an arrogant, haughty, and ambitious Princess, whom neither the Tongue of Men or Angels could excuse for her unnatural Barbarity to her Son; yet have the Papists prophanely presumed to vindicate it by Texts of Scripture. The ensuing Work compleats the Catastrophe: This leaves, where (with the unanimous Consent of all Historians) the Legions and Empire rose against her, humbly advising and petitioning Cæsar, That he would dismiss her and her Adherents, take the Administration of Affairs upon himself, and be pleas'd to reign alone.

THE PREFACE.

THE Incouragement my courteous Readers have given Eginardus, in less than six Months to take off so large an Impression, and suffering Him to come to a second Edition, has tempted me to make a Translation of the second Volume, which I here present, with hopes it may not prove less acceptable, for being more diverting.

The Entertainment being to a Lady, there's not so much of the Politick as in the first Part, more of the Gay. None who reflects on Painting (the Sister-Art) will dispute Eginardus's Taste, in drawing the same Persons in different Manners, sometimes at Length, sometimes a Head, at Large, or in Miniature: A good Hand has its several Beauties in several Attempts, tho' the Face be still the same.

Eginardus had an Opportunity (as Ambassador at Constantinople) to give us, after the Life, the Persons he represents. He seems to have took particular regard to Stauracius, doubtless, because he was the first Person of the Empire. Whether Eginardus survived Stauracius may be a Question; I incline to believe he did not, he being silent upon his End, which was very

remarkable; for as the Historians tell us, The Empress having discovered his Designs against her imperial Dignity, would not reward his Ambition as it deserved; in Consideration of his former Services, she punished him no otherwise, than by forbidding all Men to keep him Company, or speak to him: Which moderate Carriage made him so ashamed of his Offence (wandering and alone, shunned by all the Empire as the Monument of Ingratitude) that he dy'd. of Grief, unlamented.

The Town being so barren of Diversion, nothing new of that kind having appeared since Eginardus: Neither Novel, Memoirs, Comedy or Tragedy, tempted me to bring on this second Volume sooner, by some Months than I design'd. I hope it may not please the less for its sudden Appearance: When we had Writers that entertained from the Theatre twice a Year, it was not thought too often.

The Task I had enjoyned my self, is now performed: After having been long toss'd by tempestuous Schismatics, I have, brought the Orthodox of Eginardus into Port. Leaving to those more happy in the Pen, to entertain the Town hereafter: I have done ——— and take leave, with grateful Acknowledgments to my Reader, for his Favour and Indulgence: Contented (tho' but a Translator) if my Mite has contributed any Thing towards the Display of Vice and Faction, towards the Recommending of Principles and Vertue.

O For:

OF all those numerous Histories which in all Ages have been wrote, how few, very few, have remain'd with Applause to Posterity? Incapacity, Partiality, Hopes and Fears, mingling with the Ink, cause their Work to retain eminently of the Composition. How small a Number (comparatively) survive their Authors? How many more (like Mushromes of a Night, or Abortives under the Mother-Pangs) have left their unhappy Parent the Mortification of seeing them expire, as soon as they began to be?

Who ever voluntarily becomes an Author, and at the same time cries out Indulgence from his Reader, in that he finds he has chosen too elevated a Subject for his humble Pen, writes Idiot, on his own Forehead. Tho' doubtless, a Person may believe too well of himself, yet I am bold to advance, that if he owns an Incapacity for his Theme, the World will be complaisant, and come early into his Opinion: But for us that barely attempt, without Presumption or Despondence; who tremble neither with too forward Desires, nor abject Fears; who think no Place lovely, which Truth and Glory do not adorn, nor wou'd climb the

the Hill of highest Favour without their Support; let us with a chearful Boldness loose the Reins, in View of attaining the Latter, as the Reward of our Endeavours, and impartially entertain our Readers with the Former.

Our Design is to treat of rough *Bellona's* formidable Charms; *Mars* dreadfully gay, adorned with the Spoils of Conquest, and covered with the Effusion of human Blood: But to take in and compleat our Circle with the lovely Sex, to attempt their Heart, Eyes, and Attention by something less dreadful; tho' not less fatal than the native Horrors of the Warrior God; we shall not forbear to introduce the Queen of Love, her bitter Sweets, her Hours of Pain and Joy: With the fantastick Sway of this still changing Goddess, who in her various Dispensations, unequal Movements, Prodigality and Penury of Favours, fatal Frowns, and her more fatal Smiles, proves as unconstant to her Votaries, as that fickle Deity, Fortune, yet unto whom there are more Knees and Vows address'd, than to the whole coelestial Hierarchy besides.

About the Declension of the eighth Century, *Constantine* the Vth, a weak manageable Prince, rested upon the eastern Throne, with a Spirit unequal to the noble Task of Empire: Not so the mighty *Charles*, his Contemporary, call'd the Great, King of the *Franks*; who, by his own Conduct, rais'd his Nation to a Summit of Glory, which
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for a while, blinded the Eyes of the unwary Gazer. At the same time, young *Theodorick*, King of the *Vandals*, made such an Irruption of Brightness by his Actions, as dazled and amaz'd the North; the North! that trembled both with Terror and Admiration, and no longer doubted those Performances of Old, recited by the Poets, which they had sometime (but now no more) thought fabulous; because whatever they had hear'd, they found surpass'd by *Theodorick*. And, as if it were an Age fruitful of Prodigies, and consummate in Heroes, it produc'd One (but Time shall never produce Another) in whom all the Graces and Vertues were advantageously mingled. It was *Horatio*, nam'd *Immortal* from his stupendous Conquests in *Iberia*. But as if Fortune had a Mind to mingle her self in all Things done below, and to put it to the Test, whether he could be every way a Heroe, and if that noble Ardor of Soul, so conspicuous in Prosperity, would not forsake him, or at least degenerate in Adversity; she caus'd the Spirit of Emulation, or rather Envy; to seize upon those who had dismiss'd him to *Iberia*, there to gather unnumbered Laurels, tho' from their Scheme of Affairs, they had had a Prospect of nothing but Thorns: But *Horatio's* Valour and imitable Conduct, causing Things to succeed beyond human Expectation, the Empire was highly advantag'd by him; yet he was recall'd, tho' he went on conquering,
and

and amazing, performing Actions, which it was necessary to behold before one could believe, and in the midst of stupendous Matter of Triumph, made to resign; which he did, and with a Grace inseparable from him, resign his handful of Conquerors (for no larger was that miraculous Army with which he had regain'd Kingdoms) to another General, an upstart *Persian*, a Foreigner, whose utmost Glory it was to appear but as a Foil to *Horatio* in all Things.

His Person was of the tallest Make, you read a Prince in his Aspect, lofty by the Animation of noble Sentiments, yet in which there was not the least Ingredient or Appearance of Pride; his Eyes were as difficult to gaze upon as define, a Lustre, a Brightness participating of the Sun that dazzled and delighted: Whoever beheld him, could not but ask themselves, What must be the inexhaustible Store of Spirits and Lights within, which so profusely darted themselves thro' those Casements of the Mind, and taught 'em to expect prodigious Vivacity from his Conversation, which his Conversation never fail'd of answering? All the Lineaments of his Face were noble, capable of uniting those two Contraries, Love and Reverence, for he had the Art of inspiring both. How, without a Murmur, did *Horatio* depart from the Station whereto his Valour and Management had rais'd him? Depart! free from any other Regret, than leaving those few Companions of his Victories,

ries, destitute of the Recompence he had design'd them, and which the End of the War, and his accumulated Conquests, would have put in his Power to bestow; far from that gloomy Discontent which arises from Self-love, he presented the Batoon with a generous Chearfulness, and modest Request of being still permitted to serve in Quality of Volunteer, since (as he said) the Experience he had gain'd, might possibly make him useful to his Prince: And when it was thought beyond Precedent, and not convenient to grant, he withdrew with a solemn Grace, and Tenderness of Sentiments which arose from his general Humanity and particular Love of that little Army he was made to forsake: But with them it could not be so calm! Their Grief was tumultuous and extream! not a Soldier, but under his auspicious Eagles, was become many times a Conqueror; he had exchang'd his own Property, his very menial Necessaries for Bread to support them: They would more willingly have dy'd at his Command, than have liv'd to be separated from him! Their condoling each other! Their Repinings! Their mutual Fears, bespoke the Adoration they had for him! Their Grief and Murmurs rose so high, that they wanted but the smallest Encouragement from *Horatio* to make them criminal, since but for him they would have disputed the Emperor's Commands, and sacrificed their new General, to have still preserved *Horatio*. His heroic

roick Tenderness made him but ill endure
 those Proofs of the Soldiers Affection. Since
 he could not but find it barbarous to punish
 the amiable Sin of Love in an Army that
 idoliz'd him; and it being against his Duty
 to his Prince to permit the Marks they con-
 tinually gave him of it; he hasted to retire.
 And as if Fortune would every where assault
 him, finding him Proof against Self-Love,
 Self-Interest, Ambition, and False-Glory,
 (by disobeying he could not reap the True)
 she set upon him from within; he was at-
 tack'd, in his Retreat, in the only Place
 where Nature had made him accessible, his
 Love, his Tenderness for his adored *Ximena*!
 The Loss of his Lawrels, the Recompense of
 his Toils ravished from him, were but little
 compared with the Loss of her; he heard
 she was no more! Miraculously heard that
 she was dead, without dying with the News!
Ximena! whom his Soul was fond of, a
 lovely, faithful Wife, whose Beauty, Ten-
 derness, and good Sense, made him place the
 Reward of his brightest Actions in her En-
 dearmments, Approbation, and Applause.
 When once relieved from the Fatigue of
 Conquest, he travel'd with Joy towards the
 Sea, with a Design to embark for *Constanti-*
nople, because in *Ximena's* Arms he could
 not but be happy; but alas! the News of
 her Death reach'd him even whilst he was
 redoubling his eager Steps to embrace her;
 so that having given way to the first Irrup-
 tions of Woe (which are not in the Power
 of

of Reason to restrain) he found a settled Calm of Grief succeed the first Gusts of Sorrow, and which had the Air of working more sure and fatally than the most violent Efforts of Passion. He grew in Love with that melancholy Habit which taught him to forsake Mankind, and to retire into himself, there perpetually to entertain the Idea of his adored *Ximena*, which his Imagination had so faithfully treasured up. To indulge that destructive Poison to his Constitution, he resolved to wander about the World, in Contemplation of *Ximena*; and since the whole Earth was but a larger Wilderness to him, since she no longer civiliz'd and adorn'd it, it became equal to *Horatio* where he should languish out the Remainder of a Life, which his perfect Adoration of *Ximena*, had entirely dedicated to her Remembrance.

In this little Regard for other Objects or Interest, sometimes by Land, and sometimes by Sea, he visited (almost without seeing) the greatest Part of *Europe*; unaffected and unconcerned at Conquests or Defeats, till his Martial Ardor, in spite of that lethargick Grief that possess'd him, could not but rouse it self, with a sort of glorious Emulation, to hear of the unexpected Victories that had been gain'd by young *Theodorick*, King of the *Vandals*: Fame spoke so loudly in Favour of his Person, Conduct, Temperance, Courage, and Piety, that *Horatio* resolv'd to make himself the Judge of that Renown she had so profusely bestow'd upon
this

this Prince; so that travelling to the nearest Port, he embark'd on the East Sea. After many Days tossing on that boisterous Element, he came to a Gulf, whence reembarking himself upon the River *Nova*, he designed for that City, till he heard that *Theodorick*, with a small Army, was advancing to endeavour to raise the Siege which *Genserick* Emperor of the *Goths* and *Russes*, maintain'd by a numerous One. When he came within half a League of *Nova*, which was open on that side next the River, he beheld with Pleasure a Work of Nature, for the Water falling with an extraordinary Violence and Noise, forms a Precipice, and by Accident produces a wonderful Effect; for the Sun all the Morning shining thereon, causes the Appearance of a Rainbow as glorious as that which is seen in the Clouds; by reason of this Fall, the Merchants are obliged to unload in that Place all their Goods, to be Ship'd off upon the Gulph. *Horatio* resolving not to shut up himself in a besieged City, took Directions from the Mariners how he might fetch a Compass; and by avoiding the *Gothick* Army, join the King of the *Vandals*, who was, as we have said, in motion to attempt the raising of the Siege.

After he had been set on Shore, and had mounted his Horse with only two Attendants, Grief so wholly employ'd his Soul, that there was not Room for the least Ray of Joy, much less was there any Concern remain-
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ing in him for what the Universality of Mankind find the greatest Taste in, Pomp, Attendance, Ambition, and Pleasure. He had already wandered some Miles, when looking up to the Heavens, he saw the Winter Sun weakly shining in the West, and from thence informed himself, That it was time for him to seek some Habitation, if he did not resolve to pass the Night without any other Covering than that bleak Canopy above. He was in the midst of a wild open Country, covered here and there with Shrubs and short Bushes, with no living Creature in View: Advancing towards a lofty Pine, the only beautiful Tree of the Place, (all the rest, by the Rigour of the Season, being disrobed of their native Bloom, nothing remaining but the sapless Twigs where Leaves had formerly flourish'd;) against this Evergreen, there was leaning, in a careless Posture, a fair Woman, who seeming to be driven out of the World, no longer beheld the Light as any thing of Moment to her, as if it were no more the Object of her View; so retired into her self, so full of Contemplation from within she appear'd! Notwithstanding the Inclemency of the Season, her Head was without any Covering, save a vast Quantity of graceful fair Hair, which fell in Curls all down her Shoulders, the Whiteness not to be equal'd but by her Face; her Complexion had so dazzling a Lustre, the Vermilion upon her Cheeks and Lips in full Strength of native Bloom, unharmed by the

the driving Snow, or wounding Northern-Blasts, and in whose Countenance there appear'd so satisfied, so sweet a Languishment, that Joy it self was never so charming or so inviting !

Horatio approach'd very near this solitary Fair, with an Intent to inform himself of the Name of the Place where they were, what Retreat was at hand, and the Occasion of her extraordinary Manner and Garb, in so cold, so destitute a Region ! a certain new-born Curiosity (which he had been a Stranger to since the Loss of his adored *Ximena*) reviving in his Breast ; but she repay'd him not in Kind, nor witnessed the least Inclination to raise her Eyes or her Contemplation at the Noise his Horses might possibly make, tho' it could not be great, upon that withered grassy Carpet. *Horatio* stop'd some Moments to contemplate so satisfying a Beauty ! When from that Part of the Wild that immediately faced her Eyes, he saw advance another blooming Maid, who seem'd to carry her Heart in her Hand ! Her flowing Robes and Hair, as if not affected with any Season, discovered all the Charms of her Face and Person ! There was no Disguise, nor the Attempt of any, all was artless, all was ravishing and heavenly ! *Horatio*, seiz'd with a certain Reverence and Awe, believed himself advanced upon forbidden Ground, that these were not Mortals he beheld, but something divine ; and the rather because in the Form which last appear'd, he
saw

saw the Emblem of *Sincerity* bearing her transparent Heart in her Hand! He was confirm'd in his Conjecture, when he heard the beautiful Virgin (after having, by a pressure of her Hand to her Breast, re-seated that lovely Heart in its native Throne) caress and embrace the melancholy Beauty whom he found to be *Solunde*, who then lifted up her languishing Eyes, and seem'd with a satisfied Smile, to clasp, kiss, and congratulate the Arrival of her amiable Companion! Well, my Dear, said she to her, Did I not prophesy to thee aright? Did not I tell thee, thou would'st return to me again, that the World was unworthy of thee! Mankind having been so long since abandon'd by *Justice* and *Vertue*, what Employment can *Sincerity* expect? Of what Use art thou amidst a Race who never know what it is to converse with Truth? Hast thou not beheld in the greatest Courts, how little Refuge there is for thee? Interest! Corruption! Ambition! Flattery! every Thing has excluded thee from so much as the Possibility of being cherished among Them? Live then with me, my adored Companion! Here all is native Honesty and Truth! Returning to the World, thou must resolve to take up thy Habitation with the Indigent and Forlorn, for thou bringest along with thee Principles, that will make him that entertains thee poor! Principles destructive to false Glory! glittering Pomp! swelling Ambition! pretended Loves! boasted Knowledge!

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seeming Piety! affected Honesty! Wert thou to appear thus artless array'd in native Beauty, how would'st thou be admired, and avoided? Oh! how faded would all their Pretences seem? How ridiculous! How unworthy the divine Original from whence they pretend to derive themselves? Hast thou not an Abhorrence at beholding their sublimest Wits, their brightest Genius's, prostituting that Brightness to those in Power? Such are to be bought and sold according to their real or imaginary Necessities, who live up to the Enjoyment of every Vice that their narrow Circumstances can reach, yet declaim against what they notoriously pursue, their whole Lives being but one continued Masquerade. These are no nearer acquainted with Vertue than by Name, which they have indeed by Rote, and apply those Attributes only to those who have Power to raise and compleat their Advancement. What generous Breast can bear, without a Glow of Indignation, to hear a Tyrant fam'd for Cruelty, one that gratifies his own specifick ill Nature, under the Appearance of publick Good, and who would rather ruin than preserve the World: To hear him, I say, commended for Religion, who never knew so much of it as the very Pretence, pursuing his Aversion to all Opinions under his Persecution of one; whose tyrannical Principles and barbarian Temper would equally lead him (were his Power equal) to the Destruction of the Whole? And who,

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tho' as bold as witty Vice and native Confidence can make him, was never so hardned as to pretend the least Acquaintance with any of the Vertues, especially Religion, till the fulsome Orator had applauded him for the Extirpation of it, insomuch that he himself forced a Smile at the Report, and cry'd, till now he had never thought to have been Kalender'd for a Saint !

Again, must not *Sincerity* be cover'd with lovely Blushes and Confusion, to hear a great Man (because he has Power to reward his Flatterer) prais'd for Learning, who knows no more of it than the Name ; who heaps together a valuable Library, not for what it contains (for that is never his Enquiry) but for the false, fine Reputation he may obtain by such a Collection ? To hear a forward Zeal for his own mistaken Principles, term'd Steddiness, Constancy, and good Sense ! A perpetual burning Desire of vindicating his Conduct by the Destruction of all Opposers, even to Imprisonment and Persecution of those who dare so much as glance upon his Errors ; to have this, I say, term'd Humanity, Honesty, and a Wading thro' Prejudice and Difficulties to the desir'd Point ; is an Impudence, an Adulation so glaring, as not to be equal'd by all the base abject Incense offer'd to the Vices of the old *Roman* Tyrants, who murder'd Nations in Sport, and set the Mistress of the World on a Blaze, only to enlighten a fantastick and abominable Masquerade !

Dost thou not blush, dost thou not weep, adorable *Sincerity*, in pursuit of these fawning Sycophants? Who, were a Turn of Affairs to arrive, would as basely desert, as they had falsely prais'd! For Self-Interest being their true and only Motive, they know no Principles of their own, but shift as often as do their Patrons, and only wear appearing Vertues, nay, and their very Vices, but as they are fashionable Habits! To have these drawing indelible Characters of Abuse against those by whom they have been tenderly oblig'd, flourishing out in Threatnings and Self-conceited Boastings, as if Immortality, whether of Praise or Infamy, ever drop'd from a prostituted mercenary Pen, sure to fade and die reproachfully away with its Supporters; or even if they had such a Power, for vertuous Persons to be blasted by them, is still a greater Glory than to be praised.

These (who matter not to be call'd base, so their Fortunes are but establish'd) act even against the Judgment of their better Sense, and the private Beating of their own coward Hearts; they neither condemn nor applaud but as they are directed, and with their perpetual Pens are set to watch and affright whoever shall be so honest as (without Hopes or Fears) to tell the Vicious of their Vices, the too many Great of their Pride, Reserve, and Haughtiness; That Pride which causes them to conclude themselves made of another Mould than their Fellow-Crea-

Creatures, forgetting that some who are now Noble, had perhaps a Mechanick for their Ancestor ; the immortal Species being struck at a Heat by the wise Almighty Original ! Vertue only should claim that Pre-eminence which (they are so blinded as not to see) is oftentimes given to them barely by Merit of their fleeting Possessions ! Larger Banks of Gold ! The Brillancy of their Diamonds ! the Distinction of fading temporary Titles.

Hence also is the noble Debauchee alarmed ! If the Poet introduce either by Fable or any other fictitious Representation, a glowing Lover set on Fire, more by the Charms of another, than those of that beautiful Partner which first his own Choice, and then binding Laws have assigned to him alone, he resents, as a particular Reflection, what was intended but as a general ; and tho' the Vice was only meant to be arraigned, not the Person, yet is the Arraigner ex-cruciated and exposed by all the bitter Calumnies of slanderous avenging Tongues ! And if guilty of any Fault (as if Humanity could be spotless) that Fault in the Multiplication-Table of Revenge and Malice, shall be certain, in a very little time, to amount to above a Million, and so to Infinity ! Weak, short-sighted Recriminators ! As if the Truth were less the Truth for being repeated by any Person however circumstanced ; or would the less be believed ; when as obvious and glaring as the God of Day in his meridian Force.

Despair, Despair, my lovely Companion, ever to prevail amongst Men, whilst the united World is arm'd against thee! and that these Mercenaries are ever at hand with their Thunder, to stigmatize all that shall imitate thy Purity. Who shall dare to treat of Corruptions? Those congregated Corruptions that darken the Scene of unhappy Life! Those ignoble Designs; those publick Squandrings of Millions of wretched harmless Lives, to raise the Pride, the Ostentation, and the false, hard-laboured for, Glory of One, who drawing (as it were by Inchantment, or as by Instinct the Loadstone does the Needle) the Spoils of Cities, of Provinces, of whole Nations, Foreign and Domestick, into his own Coffers, leaves the brave and suffering Soldier, (if he has not Gold,) to despair; he who has fac'd Death with a Courage almost superior to Humanity, is not permitted to fill those Vacancies (to which by the Law of War, he has an indisputed Right) without a Purse of much more Value than his Pretences.

This Sordidness of Temper, this Allay to the brightest Actions, is not only upheld, but applauded by our modish Panegyrists, for being so much akin to their own; though these Prostitutes to a Party are often odious, even to those by whom they are employ'd, scorn'd for their servile Compliance and Readiness in abusing, and in private ridicul'd for Apostacy! Since Wit (next to Vertue,
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the noblest Gift of Heaven) ought to be unbiass'd and incorruptible.

Let such have ever the deserv'd Fate of Self interested Scribblers, be always attending in Hopes of a mighty Reward, and never in Possession but of (what they shall think) a little. Let them have the same Fortune as Traitors of a larger Magnitude, the Usefulness of whose Treason is encouraged, while the Traitor generally is neglected, and always detested.

Yet further, my innocent tender Maid ! Wert thou ever so little encouraged, so much abandon'd as now ? Hitherto the glowing-Lover and wishing Fair, woo'd thee as a Principal in all their Mysteries : There cou'd be no Extasie, no Joy, where thou wert not of Accord. Thou ! that little valuable spirituous Particle, that animated the Whole ! Thou ! Life of Love ! Thou ! without whose Presence there can be no Vivacity ! No Purity ! No Happiness ! Thou ! the Refuge of the trembling doubting Virgin ! Who no sooner beheld thy lovely Face ! Thy sacred Charms ! but the Roses return'd to her frightened Cheek and quivering Lip ! Thy Arms were to her a Sanctuary ! She no longer scrupled to make happy the ardent Youth ! She was secure ! She was convinced ! Her Joys were permanent where Thou wert in place ! Thou ! the inviolable Pledge of her Lover's Truth ! Thou ! the Amulet against Treachery ! False Vows ! Pretended Ardors ! And deceiving Adjurations ! Oh !

How many blissful Pairs hast thou formerly beheld, when the World was young in Deceit and Love of Gold ! When there needed no Bribes, but mutual Desire ! When Interest was not so much as thought upon amongst them ! Hast thou not Indignation at reflecting upon those past, those happy Ages ? Or is the Remembrance vanished ? And art thou turn'd Apostate to thy self ? Art thou as much delighted with the pretended Adorations as the Real ? With the false Incense now offered to thee, as formerly thou wert with the true ? Thou, whose Name they never invoke but to prophane ! And make no further Use of, than till the deluded Virgin ceases to be such, or the rich and powerful Widow empties all her Store into the Arms of her Bankrupt Lover. Nay, the Neglect of thee is more and more conspicuous, since not alone confin'd to that Sex who glory to be term'd Deceivers ! Ours also is infected ! Treachery is become mutual ! They are now upon the square with one another ! They have no longer Occasion for Sincerity ! A new System of Amour wherein thou art not so much as mentioned ! Gold circulates instead of thee ! They stand in need of no other Recommendation ! The blooming beauteous Virgin sells her Charms for Gold, tho' the Purchaser be never so despicable and old ! Their impure unnatural Desires have occasion for nothing but Gold ! Gold, which accomplishes all Things ! The antiquated Maid, and fading Widow,

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Widow, by help of Gold, find means
have their irregular Appetites appeas'd
And, whilst they can buy and bribe, th
prove without thee, Gold alone, to be
sufficient account to Happiness.

Sincerity thus returned, My dear *Soliman*,
the lovely Companion of my Youth, wi
whom I have worn away so many pleas
Hours of Day and Night: Oh! let m
speak my Wonder and my Joy! You are
some Things mistaken! I am receiv
am caress'd in the World! I lodge in t
Arms and Heart of a young Triumphe
He is all Piety, all Justice! He knows
what it is to equivocate or falsifie his Wor
He is all my self, so very sincere! *Theodorick*
King of the *Vandals*, once me
employ'd in endeavouring to overcome th
imperial Reformer of his People, *Genfericus*
Genfericus, who would be too great, co
he be but faithful. I took the Advantage
the Battle, to snatch a View of my d
Companion, to boast of my unexpected I
ception at Court, to spread my fond Ar
around thee; and so protest, that (this Sce
of Novelty excepted) I never tasted a
Happiness so pure, as that which I ha
found in thee.

Horatio, charm'd with what he had se
and heard, alighted from his Horse, and
vancing with a slow Pace and graceful Me
bowing low, began; Will you deign, ar
able Virgins, to receive a Stranger:
to your Habitation? A Stranger, driv

(by the Excess of ill Fortune and Heart-breaking Anguish) to seek his Happiness in *Solitude*. Oh lovely Maid! You that have all your Pleasures pure! Neither mingled with Hopes or Fears, and are unacquainted with Crimes neither knowing nor needing Repentance, You, the Preserver of Innocence! Receive, I beseech you, with Hospitality, the forlorn *Horatio*! Persecuted by an acute Passion! A Passion unprecedented! A hopeless Desire for what no longer exists! A Love more fervent for a departed Wife, than was yet ever felt for a living Mistress! And you, amiable *Sincerity*, with whom I have ever had as great an Intimacy, as was consistent (in this bad World) with the Service of my imperial Master, and Self-Preservation! Do not reject a Votary, that in all Things relating to himself, reveres and follows what you dictate.

Alas! My Lord, (gracefully reply'd the solitary Maid) what can I promise my self, rustick as I am? What Charms, what Hopes of entertaining the polite *Horatio*, whose Renown has filled the Globe, and even extended to this forlorn Retreat? Yet such as you see, I am proud to be all yours; my two lovely Companions, *Innocence*, and *Content* are within my Call; they shall always attend your Retreat; we will make it the Business of our Hours to persuade your Lordship to Happiness, and be proud to find our selves so agreeably employ'd.

Here,

Here, a Burst of Glory from the East of Heaven, enlighten'd all the Wild ! And as they were attentively considering the Quarter from whence it arose ; Behold, the Goddess of Wisdom ! *Pallas*, the Giver of double Victory, slowly descending upon a Cloud, fixed at a convenient Distance, whence all her Charms became conspicuous ; Her blue Eyes seem'd as if they were animated with new-born Fire and additional Sweetness, darting gracious Regards upon the attentive Mortal. Having thrice call'd *Horatio* : Oh Favourite ! she continued, of me and of the Gods, I come to tear thee from the Embraces of that simple, yet enchanting Maid : It is not for such a Heroe as *Horatio* to resign up himself to Indolence and Solitude. Reject her feeble Charms, and let thy active Soul rush again into the Field of Glory : Thy Country expects thee ; thy unhappy Country, oppress'd by Faction and Favourites : The Emperor himself groans under the Tyranny, which by thy Arm and Head can only be overthrown. We prepare a double Reward ; a Crown of Valour, and of Wisdom. Our Self will attend and animate thee throughout. Pass on, *Horatio*, and implore Assistance of the *Vandal* King to transport thee to *Constantinople*, where unlimited Glory does await thee.

Horatio, in prostrate Adorations, receiv'd this Oracle from the Goddess of Wisdom, with his Eyes and Praise accompanying her

Return, till the Heavens had confess'd their former Serenity, and Fear and Awe were a little dissipated: Then turning to those two amiable Forms that had engaged his Admiration; He told them, however unwilling to forsake bewitching *Solitude*, he must obey the divine Dispensation; but it was in hopes, when the Task assign'd him by the Goddess was perform'd, to be again happy in such a Retreat, and re-united to the two lovely Bosoms of *Solitude* and *Sincerity*; that his Thoughts and Heart should not be divided from them, tho' Destiny carry'd away his Person. They caress'd him, and confirmed his Obedience; then directed him into a Road, and told him, 'twould bring him, with a little Riding, to the Entrance of *Sarmatia*; where possibly he might be better provided of a Retreat for himself and his Servants, than any that *Wild* could afford.

He had not travell'd above a League, but Night overtook him: At the same time he discover'd a sumptuous Tent, (as it is the Custom in that Country, when Persons of Quality travel, because the *Cabarets* are few and very ill provided) ostentatiously enlighten'd with a vast Number of White-wax-Flambeaux: *Horatio* sent one of his Servants to enquire to whom it belong'd; who immediately returned with another, who brought an Invitation, from the Person within that magnificent Field-Apartment, for him to repose himself, and pass the
Night

Night there. *Horatio* was satisfy'd with his good Fortune, which had in that desolate Place thrown him into the Conversation and Conveniencies of one of the politest, most refin'd Genius's of the Age; it was *Merovius*, Prior of *Orleans*, and who had been a long time Envoy from *Charles* King of the *Franks*, to the Republick of *Sarmatia*. *Horatio* was formerly of his Acquaintance at *Constantinople*, where once *Merovius's* Curiosity (which wou'd be satisfy'd in all Things) had led him.

Monsieur *L' Envoyé*, after he had embraced *Horatio*, whom he received at the Extremity of the Tent, led him into that Part which was his Bed-Chamber; where renewing his Caresses and Embraces, he stop'd abruptly, and throwing him of a sudden, with a gallant Air, a Step or two from him; Is it possible (he cry'd) that this should be the mighty Man that makes all Men tremble! He! who has not only catch'd, but deserv'd the Applause of the Earth. Not *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Hector*, *Achilles*, or *Ulysses*, with their united Exploits, perform'd half the Wonders as has *Horatio*! To you it is given both to conquer and persuade! Whether in your Tent, or at the Head of your Army, you are alike victorious! You design as admirably as you perform. Whence then comes it, that I find you reduc'd with no Train, no Conveniencies, wandring and alone, in a cold, bleak, northern Corner of the Globe? Oh! my Lord,
either

either your Fate is very fantastical and unjust, or you have grown too fast: Your Renown is too tall! You overlook the rest of Mankind! And there are, I fear, those at Home who find themselves concern'd to remove you; because your Prospect is so wonderful and fair, that it forbids us to see any other but you! But, went he on (perceiving *Horatio* silent) I am too intruding, 'tis now a time, my Lord, to refresh your self, after which I will endeavour to deserve your Confidence by giving you all mine; and if the Relation may be entertaining, as I cannot doubt, to one whom the Desire of Knowledge has made inquisitive of all Things, I'll give you a Relation, from the first Hand, of the Troubles of *Sarmatia*, and of what has occasioned them.

Here he led *Horatio* into another Room, where was prepar'd a Supper suitable to the Plenty of the Country, and the Delicacy of the grand Prior's Taste. Their Discourse during the Repast, was of *Horatio's* Design to visit *Theodorick*, his Travels from *Iberia*, and the Heart-wounding Loss of his ador'd *Ximena*, whom *Merovius* could not forget he had seen and admired at *Constantinople*. After the Linnen was remov'd, and the best *Pannonian* Wines set upon the Table, he endeavour'd to comfort *Horatio* for his Loss, observing a melancholy Deadness which obscur'd in him a great Part of his native Brightness: He began to discourse of Love;
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It is my Opinion, my Lord, continued the *Envoyé*, that one of the greatest Wonders of Love, is, That this Passion being so universal, that we may say all knowing Men, nay, and the simplest too have been touched with it; none have successfully defin'd either its Origine or Nature: And yet almost all who have wrote, have attempted it. The Philosophers have been as blind as the Poets: He who told us 'twas a Desire of Beauty, seems to have confounded two Passions in one, since Desire can only move towards what we have not, and is satisfied, and ceases when in Possession. The hopeless Passion for the admired *Ximena*, that still survives in your Lordship's Breast, explains what I advance, and shews Love not to be well defin'd when term'd a Desire of Beauty; because you cannot be thought to desire what you are in despair of, and are sure you never can possess; and yet still you feel your self to love; and love to such a height, that That one only Passion makes you dead to all Things besides. That is true, my Lord, answered *Horatio*, yet it does not forbid Love to be term'd justly a Desire of Beauty. Since there is no Possession, how full soever, where Desire may not abide! If it be only employed in wishing a Continuation of what we enjoy, 'tis enough to render it inseparable from Love. Then, reply'd the Envoy, your Possession can't be entire, because it supposes a Part yet unenjoy'd, and he who wishes the Continuation of a Good,

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considers it as what is not yet arrived, and has a different Motive to what its Presence gives, and that is enough to cause two several Passions; otherwise we should confound Love with Hope! For if Love be a Desire, it would, when in Possession, be no more Love, since we cannot desire what we enjoy! And by the same Reason, Desire would no longer be Desire.

To form then a Definition, without those Difficulties and Defects, we are at first to suppose the Difference betwixt Love, which is a Habit like yours, and that which is a real Passion! For Passion being a Motion! when that Motion ceases, the Passion is at an End; and we may say there is no more Love! But the Habit forbears not to be there still, which is nothing but the Impression the lovely beloved Object has made on the Mind, and which causes that all times, when the Thought proposes it to the Appetite, it moves and forms the Passion of Love, and because we cannot possess without (in some manner) uniting our self to it, it necessarily follows, that Love is a Motion of the Appetite, by which the Mind unites it self to that which appears to it amiable and good.

This does not seem clear to me, my Lord, answered *Horatio*, because, that in Love, the beloved Object is often dead or absent, with whom the Appetite cannot then unite it self! But, consider (interrupted Monsieur *L'Envoyé*) that Objects may be united to the
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the Powers, by their Species! By their Images! or by their true Beings! That there is an intentional Union, and an Ideal; but because the true Being of Things enters not into the Imagination, it's their Image only! And this Union is that alone which naturally belongs to the Appetite; for as Imagination is the Center of all the Senses, so is the Appetite of the Inclinations.

But, reply'd *Horatio*, if Love be a Motion to unite it self to what is lovely; when united, there would be no more Motion, and consequently no more Love? And as this Union may be made in a Moment, (for that there is nothing can hinder it) it seems as if this Motion were also made in an Instant, and that therefore Love should not last any longer, which is absurd and contrary to the Truth.

Besides, it continues to agitate, and as differently as are the different Persons it possesses. There are no Disorders in the other Passions that are not found united in this! It's capable of all the Follies that can ruffle the most distracted Mind! It wears so many several Faces, that it is impossible to take their Pictures. What Colours? Nay, what Words can express all the Workings and Changes of the Heart and Eyes? How can that resplendent Humidity be represented? That modest Disquiet? That laughing Grief? That amorous Anger? Sometimes dwelling on the beloved Object as if they were fix'd, then turning away, as though
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their Sight were dazzl'd. It was well feigned of them, who call'd Love the Son of the changing Wind, and the various colour'd *Iris*, metaphorically to explain his Nature, and shews that his Original is as much concealed from us as that of those two Meteors.

But, my Lord, we amuse the Time in a dry Dispute, a Dispute which can afford us no greater Certainty than that, whatever is the Origin of Love, he is a Tyrant whose Sway we may oppose, but must however obey; therefore if your Excellency pleases, we will forbear to discourse of what we feel, in relation to that Deity, and enter upon what you were graciously pleased to promise me before Supper, an Account of what has passed in *Sarmatia*, since the King of the *Franks* sent you to reside there: I must further beg your Lordship, that you will take in the Country, Genius of the People, Manner of Living, and whatever you may judge may be entertaining to one as greatly fond of Knowledge (and of all Things that your Excellency speaks) as he is a perfect Stranger to what relates to so remote a Region. Monsieur *L'Envoyé* having made a Bow to return *Horatio's* Gallantry, began his Relation thus.

Since, my Lord, there is often as great a Pleasure in being entertain'd by the several Follies of Mankind, as their several Wifdoms and Wit, why may not the Knowledge, and some of the Adventures of a
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barbarous Northern People, serve to amuse the Mind (at least for once) as well as that of the more polite Eastern World? At worst, I have Novelty to strengthen my Argument, and an implicate Desire of Pleasing, which shall make me forget you have been a General for the Emperor, and by your great Capacity the most formidable Enemy of my Master : I will also forbear to remember that I am Envoy from the King of the *Franks*, and only consider your Lordship in your own Person, that is to say, the most finish'd, the most accomplish'd Man upon Earth, and who has a Soul too large ever to make a dis-ingenuous Use of what is in Confidence reported to you, and which always carries with it such a tacit Implication of Trust, that I need not pre-engage your Lordship to what is either reasonable or fit.

Sarmatia is a flat fruitful Country, affording most Things necessary to happy Living ; here is to be found plenty of Corn, of Fowl, Flesh, Honey, Wax, Wood, Amber, Salt, Iron, Horses valu'd for their Swiftness ; it furnishes other Nations with vast Numbers of Oxen, Sheep, Hogs ; but as for Trade, the *Sarmatians* are absolutely forbid it ; I mean the Gentry, upon Forfeiture of their Honour ; therefore what Trade they have, is generally carried on by Foreign Merchants. They exceed all Nations of *Europe* in Vivacity of Spirit, Strength of Body, and living hardily, except the Nobles, where the Lux-
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ury of the East is in Request. They are generous and covetous, more apt to be deceived than deceive; not so easily provok'd as appeas'd; fond of foreign Customs, and full of Imitation, to which their Genius leads them rather than to Invention; Ingrateful, as not thinking themselves ever sufficiently recompens'd for any Service: Courageous, having never submitted to any foreign Force, no not even to the *Romans*, who once boasted themselves to be Masters of the World; running mad after Liberty, and rather driving than inviting their Kings to observe their Laws; they not only hate the Name of Slavery, but abhor a just and hereditary Monarchy. Licentious in their Morals. The People of Condition claim Privileges that will scarce give them leave to be guilty of any Crime, and when they happen to own themselves so, the Prince hardly has the Power of punishing. All the Gentry are equal by Birth; there are no Princes but what belong to the Royal Family; they refuse, and think Titles odious if bestowed by a foreign Prince, and hate that any should pretend to a Superiority among them, unless it be by Employments, which constitute them Senators. Every Province sends their Deputies, which meet and are called, The general Convention of the Estates. Here they make and defend their own Laws and Liberties, elect their Monarchs, appoint Counsellors to instruct him, and their Number far exceeding the Senate

Senate (which are constituted from their numerous dignify'd Priests, great Officers of the Army, Crown and Household) they easily keep the King and Senators in their Duty, and threaten both very often, especially in the Convention, where each Member has a Liberty to speak what he thinks, and think as he pleases; for if but one dissents, it hinders any Law from having its Force, or any Bill from passing; neither is that Person obliged to tell his Reasons any otherwise than after their usual Manner, *It is not my Pleasure it should be so*; whereupon he immediately withdraws into the Country, if he can so escape, but very often is prevented, and by their Sabres cut in Pieces upon the Spot.

Not only these excessive Privileges make the *Sarmatian* Gentlemen powerful, but the vast Territories which a great Number of them enjoy with a despotick Sway over their Subjects: Some possess thirty Leagues of Land out-right; some also are Hereditary Sovereigns of Cities which the King has nothing to do with, and these maintain six or seven thousand Horse and Foot in Pay; for when the great Men have any Difference between themselves, they scorn to submit the Determination to any Power but that of the strongest Sword; hence it is they plunder and burn each others Towns and Cities, and generally decide by a Field-Battle, while the King never declares himself for either Party.

The Peasants are born Slaves, and having no manner of Notion of Liberty, live quiet and contented; the Gentlemens Riches partly consist in Rusticks, whom they call their Subjects, and are often sold off with the Land on which they are establish'd; they have no Laws, no Judges, but their Lord's Pleasure, to whom they pay an absolute blind Obedience and Adoration, fight for them to the Death, and, which is more wonderful than all, they love them. They can enjoy nothing of their own, or ever become free without their Master's Consent, unless he debauch a Wife or Daughter, and then that Slave to whom the Woman belongs is freed by the Law; nor is she less esteem'd or valued by those poor Wretches, who do not think themselves dishonour'd by it. The Sound of Property or Glory never reaches their Ear. They often work four Days in a Week for their Lords for one that they work for themselves, who having never seen or known a better Condition (their Fathers, and so backwards, being ever Slaves before them) are well satisfy'd and contented with their Servitude; so true it is, that Custom and Education, by making any State habitual, renders it easie; whilst those only can be called wretched, who, born and nourished in Splendour and Prosperity, are reduced to descend and sit in Obscurity and Poverty; whence surely it is no Impropriety to say, that 'tis a Misfortune to such to have been happy.

Their

Their Religion is still that of the old *Gentile*; they will by no means hear of what they call the Christian Superstition, but worship many Deities, pay Divine Adoration to Fire, which they call sacred, and keep it always burning in particular Towns; several Priests attend to preserve it, by whose Neglect or otherwise, if ever it comes to be extinguished, they are immediately beheaded. They worship Thunder, and pray to tall-straight-Trees, set apart in several Groves, which they hold it Sacrilege but to touch: When the Sky becomes clouded, they are in Despair, and of Opinion, the Sun is angry with them, and use their utmost Art to appease him, by Musick, Prayer, and other Ceremonies. They worship the God *Esculapius*, under the Form of a Serpent, which is their Lares, or Household Deities, and therefore each Family keeps one in their House, to whom they daily sacrifice Milk, Fowls, &c. and one of which if they happen at any time to offend, they look upon it to be an Omen of Destruction to their whole Progeny. Upon their Return from War, they offer one of the Chief of their Captives, with all their Booty to the Fire. Burn their Dead dress'd in the richest Ornaments they us'd to wear whilst living, together with one of their most faithful Servants, Horses, Arms, Dogs, and whatever the Deceas'd was fond of; whilst all the Relations bring Milk, Honey, Wine, and the like, with which they feast and

and dance about the Funeral-Pile, to Musick of various Kinds.

No Arguments cou'd ever prevail with them to make their Monarchy hereditary ; though 'tis observable, that but in the last Election, they still chose one of the Royal Family, not so much as a Daughter having been excluded when there were no Sons ; yet always telling them, that they were not to attribute their Accession to the Throne to any Right contracted from their Parents, and that they thought themselves no longer obliged to pay Obedience than that they kept to their Oath, reserving to themselves a Right of Deposing them whenever they broke the Laws.

Not conceiving, my Lord, that you are absolutely straitened in Time, or that it is of much Importance to your Lordship whether you depart to Morrow, or favour me with a longer Stay, I shall not find myself under a Necessity of finishing my Relation to Night, so to confine myself to the Busy, and omit the Diverting ; for even in Reading (where we generally bring more Attention than in Discourse) we love a Relief, because the Mind is wearied like the Body, if it continues long upon a Bent.

Therefore, my Lord, I think it not amiss to amuse your Lordship with an Adventure of my own before I left *Gallia* ; an Adventure so far singular, that neither by Reason, Reading, or Reflection, I can satisfactorily

factorily account to my self for it. I know your Lordship is as great a Philosopher as a General, and as well acquainted with *Aristotle* and *Plato*, as *Alexander*; therefore, as something curious, I will not omit it.

Charles King of the *Franks*, held then his Court at *Orleans*: I was always about his Person, and durst boast of the Honour of being sometimes heard by him. Nothing could be more shining than the Ladies that form'd the Circle; Gallantry, Luxury, and Pleasure, reign'd in full Splendour under this Monarch; but it was not to any Beauties of the Court that my Heart surrendered: So far as Amusement, and that Sort of Engagement which is necessary to gain the Character of a gallant Man, I was at their Devotion; this is a sort of Amour where a reasonable Man should rest, and not dip himself further, the Pleasing without the Painful: What though there is not that Extasie of Bliss, that transporting Pang, which the sublime Joys of Love, resulting from the Favours of a long ador'd Mistress can bestow? Yet is the Sense gratify'd, and the Heart, whilst unconcern'd, may well be at ease, and advantageously compound, by the Absence of pungent Pain, for the Loss of supreme Delight.

I stuck a long while to this Opinion, and had not departed from it, if my Reason had still been free; neither yet is my Understanding clear-sighted enough, to define the

the true Nature of that Pain which tormented me : That it was Love, is most certain, but of such a Kind that the Circumstance made it as astonishing as unhappy to me ; your Lordship, who so well understands natural Philosophy, may perhaps help to explain it.

Not longer to amuse your Lordship with Introduction, be pleased to know, That for some Years I had an Acquaintance with a Man, who, though of no higher a Degree than a *Burgeoise* of *Orleans*, yet was he very ingenious : What Time he had to spare from his Calling, he employed in Reading ; he had besides a Genius for Painting, and added to his own Profession, that of collecting valuable Pieces, which being to be disposed of at his House, drew thither a Resort of several Persons of Condition that delighted in that Art, and who came to buy Pictures of my Merchand ; whose Conversation was always so sensible, and above his Rank, that I pleased my self in it, and grew into such an Intimacy with him, that I sought how I might be serviceable to him, and had the Satisfaction to succeed in several Affairs relating to his Business : This gave me a free and welcome Access to the House, where I was always caress'd, as well by himself as his Wife, who was a handsome Woman, but a very Coquet ; some ill Neighbours would say, at the Expence of her Vertue, but that I leave to her own Conscience, as having never seen any thing
of

of it; she was very silly, very vain, and talkative, yet very secret, which is a Talent so few of that Sex possess, even those who are most eminent for fine Qualifications, that I could never give myself a Reason why this Woman should be endowed with a Property so directly contrary to those I have named before, and which were her Ascendants in all Things where Secresie was not required.

To study Nature's Productions was always delightful to me, especially in any of her irregular Workings: This gave me to contemplate my Merchant's Wife for what I have lately told you, but much more a Daughter of hers, of whom she was very fond; this Girl was called *Agnes*; most beautifully featur'd, but an Idiot, her Eyes of the fiercest finest Black, sparkling till they struck again; but attentively considering them, you found no Knowledge, no Management, nothing informing in their Lustre, and yet wonderfully bright; her Eye-lashes were peculiarly full, long and charming, so that whenever she looked down, they bewitched one. Her Eye-Brows were such as *Apelles* would have chosen for his *Venus*, justly arch'd in a fair smooth Forehead, that look'd more polished than Marble; the rest of her Features were answerable, and her Complexion a Friend to all: No Vermillion was purer than that upon her Cheeks, no Coral more lively than her Lips; nor had she any Defect through her whole Limbs or Person, but something too

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large

large a Head, whence it is plain, that That it is no Indication of great Understanding. But now, my Lord, I am coming to the melancholy Part of fair *Agnes's* Description, her Mind; 'twas all a Blot, nor had it ever been otherways; she had no Notion of Things, no Discourse, no Memory, I have carefully minded her, had her carry'd abroad and entertain'd with all that may be supposed pleasing to a Girl of her Age, but could not get her to report the least Syllable, nor was she ever known to tell a Tale, or complain of the ill Usage of the Maids, though, by way of Experiment, I was an Encourager to one of them, naturally cruel, to use her harshly; her Mother, who doated so far upon the Girl's Out side; that she never saw the Defect within, by her kind Usage gave her Confidence enough to make any Complaint; had she been capable of it. Her Appetite was large, and rejected nothing; nor did Instinct, as far as I could perceive, carry her to distinguish in her Meats or Drink; whether it were that her Mother's Fondness seldom put her to the Choice, because she always gave her the best of every Thing, or that lovely *Agnes* in Election was even below a Brute. But she eat promiscuously of every Thing, tho' rather the Savory than the Sweet, which she might copy from her She-Parent, who loved the *Bonne-Goust*: One Thing puzzled me above the rest, that she had an Ear for Musick, she would learn a Tune or a Song by

by hearing it; but the Notes could never be beat into her; to bid her sing such or such a Thing, was saying nothing to her; but if you began to sing, she immediately follow'd, and whatever was in her Power, she certainly perform'd justly and harmoniously; for her Voice was very good, though the Motion was never spontaneous in her; she would also trip about to Musick, or by an imperfect Imitation of others, but her Danceing-Master with all his Endeavours could make nothing of her. It was with a wonderful Diligence and long Application, that she was brought to know her Letters, as Parrots talk, by Rote, but could not read them, so that it was of little or no Use to her; and as to Writing, or Working with her Needle, all their Endeavours were successful; yet was her Mother so infatuated, or proud, she either did not see, or would not own these melancholy Defects in the fair *Agnes*, but never forbore to extol her Beauty, and to adorn that Beauty in all the Ornament of modish Dress, 'Tis true, her Father was more reasonable, or less prepossess'd; one could not have so much of ill Nature, or so little of Manners, to entertain a Parent upon so melancholy a Subject, or else he could not but have given us great Lights into this irregular Work of Nature, by the Observations he doubtless made of her Childhood; but how curious soever I was, I forbore to discourse him upon so ingrateful a Theme, having often found

him too sensible of his Misfortune, and at her awkward Performance of many Things, to wish her dead, and laid at Rest in her Grave.

Agnes was such as I have described her ; and yet, my Lord, the malicious God of Love (that ow'd me a Revenge for having hitherto only play'd with his Bow and Darts) thought fit to give me a mortal Wound in Favour of this fair Idiot : It was a long time before I could so much as guess at what ailed me. The Court and Royal Favour became Tasteless to me ; I fell into a languishing Melancholy, a hectic State of Health, and other Marks of a violent Restlessness of Mind. I was best alone, or at my *Marchand's*, contemplating Nature in the beautiful *Agnes*. I thought Philosophy caused my Search, and that it was That which made me so nicely inquisitive of all which related to that simple Maid ; but it was the Philosophy of Love, and such a Love which prostrated my Reason, and all distinguishing Advantages, till it reduc'd me almost to as great an Incapacity of acting, as the Defect of Nature had done in *Agnes*.

The Physicians finding that visible Decay in my Person, occasioned, as they judg'd, by an entire Loss of Appetite, advis'd me to change the Air : I left the House I had in the *Fauxbourg* of *Orleance*, and transported my Moveables to one I had taken three Leagues distant from the City ; but because the Respect I ow'd his Majesty, often obliged me to be either at his Rising or his
Couchee,

Couchee, I should inconvenience my self too much if I every Night return'd Home; therefore I took the best Apartment in my *Marchand's* House, which was very handsome; and there I found more secret, unknown (to my self) Pleasures than the World besides could bestow. Dear *Agnes* was now about Thirteen, with an Air so majestick and striking, that I am still at a Loss to know what Nature meant in her Chmposition; so dangerous and so harmless, so lovely and so hateful, inspiring so much Admiration and Contempt, so great an Object both of Love and Pity, of Desire and of Allay.

By much Application and long Study, I gain'd this Knowledge of my fair Maid, that she could distinguish enough to Love, but shew'd no signs of Hatred: When I say Love, I ought only to say Liking, which she express'd in an extraordinary Manner, as thus: After the Absence of any that were her Favourites, at the Review, she wou'd stand as if it were to recollect her little Remembrance, seem busily employ'd, and when her Memory, as narrow as it was, had drawn from her Brain into her Mind, the Knowledge or Representation of the Idea which the Object occasion'd, she would burst out into Tears, and by Kisses and Cries, express her Joy; which uncommon Sort of Transport has foolishly given me more real Delight than the Embraces of the finest Woman I ever convers'd with in the Affairs of Nature. Love I found required no great

Store of Wisdom. Her Tears were charming, having the singular Property of adorning instead of disfiguring, and whose Motive being Joy, there was none of that Bitterness, those Lines of Distortion which Sorrow occasions. How often have I drunk those lovely Pearls with a Prodigality of Thirst? a Thirst which by indulging, increas'd the Fever of my Soul. She never forbore to distinguish me by that enchanting Rain of Love, and which indeed was the only Distinction in favour of any one that I ever observ'd her capable of.

The King, my Master, whose vast Capacity makes it a Question, whether he understands Men or Business best, did me the Honour of a gentle Reprimand, for resigning my self up to Solitude: He told me, That he design'd me for his Service, and would take the first Opportunity to employ me; that it was my own Fault if I suffer'd my self, by Absence, to be forgotten. I answer'd his Majesty, That my ill State of Health had banish'd me into the Country, the Preservation of which, could only seem to interfere with the Inclination I had of paying my Duty to his Majesty; but that I had no greater Regard in that Preservation, than by regaining my native Vivacity, to show how much I desir'd to be his most humble and dutiful Servant. The King graciously received my Excuse, and bid me continue in the Country till I was perfectly recover'd.

I in-

I invited a Sister of mine to be with me ; one that Nature put into the World with a Design to make some honest Gentleman hereafter happy in a good Housewife, but she had little or no part in the Entertaining, or the *Belle Demoiselle* ; however, she was agreeably enough to my present Temper of Mind, which took no Pleasure in Conversation. I languish'd under so sensible a Decay, that I did not at all dispute, but that I was far gone in a Consumption, which Air could not recover ; therefore I was more at the *Marchand's* than at my *Villa*, amusing my self with Pictures, and beholding the amiable *Agnes*. Her Parents had no manner of Distrust of the Inclination I had for her (indeed it was as yet unknown to myself) and therefore did not dispute her being in my Apartment as much as I would have her : It came into my Mind to invite her Mother to bring her with her, during the fine Season, to keep my Sister Company ; she was like all Citizens, fond of the Country, so that having easily inclin'd her Husband, whose good Sense never suffer'd him to dispute her domestick Sway, she carried *Agnes* along with her, and by that means so entirely endear'd my own House to me, that during her Stay, I was but seldom at the *Marchand's*.

My Appetite began feebly to return ; I was where I would be ; that is to say, with the lovely *Agnes* : I would often reflect on the Pleasure her Contact gave me, not suspecting

pecting my Understanding could be so false as ever to betray me to become a Votary to an Idiot; but it was too true, the Cause and Knowledge of this Misfortune was so obscure and hid, even from my self, that pursuing rather Instinct than Reason, I sought what was to gratify the former, without imparting the Result of Nature to the other: I pressed the dear little Idiot's Lips with a Tenderness and Pleasure that set me all on Fire. I concluded at first, that 'twas only an Effect of the Sex, and therefore try'd all the other. Girls that came near me in the same manner, but 'twas no such thing; *Agnes* was not there, and wanting her, I quickly found all Pleasure was wanting: I had often heard say, that loving a fair Fool, was doating upon a Picture; but whilst it was animated by Life, and such warm beautiful Colours of Flesh and Blood, as were in *Agnes*, it afforded Pleasure enough (to those who could be sway'd only by their Senses) to recompence any other Defect.

This gave me to know of what Nature was the Distemper I had so long complain'd: Never was any Admiration greater than mine! I began then to rally my absconded Reason, to ask what I could intend by so shameful, so destructive a Passion? *Pigmalion's* Love for a Statue (had it been true) appeared no longer a Miracle to me; I question not but the Poet took the Hint from such a beautiful Idiot as mine; but no Metamorphose

tamorphose would appear in Favour of this Image, to endue her with the Life of Reason, of which she was as utterly void (to all Uses of Conversation) as *Pigmation's*, before it was informed from above. The dear Idiot lov'd my Fondness, whether moved by Instinct, that teaches all Animals the Desire of making themselves in some sort eternal, and vehemently incites to propagate their Species, or peculiarly by Custom inclined to me, she would give me her Rubby Lips to kiss and press as soon as ever she came near me; this I had a thousand times done, without Hesitation, before all the World, 'till convinced of my extravagant Passion, I blush'd and guiltily declin'd the Offer; but when I got her alone, I greedily devour'd her Breath, her Lips and Kisses, and had the Pleasure to see Nature was not deficient in the charming *Agnes*. Oh! what could I not have done, had I not been restrain'd by Vertue and Honour? Oh! how happy? Ah! how guilty might I have made my self? And how near (one Day) was I to forfeit both Vertue and Honour, to ruin my lovely Idiot, and render my self the greatest Villain alive? It was upon a Bank of Greens and Flowers, in a pretty retir'd Arbour, where her balmy Kisses had wrought me up to a degree of Distraction and Desire, her shining black Hair was adorn'd with yellow Ribands and Carnations; nothing oppos'd my Joys, the simple artless Maid pursuing the Dictates of Nature,

clinging around and embracing me in a manner bewitching and enchanting, prompting me by Kisses and ardent Breathings to give what Instinct requir'd, 'till the Tears burst from her Eyes, the only Indication in her, as I before told your Lordship, of Joy and Pleasure.

Never was my Vertue put to so bold a Trial; never did I gain so noble a Conquest; yet not I alone; it could not be my Work, it was the Inspiration of that Eternal Power who restrains us in Evil, but in Goodness has no Bounds! Not, my Lord, that I have scrupled to be concerned in Gallantry with Ladies who have met my glowing Wishes half-way; but it was ever my Opinion, that he who debauches a young Creature is a Villain, and in a great measure the Author of all those Follies she afterwards becomes guilty of. But here I had been such upon a double Score, both as *Agnes* was a Virgin and an Idiot; and though I was ragingly in Love with her, and that probably nothing but Possession could cure me, yet I resolv'd to endure whatever was most painful, rather than depart from the Laws of Honour and of Justice.

To prosecute this Resolution, I would not trust my self any more alone with her; the beautiful Creature's Fondness (that incessantly pursu'd me in all Companies with her Kisses) made me conscious and ashamed: I was afraid that Action of hers might be interpreted to our Disadvantage, though I
had

had not (her Mouth excepted) transgressed the sacred Laws of Virtue; nor could all my Passion or Curiosity betray me to the least Indecency; though I was sure she had never produced any Act of Memory, so as to make me fear she would be able to tell her Mother what I should offer to her.

I left the Charge of Entertaining her and her Mother to my Sister, and went back to *Orleans* to determine with my self what I should do to ease my Passion, preserve my Virtue, and not dishonour my Family, which a Marriage with the Daughter of a *Bourgeois* would consequently have done. Love that never stands upon any Interest but his own, incessantly tempted me to pass over that Disadvantage: It represented to me Monarchs who had waved their Dignity; and, when thoroughly wrought by Love, had submitted to share their Diadem, and all the Glories of a Throne, with some humble She whose Beauty was her only Merit. In that Particular I was sure my fair *Agnes* was exceeded by none; her Charms were faultless and peculiar, but her Mind was a Rock upon which my Resolution struck: Love with all his Omnipotence could never carry me over that Difficulty. I ask'd my self, what was become of my so boasted Reason, if I must unavoidably resign to Instinct, to a Love only for the Sex? What could not entertain the brighter Part, was poor and shameful. I well knew I was never to expect the Pleasures of the Mind in
such

such an Union; nay, those Follies, when once nearly allied to my self, would more exquisitely pain me; I should blush, I should hang the Head, expiring with Shame at my dear Idiot's Presence, which all beautiful as her Face and Person were, could never make a reasonable Man's Excuse for having so much preferr'd the sensitive, to the rational Part.

To be short, my Lord, this raging Passion was like to vanquish my Reason; but no longer to put it in my own Power to do an Action that would dishonour me by its Weakness, and procure me a whole Life's Repentance, a Thought came into my Head, which as soon as it was born, I put in Execution: You may guess at the Height of my Disease, by the Violence of its Cure; it was this, to take holy Orders, and engage my self to the Church, by which Vow I for ever incapacitated my self to marry, without the Penalty of being burnt alive. All Mankind that had known the former Gaiety of my Temper, wondered at this Resolution. Those who lov'd to hear themselves talk, prophecy'd my Repentance; the wisest contented to show their Astonishment by silent Gesture and shrugging their Shoulders. My Change was acceptable to none but the Clergy and the King, whose Approbation was worth that of a Million of the Vulgar: His Majesty, who was of late become really truly religious, told me, he was well satisfied with me, and would
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take care of my Fortune, which he so effectually did, that by his gracious Bounty, I was, as your Lordship knows, preferred to be Prior of Orleans.

Yet could not either Religion or Ambition, create any Absence or Alteration in my Passion: It devour'd all my Quiet, Days and Nights were but as so many wretched Turns of Time, which only served to prolong Miseries, that had the melancholy prospect of never ceasing but with my Life; neither was it in my Power to deny myself the Pleasure of seeing lovely *Agnes*, whose tender Tears and Kisses would make me transported and mad. How ridiculous and absurd was it for a Man in my Circumstances, whom all the World concluded to have some Sense, to be thus agitated? My Folly was indeed unknown to all besides myself, but even that Knowledge I could not forgive; and I am perswaded, if it were possible for Mankind to hate themselves, I had done it: But I doubt I have too long amused your Lordship with these Trifles. Therefore to conclude, I grew in Pain for any Accident that might arrive to my lovely Maid from the Charms of her Beauty; since they had so ragingly inflamed me, I dreaded their Power over some Lover who would not prove so discreet and just to her as I had been. Besides, her Mother's Gaiety led her into Conversation, which though the Daughter was insensible of, Instinct might make it terminate in her Ruin; which

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caus'd me to move her Father that she should take the Veil and become a Religious. The honest Man sincerely protested to me, that his Affairs were far from being in so good a Posture as the World believ'd them; that he could not spare such a Sum as was requisite to make *Agnes* a Nun, though it was the only Desire of his Life, because he should see her freed from a Number of Inconveniences that her Incapacity would make her liable to in a World, where, in all Probability; (if her Understanding were ever enlighten'd) she would be forced to get her own Maintenance, or else prove miserable for want of it. My poor *Marchand* made this Confession with Tears in his Eyes, and which I guess'd to be too true from his Wife's Extravagancy and Fruitfulness, having every Year presented him a Child, sometimes two. I told him, to shew the Respect I had for himself and his Family, if he would take care it should not be known whence it came, I would furnish him with two thousand Crowns, which I freely gave to dear *Agnes* to secure her from all worldly Inconveniences, in hopes of making her an acceptable Deodand to Heaven; that he should order the Matter so well with his Wife (whose misplaced Fondness would possibly prevent our good Intentions) that she might suspect nothing 'till it was ready to be performed, and past her Power to prevent.

Thus

Thus was I empower'd by the Aid of a more mighty Arm than my own, to turn this Passion (so blameable in it self) to a praise-worthy Event. When we had got all Things ready, I went to take her and her Father in my own Coach, to carry her to the Monastery; which I did, and resign'd her with tender Recommendations into the Hands of the Lady Abbess, who was my Relation. Sure if Self-denial be meritorious, my Heart wore enough of it to recommend me to the Giver of all Victory. Never was *Agnes* so lovely! Never was I more sensible! I kiss'd and embraced her in the Parlor of the Monastery, with that Passion and Anguish, that I thought my Life would have fled from me upon the Place. Her Father wept by Custom, for he was really rejoyc'd at having so well resign'd her. I shew'd Transports which were not in my Power to contain; none but a Lover, who loves to the Height that I did, could guess at my Agitation: I was to see no more that innocent lovely Creature, without Grates and Bars of Iron between us! No more to embrace that beautiful Body! To gaze upon all that wondrous Harmony of Features, which had so entirely charmed me! No more to receive her wounding, healing Kisses and amiable Claspings! Oh! severe Self-denial! Oh! rigid Law of Vertue! I obey'd! I obey'd ye! then at a time when her Beauty was hastning to Perfection, when my ardent Wishes were at their most glowing Height—

Height———Forgive me, my Lord,———
 this Scene must still be touching to the Imagination; I saw her shut from my Sight for ever! I saw her conducted far away from me! And yet I surviv'd her Loss! Which shews the Heart of Man capable of mighty Sufferings, and that none but little Genius's sink under Misfortunes and Disappointments.

I will not enlarge, by dwelling upon her Mother's Impertinence; only this, she was distracted at missing the Girl, and wou'd know whence it was that her Husband, with whose little Circumstances she was acquainted, had it in his Power to make her darling Daughter a Nun, and of that Order the least severe, and where they are never received under such a Sum of Money: To quiet her, he was forced to discover me, by which he pretended to engage her Silence and her Gratitude. This mistaken Woman levelled all her Rage against me; she came to a House I had taken in Town, and never ceas'd abusing me; as if I had been guilty of the highest Act of Dishonour to her Daughter. I knew not how to deal with one upon whom Reason was lost. She would complain to the Bishop of the Diocess for making her Child a Nun without her Consent, and expressly against her Daughter's. *Agnes* was yet in her *Noviciate*, and I justly fear'd this weak Woman might tutor the simple Maid to say as she directed, by which means she could never be made to profess without
 her

her own Words that ought to desire the Veil. Therefore I went to the Lady Abbess, who very well saw I cou'd have no other End in it than poor *Agnes's* Good, and she readily received my Instructions. The Money I had given was no longer in my own Power, but already settled upon *Agnes*; so that if she did not like, when her Year of Probation was expir'd, it was to go along with her to maintain her, which made her Father more easily give in to his Wife's passionate Desires that she might not become a Nun, by which means he hoped to have that Sum of Money in his own Hands to further his Trade. The Lady Abbess gave me an Intimation of their Design, which I imparted to the Bishop, whom her Mother had petitioned; he was perfectly assured, that Charity could be the only Motive; and desired to see this Miracle and Irregularity of the Species. My beautiful Idiot, at this Interview, was all her self; that is to say, in her full Bloom of Charms and Folly! Not but that I find this Word very defective, and wanting of Force to explain her Defect, which properly comes under another Head. He was both ravish'd and mortify'd at this Error of Nature, this Contradiction to her self, and presently became tender and compassionate of the miserable Maid: He agreed that it was best for her to be enclosed, since she had not Understanding to guard her Beauty from the ill Effects it might produce upon Hearts unacquainted with Vertue.

His

His Lordship advis'd the Lady Abbess not to let her Mother see her; and in the mean time, to win her by all Manner of good Usage, to teach her proper Words that she might demand the Veil; which in short at the End of two Months she did, and was accordingly profess'd, beyond the Capacity. not only of her Mother, but any other living Power, to recal her into the World. When it was over, I was so far easie, that now I was sure I had secured her an Establishment liable to no ill Accidents, and not only provided for the Repose of her Person, but her better Part the immortal Soul, which Casuists perhaps may think a Work of Supererogation; because in her it was protected against the Power of Crimes by native Simplicity.

Soon after this, his Majesty finding me willing to travel, asked me if I car'd to be his Envoy to the King of *Sarmatia*, who labour'd under an incurable Distemper, and in all Probability could not live long, since in the View he himself had of being made Emperor, it extreamly concern'd him that the *Sarmatian* Crown (which had ever been Elective) might fall to one who should be in his Majesty's Interest? that he had a potent Desire to advance his Cousin, Prince *Armutius*, Son to the Duke of *Aquitain*; but the young Gentleman seem'd insusceptible of Ambition; however, as he did not use to be disobey'd (especially by those of his own Family) he should have time enough
to

to work the Prince to a Compliance. His Majesty also complain'd of the *Sarmatian* Queen, from whose great Genius, and her Ascendant over her Husband (considering that she was a Native of *Gallia*) he had promis'd himself much better Things; but she had been for some few Years entirely in the Interest of the King of the *Almains*, since her eldest Son had married the Sister to the Queen of that Nation; whence it was that his Majesty ordered me to have a watchful Eye upon her Conduct; never to confide in her, even tho' she pretended to return to my Master's Interest, whose Principle it is, That he who trusts a Foe tho' reconcil'd, ought, unpitied, to be deceived by him.

The Uneasiness of Heart I labour'd under, made me willingly receive the Honour his Majesty design'd me: I ordered my Affairs with all possible Expedition, because I long'd to be out of a Kingdom that gave me so many Disquiets, tho' all center'd in the Passion I still had for the too lovely *Agnes*. It was not in my Power to depart without seeing her. I took my Leave at the Grate; her Charms were in Perfection! The Veil admirably became her; but this was the first time I had any Disgust against her want of Sense, it had always pain'd, but never before displeas'd me: Hence I hop'd that I was recovering my Understanding, which was so far of Use to me now, as to make me object against her whom I had

had hitherto only adored. I wanted from her that engaging Sensibility, that noble Movement proceeding from Gratitude, and not always the Effect of high Birth, a *Je ne scay quoy* of Tendernefs, arising from the Sense of Benefits, and which cannot forbear breaking forth into modest Sorrow and beautiful Distress, at being for ever separated from those who have powerfully oblig'd and serv'd us.

The dear Natural was entirely such, she knew nothing of Separation; Hopes, Fears, Distress, and Joy near her lost their omnipotent tumultuous Power: To talk of parting, was not to speak at all; 'tis true, the Compassion and Love I had for her, caus'd the Water to come into my Eyes, which Reason cou'd not restrain or hinder from falling down my Cheeks; this she intently gaz'd upon and imitated, the Tears ran from her's, as if by Sympathy. In that Burst of Sorrow I tore my self from her Presence, and immediately departed *Orleans*.

View me from henceforth, my Lord, as a Man void of all but the Pretence of Pleasures, tasteless, and alone devoted to the Service of my King, by whose masterly Instructions I was capacitated to enter upon a Scene, and to manage a considerable Part in a Nation so far remov'd, both in Customs and Manners, from that where I had been brought up.

As the *Sarmatians* love nothing more than Pomp and Shew, there is no Country where Ambassadors are oblig'd to make so great a Figure, especially if they have any Interest of the Prince they serve to carry on in the Grand Council of the States; for the noble *Sarmatians* despise all those, who either do not, or cannot make so good an Appearance as themselves; of which the first Article is, a great Train of rich Coaches, and Servants proportionable; for in this last Particular they are very profuse: Next, an open and luxurious Table, with a Sort of familiar Humility, which is there wonderfully taking, being themselves generally very civil and easie in their Conversation. He must not likewise forbear to be a good Fellow, and have Plenty of the richest Wines to entertain them; for the Coldness of the Climate, in some sort, makes that Excess necessary, so that Necessity makes their Excuse for so bad a Custom. Lastly, an Ambassador that wou'd infallibly succeed and obtain Voices in their *Divan*, must be perpetually presenting them with Gold, for a Nation so avaritious and profuse was never known; and yet that is not enough, he should be sure always to speak to their Hopes, for whatever has been receiv'd goes for nothing, the future is able to engage them even beyond the present.

I had my Audience of his *Sarmatian* Majesty, some Days before the Marriage of the Princess his Daughter.

The King was then at *Marsovia*, his Capital City, which was crouded upon this extraordinary Occasion, by most of the Nobles of the Kingdom, together with their Ladies and Children, for there had not been a Daughter Royal marry'd in more than a hundred and fifty Years: Nothing was more shininig than that Court, the Women were gloriously habited; I may venture to assure your Lordship, that tho' I have seen *Constantinople*, *Rome*, and the Circle of the King my Master, yet I never beheld so vast a Quantity of Jewels in any Assembly as in this.

The King was old and declining, nay, he dy'd so soon after, that, however glorious had been his Reign, I shall not think fit to trouble your Lordship with a Description of either his Mind or Person, tho' both were very accomplish'd. As for the Queen, she was, of her Age, the most lovely Princess in the World, and tho' she be more than forty, in looking upon her, you wou'd not give her above thirty, which is exactly the Point of Time when Ladies first begin (unwillingly) to believe that there may be some small Alteration in their Charms. Her Birth was a Mystery; however, a *Gallick* Count and his Lady were willing to oblige her Mother (a Woman of exalted Quality) and own'd this Infant Beauty for their own Daughter. A Princess of the *Lombards*, espoused by Proxy to the then King of *Sarmatia*, in her Travels through *Gallia*, took her

her at twelve Years of Age in Quality of Maid of Honour, and carry'd her with her into this Country, where she soon after marry'd to one of the Chief of the Nobility, who did not long enjoy his good Fortune, but left his charming Princess young and very rich; whence she fell in Love with the Captain of the King's Guard, who having at that time a Pre-engagement of the Heart, did not receive the News of such Happiness with so good a Grace as might be expected. Your Lordship may be pleas'd to know, that tho' the Ladies of *Sarmatia* are modest beyond Example (scarce a Precedent being to be found of any that have wrong'd their Husband's Bed) yet it is counted no Indecency; no Motive for their Blushes, to like any Man while they are yet unmarried, and so to like him, as to cause a Marriage to be propos'd to his nearest Relations, upon which the Person belov'd is left to his Choice, as Ladies are in other Countries, whether he will be kind or cruel.

Our young Widow had so great an Ascendant over the Queen her Mistress, whom she then serv'd in Quality of first Lady of the Bed Chamber, that through her Majesty's Favour, she influenced the King to propound her to the Captain of his Guard for a Wife, with so many Advantages, as more especially making him great General of *Sarmatia*, that he soon consented; and by that Marriage had an Opportunity of forming

ing an Interest so considerable, that upon the Death of his Master he was elected King, and had a prosperous, long and glorious Reign.

Sometime after my Day of Audience, I was upon a Visit to the great Field-Master, and most agreeably diverted, to see his beautiful Lady enter the Chamber, preceeded by a Train of twenty four Maid-Servants handsomly habited, every one carrying two White-Wax Flambeaux in Silver Candlesticks gilt; the Lady was led by an old Gentleman who officiated as Gentleman Usher, a reverend Matron march'd on the other side, in Quality of *Governante*; The Train of her Robe was born by two Dwarfs: The young fair Creatures that carried the Lights, ranged themselves on each side of their Mistress, who, after she had made her Reverence, to me, with a slow and solemn Grace, made directly towards her Lord, and casting her self at his Feet, fell to embrace his Knees, to call him her Benefactor, her Sovereign, her amiable Husband, the Dispenser of Happiness, of Love, of all Things that were to her valuable and adorable.

When this beautiful Lady first kneel'd, I imagin'd her in Distress, and alarm'd as I was, ran, *Mal a propos*, to raise and pity her, but with a majestick Nod and graceful Motion of her Hand, she seem'd to forbid my Intrusion, and I contented my self to expect the Consequence. Her Lord received her

her Careſſes with ſuch an Air of Satisfaction and Tenderneſs, as encourag'd her to make known her Sute, which, after all the mighty Expectation ſhe had raiſed, ended in a Demand of a nuptial Preſent for the Princeſs of *Sarmatia*

It is a Cuſtom, in thoſe of that Nation, thus to implore their Huſbands when they have any extraordinary Expence to make; for the Women never keep the Purſe, and are forced to content themſelves to have all Things provided to their Hand; the Men are the ſole Managers, ſo that the Ladies have nothing to do but to dreſs, divert, eat, drink, and make Viſits, which are always perform'd with Oſtentation; for the *Sarmatians* love Shew, rich Equipage, and Habits: The Women ſeldom croſs the Way without a Coach, ſix Horſes, and a numerous Train of Servants; yet have they no Money, but upon every Occaſion are forc'd to kneel and implore their Huſbands, who take a Pleaſure in being importun'd.

The Field-Maſter's Lady was ſo cunning as to time her Requeſt, while I was with her Lord; ſhe knew his Temper, that he was vain-glorious and covetous; in my Abſence, the latter, wou'd, ſhe fear'd, predominate, and therefore gave him an Opportunity of exerting the former. It came to paſs exactly as ſhe had foreſeen, for he did not fail to tell her, that ſhe ſhould make a Preſent equal, or ſuperior to thoſe that ſhou'd go before her, not excepting what came

from the Part of crown'd Heads ; this gave me to listen with new Attention, for as yet I knew not that all who go to any Marriages in *Sarmatia*, from those of the Princess to that of the meanest Gentlewoman, are oblig'd to give something ; that these Presents are often their only Dowry ; so that a Lover makes it his Business as well to enquire after the Number of Relations and Friends which his Bride may have, as what her Fortune is.

In pursuit of this her Lord's Compliment, the Lady caus'd a Jeweller to enter, who had brought her a World of Curiosities ; amongst which, there was a Watch set with very valuable Diamonds, yet it self more valuable for its admirable and just Performance of Time : This the Lady was pleas'd to pitch upon for the Princess, and said she desir'd nothing of greater Expence ; her Lord, to express his Generosity, order'd the *Marchand* shou'd be paid for it, and at the same time made choice of a very fine Jewel which he presented his Wife, to shew he had not been disoblig'd at her Request.

The King had for a long time labour'd under a Complication of incurable Distempers : He seem'd to have nothing at Heart but heaping up Money, and getting his eldest Son, Prince *Alexis*, elected. The Queen had not that Tenderness for him as she had for his Brothers, who were yet too young, by the *Sarmatian* Law, to pretend to the Crown.

The

The Prince had some Merit, but not equal to his Father's, whom he approach'd in none of those eminent Qualities that had justly given him the Character of the most valiant, most learned Prince of his Time. Indeed he exceeded him in Liberality, which, tho' taking with the *Sarmatians*, yet Prince *Alexis* was not belov'd, principally because of the Endeavours the King had used to secure him the Promise of Voices in their Assembly, when he should be no more: They look'd upon this as a Step towards making their Monarchy hereditary, a Rock which they have carefully preserved their Constitution from splitting upon, and which of all Things they the most industriously endeavour to avoid.

I quickly found that the Queen's great Genius, her exalted Wit, Capacity for Business, her affable Demeanor, and real Sweetness of Temper, had given her a great Ascendant, not only over the King, but most of the Senators and great Officers of the Crown; no inconsiderable Step towards the Hopes she might have of her Son's Advancement. This I was oblig'd under Hand to traverse, and by force of Gold (the most powerful way of Reasoning to a *Sarmatian* Nobleman) gave them to see the Danger of Precedents, and that such a pre-engaged Election wou'd quickly make their Monarchy hereditary.

Whether the prodigious Quickness of her Majesty's Parts and Sense, caus'd her to sus-

peet that the King my Master, and consequently my self, was not in Prince *Alexis's* Interest; or that I was discovered by some of the many I was oblig'd to present and discourse: I cou'd easily find she gave but little heed to the Promises I made her on the part of King *Charles* my Master: I observ'd, notwithstanding, an exact *Decorum* as to what related to her Wit and Person; for it was impossible, all insensible as Reason and Misfortunes had made me, not to do Justice to the Charms and Graces of this lovely Queen; a certain sort of Tendernefs which knew not how to forsake, since it had once so wholly possess'd me, gave me to betray an Air of it in all I said and did, in relation to that bewitching Princess: Endeavouring to gain her Esteem and Confidence, I pursu'd my Master's Desires as well as my own Inclinations; there was nothing I outwardly omitted to be well with her Majesty: She lov'd those of her Nation, their Manners and Customs, as was apparent by her Habit, which she had not only her self retain'd, but brought in Request, and caus'd to become the Fashion and general Wear of all the Ladies; so that in beholding the *Sarmatian* Women, you wou'd believe your self in *Gallia*, tho' they have, it's confess'd, much the Advantage of ours in the bright Fairness of Hair and Delicacy of Complexion, which they enjoy to so great a Purity, as never to want any Embellishments of Art, frequent in other Countries; for here they

they always as little value as they need them.

What the Queen had done on several Occasions, in opposition to my Master, arose from the Apprehension she justly had, that he would not believe it his Interest to see her Son on the *Sarmatian* Throne, because he was married into a Family that was nearly allied to that of his most potent Enemy. However, she forbore not to be diverted and pleas'd with our People, even beyond those of which she was Queen; so that in all Things not relating to Business (there she was too wise to grant us any of her Confidence) I had the Honour of her Majesty's Conversation and Approbation, which I never failed to value, and therefore made an exact Court to her. Gallantry being so natural to the *Franks*, and my self no great Enemy to it, it did not cost me much to commend the Beauty of this lovely Queen upon all Occasions; it even came into my Head to act as if I were not insensible, because I would have her conclude she had an entire Power over me, which she cou'd no longer doubt, if but once convinced of my Adoration. It is no new Effect of Love to see him triumph over Friendship, Duty, Loyalty, Politicks, Interest, and Parties; he causes the Statesman perpetually to interfere with himself, and independent as he is, will have nothing to do with any Power but his own.

I play'd my Part with so much Address, that the Queen thought me guilty: I desir'd only to be believed by her in all I should say; and therefore affected the real, respectful, despairing Lover, who would leave his Eyes and Actions to express the Torments he endur'd, and which he durst not have the Presumption to explain by his Words.

But, my Lord, said *Horatio*, with your Excellency's Pardon for my Interruption, Why will you not let me see the Wedding of the *Sarmatian* Princess; I rais'd an agreeable Idea from the Field-Master's Lady's manner of delivering the Present she had so handsomly requested. I aim to be diverted as well as instructed, therefore pray your Excellency give not me and that Princess occasion to complain of your Neglect.

I humbly ask your Lordship's Pardon, reply'd the *Envoyé*, with a Smile, I was just step'd into Politicks, and have so many Things to say, that I may be easily excus'd in forgetting some.

That Princess, whom your Lordship do's the Honour to enquire after, very much deserves your Knowledge; she is fair, nicely made, and handsome, yet not so great a Beauty as the Queen her Mother, nor has her Wit such a Vivacity, but in return, her Sense is close; she is wise, and a perfect Mistress of four Languages; her Merit and her Modesty are invaluable; well did she deserve a more happy Fortune than she has since met with; if the Prince of *Illyria*, to whom

whom she was married, had hearken'd to her prudent Advice, her continual Remonstrances, he had not been made the fantastick Ball of Fortune, the Sport of Winds, toss'd by every Blast, a wandering Star, without Habitation, despoil'd of his Country and Power, nor her self and beauteous little Infants, reduced to Extremity, so as to possess not any Thing but what came from the Sufferance, and Part of a merciful Enemy, or the charitable Assistance of her Friends.

But before we enter upon that melancholy Scene, we will show your Lordship a glorious Sun gilding and illuminating all the Hemisphere, the Prince of *Illyria* on the Morning of his Nuptials: He is indisputably the most gallant Prince of his Age, his Soul unbounded in all its Possessions and Desires, with a Temper truly royal, generous, magnificent, grateful even to Prodigality; his Person very lovely; he was himself a Fashion, for all Mankind were his Imitators; ambitious, a Lover of Glory and Pleasure, in the Pursuit of which he has often been more eager than consists with the Character of a Husband nicely just, and marry'd to a Lady so meritorious as the Princess of *Sarmatia*; but Custom has render'd that Liberty no Blemish in Mankind, especially Monarchs.

The Prince, the Morning of the Day that rose upon his Happiness, went three Miles out of Town, and soon after return'd

on Horse-back to make his Entry in a solemn and glorious Manner ; the two elder of the *Sarmatian* Princes rode on each side of him, preceeded by a numberless Train of Coaches with six Horses, and a noble Cavalcade of the *Sarmatian* Lords; himself put on a rich *Pannonian* Habit, that had been, according to the Custom, presented him on the Part of the King, and he never appear'd more graceful. The uppermost was a long Robe of crimson Velvet lin'd with Sables, the Button Holes set with Clasps of massy Gold delicately imagin'd; his Waist-coat was a Stuff of the richest brocaded Gold, with diamond Buttons; his Girdle fine turky Leather embroider'd with Gold, and clasp'd with Diamonds; the Handle of his Sabre richly set and adorn'd with Rubies and Diamonds; an invaluable *Tiara* upon his Head. He wore a lovely emerald Ring, the present of his Princess, and a rich *Zibelin* Muff given him by the Queen.

As the King of *Sarmatia* was the richest Prince in ready Money of any Prince in *Europe*, he resolv'd nothing of Magnificence should be wanting at the Marriage of his only Daughter; all Things were splendid, shining, and expensive.

The Prince rode through the City, and alighting at the Palace-Gate, was met by the whole Court with the King, Queen, and lovely Bride, who appear'd between her royal Parents in a Habit of white Silver Stuff, so richly embroider'd with Diamonds, Rubies,

Rubies, and Emeralds, artfully cast in Shades; that it was scarce possible to distinguish what was the Ground. Her lovely fair Hair shone in great Abundance, dress'd up with Jewels and waving Carnation Feathers.

The Prince, after his graceful and becoming Manner bow'd low, almost to the Earth, first to the King, then to the Queen, and lastly to the Princess, in consequence of which he took her Hand, which, after he had respectfully put to his Lips with an Air of Desire and Delight, he began to lead her, preceded by an innumerable Cavalcade of Gentlemen, then of Ladies, who march'd two and two upon scarlet Cloth, that was spread from the Palace to the magnificent Temple of *Phæbus the Resplendent*, where the everlasting Fire is preserv'd by a Train of Priests in white and glittering Habits. I had the Honour of assisting the Queen in her Walk, which was of the Length of three hundred Paces, we immediately follow'd the Princess, after which came the King alone, with an Air of Majesty solemn and awful: Then the Prince his Sons, the great Officers of the Crown superbously habited, and to close the Parade, a Guard of the King's Body.

In conclusion of the nuptial Ceremony (which was perform'd by *Honorius*, who as he is High-Priest, is a Prince by Office, a Person learn'd and polite) we returned back to the Palace in the same Manner, and enter'd the *Grand-Salle*, to the flourish of the

King's Musick. The Bride was led to a Table, where under a State, was placed a Seat for her to sit down, and next, one for the Queen her Mother: Here the royal Bride was to wait in Expectation of all the Presents that should be made her; I had the Honour, on the Part of my Master, to be the first to make her the Compliment of Joy upon her Marriage with a Prince whom, for many Reasons, the King of the *Franks* was oblig'd to esteem and respect; my Gentlemen were ready as soon as I had done, to set upon the Table as fine a Sett as had ever been seen, of gold Plate for her Toilet and Chamber, especially recommended by the Rarity of the Workmanship, together with a Chain of large Diamonds for her Neck, and Jewels for the Ears. The Princess graciously receiv'd both what I said and what she saw, and did me the Honour of her Thanks in a few, but very gallant Words. I took my Station behind the Queen's Chair, from whom I affected never to depart: The King, the Bridegroom, and *Sarmatian* Princes, were in another Room. It extremely diverted me to see the solemn Manner with which every one made their Presents, and the Variety of them; I did not fail to observe my beautiful Lady with her diamond Watch; but what most amus'd us, was the Entrance of an amiable Child about ten Years of Age, habited like a Cupid, with Wings, a Bow and Darts; the vast Croud was so complaisant as to divide
to

to make way for him to approach the Princess; even the bare Representation of the God of Love is revered by the coldest Hearts. The lovely Boy put one Knee to the Ground, and then with a melancholy graceful Air, making Signs that he cou'd not give the expected Compliment, because he was dumb, presented a Nose-gay of invaluable Jewels, which by the sparkling Approbation of her Eyes, I saw more pleas'd the Bride than any Thing had yet been given her. The Queen also was charm'd with the Novelty and Richness of the Posie; and whilst she was going to enquire who had sent it, the Child was dextrously vanish'd from the Place; such a Succession of Persons coming to present, that he found the Opportunity of slipping away much more unobserved than he had entered. I saw the Queen in some Perplexity at this Adventure, but however, staying till all had given their Gifts, which consisted of such Variety, that I can't relate to your Lordship half what they were, nor their Value; she took the Nosegay of Jewels in one Hand, and giving me the other, we follow'd the Prince of *Illyria*, who was come to take his Bride to Dinner. 'Twould be fulsome to repeat to your Lordship the Particulars of a splendid Entertainment, wrought up to all the Height of Luxury and Profuseness. As Drinking is a Quality I could never be eminent for, I led the Queen, after the Feast, to an Apartment where the Court, very fair and

and numerous, was waiting in Expectation of a dramatical Entertainment, to be perform'd mostly by Singing and Musick.

The Queen took the Nosegay from her Bosom, where she had plac'd it during the Repast, and fell to contemplate the Lustre and Order of the Jewels, which were so artfully rang'd as to express several sorts of Flowers; when she had consider'd it for some time, she began to speak to me of the Value of it, which gave her some Pain upon her Daughter's Account; because, as she said, she did not know who the Person was that had made so rich a Present, and in so gallant a manner. I begg'd leave that her Majesty would let me view the Novelty; the Queen gave it into my Hand, and at the same time the King and Bridegroom coming with a numerous Train of the Nobles, I quitted my Seat and went out of that Chamber into another, where I had the Pleasure to find my self alone.

I easily imagin'd there must be some gallant Mystery in this Posie, both by the dumb *Cupid*, and the Owner's Care of being conceal'd, therefore endeavour'd to find it out: Among the rest of the Jewels, I cast my Eyes peculiarly upon the Beauty of a flaming Ruby cut into the Shape of a Heart; the Arrows wherewith it affected to be wounded, were brilliant Diamonds. I consider'd it so long, so attentively, and turn'd it so many ways, that I concluded it contain'd the Ar-tana of the whole, because I found it was hollow;

hollow; at length my Assiduity threw me upon the invilible Spring, which being a little press'd, flew open, and discover'd a piece of Paper neatly folded, and writ in so small a Character, that at first I was puzzled to read, but my Will being exceeding good, I soon became acquainted, and from thence, at my leisure, transcrib'd it into my Pocket-Book, which if your Lordship pleases, I will give you to peruse.

The LETTER.

Only to the PRINCESS.

‘ IF this Paper ever meets your Eyes, judge
 ‘ something, Madam, in Favour of those
 ‘ extraordinary Sentiments with which you
 ‘ have agitated my Heart; Sentiments that no
 ‘ otherways concern my self, than as they
 ‘ have Relation to your serene Highness.
 ‘ Had not the King your Father often declar’d,
 ‘ he never would bestow his only
 ‘ Daughter upon a Subject, I should not
 ‘ now perhaps have the Heart-wounding
 ‘ Sorrow of seeing you in the Arms of a
 ‘ Prince, who, great as he is, can possibly
 ‘ never love like me, because he has lov’d
 ‘ before, and even now will but with Difficulty
 ‘ be brought to confine his Love; tho’
 ‘ in your serene Highness, there centre more
 ‘ Charms and real Merit, than ever yet
 ‘ adorn’d any other Princess.

‘ Neither

' Neither can this happy Husband put a
 ' Crown upon your Head, a Glory I would
 ' have contended for, and perhaps with Suc-
 ' cess, upon the Decease of your royal Fa-
 ' ther, cou'd his amiable Daughter have then
 ' been found unmarried.

' Now nothing is left for me but Thorns
 ' and Despair ; I am condemn'd for ever to
 ' be unhappy, but I incessantly implore our
 ' eternal Fire, that your serene Highness
 ' may never be so.

' And that you may not, Madam, have a
 ' severe Destiny, let the Prince of *Illyria*
 ' (whose Will must certainly ever be the
 ' Victim of your Charms) forbear to en-
 ' gage his Arms for the ambitious *Charles*
 ' King of the *Franks*, who centers all Things
 ' in himself alone. Oh! what do I not
 ' foresee of wretched to the Prince your
 ' Lord, ambitious as he is, if once he attends
 ' to the false Hopes that enticing Monarch
 ' will give him ! Beware of him, Madam,
 ' let the Prince beware, stand upon your
 ' Guard, repel the very first Offers, if they
 ' are yet to make, those Blandishments
 ' which *Charles* knows so well to bestow.
 ' How many Princes is he ordain'd to ruin !
 ' his Gulph of Glory sucking like a Whirl-
 ' pool, all that stand between himself and
 ' universal Empire ! If he succeeds, 'tis a
 ' necessary Consequence, none must be great
 ' but himself: But if his Arms prove un-
 ' successful, the Territories of the Prince
 ' your Lord, will of course be conquer'd,
 ' and

‘ and till then remain the Seat of War,
 ‘ which will no longer be an Asyle for
 ‘ the sacred Person of your serene High-
 ‘ nefs.

‘ Oh! what exquisite Torment will it be
 ‘ to hear that the Princess whom I so de-
 ‘ voutly reverence, should be made a wretch-
 ‘ ed Wanderer, destitute of all Things but
 ‘ Charms and Misery?

‘ Preserve him then, Madam, from so de-
 ‘ structive an Alliance: *Charles* is even now
 ‘ busie at his Ear, his Eye, his Heart, he
 ‘ speaks to his Ambition, to his Pleasures,
 ‘ to his Generosity, to every Passion in the
 ‘ Prince your Lord.

‘ But that your serene Highness may not
 ‘ trust wholly to your Charms, omnipotent
 ‘ as they are, be pleas’d to let that imperial
 ‘ Heart and Temper bow a little, at least in
 ‘ appearance; many Victories over the
 ‘ Mind have been gain’d by seeming to yield.
 ‘ I know you are awful and majestick in all
 ‘ your Movements, conscious of native
 ‘ Worth, and that it will be hard, without
 ‘ repining, to see an undiscerning Husband,
 ‘ sometimes amusing himself with those
 ‘ who have nothing to recommend them
 ‘ but Novelty: But be blind, Madam, be
 ‘ blind upon this Failure of your Lord’s, if
 ‘ it ever happens, and he will allow you to
 ‘ see all Things besides.

‘ Let him beware, Madam, how he breaks
 ‘ Friendship with the King of the *Almains*:
 ‘ Live ever happy, and have some Good-
 ‘ nefs

‘ nefs for the Memory of a wretched un-
 ‘ known Worshipper, who has not yet fin-
 ‘ ned to fo high a Pitch as to dare to
 ‘ reveal himself, tho’ he does his Adora-
 ‘ rations.

Your Lordship may be pleas’d to imagine, that I was very glad to see a Paper of this Consequence to my Master’s Interests, in my own Hand: Whoever was the Author, I was sure he was no Friend to us, nor could I believe the Princess was absolutely ignorant from whom that gallant and secret Present came, because of the Pleasure I observ’d in her Eyes. I put the Billet in my Pocket, and restor’d the Nosegay to the Queen, who plac’d it in her Daughter’s Bosom; she wore it during the four Days of Magnificence and Rejoicing that she staid at the *Sarmatian* Court; at the end of which, the Prince of *Illyria* took his Leave to return home, and carry’d his Bride along with him.

I visited Prince *Honorius*, High-Priest of the Fire, which they call holy and everlasting, and endeavour’d to gain him to the King my Master, because he could be of use to me in my Designs: I fail’d not to insinuate the Merit of Prince *Armutius*, and had already form’d a considerable Party that were ready to give their Voices for him upon the Decease of the present Monarch, who immediately after the Princess’s Departure, falling into a Relapse of all his Distempers, took
 his

his Chamber, from which he departed no more.

Honorius was a Man who deserved all the Praises that can be given Humanity. He was Master of those Graces that adorn the Mind and perfect the fine Gentleman, Art being join'd to Nature? for he had pass'd his younger Years in Travel, from whence he return'd instructed in whatever was the peculiar Accomplishment of those several Nations through which he had pass'd. His paternal Estate was small, so that applying himself to Religion, which, among the *Sarmatians*, is in the highest Veneration, he obtain'd to be made High-Priest and Prince, which, upon the Decease of their Kings, till a new Election be made, gives him the Regency, with the same Marks of Royalty that are bestow'd on their greatest Monarchs.

To this Prince I ventur'd to shew the Paper I took out of the Nofegay, that he might help me to guess at the Person who had wrote it: The Richness of the Present spoke it to be of no mean Extraction; the Character was so small, that there was not any Judgment to be made of the Author; for apparently this was adapted to the Situation of the Ruby-Heart, and the little Room it was to find there, and not the usual Hand-writing of any Person, since too fine to be thought common. The Priest cast his Imaginations upon Prince *Alexis*, the King's Son, for that he was an indefatigable Enemy
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to the King of the *Franks*, and might under the Feint of a Lover, insinuate that Advice, which he durst not openly give to his Sister; tho' by the Cast of the Princess's Eyes I could not come into *Honorius's* Opinion.

His Eminence spoke with so much Bitterness against that Prince, that it was easie for me to find he was particularly prejudiced against him; which when I had observ'd, he answer'd me with an Air of Warmth and yet Disdain: Not I alone, my Lord Ambassador, but all the honest part of *Sarmatia* have no true Love for him, and will never give him our Voice to make him King: We despise him, because he has done one Injury, and put up another, and such another, that no private Man could ever forget.

Above all Things, we *Sarmatians* require that our Monarch should be brave, or else wherefore do we elect them? If we would take up with the Inglorious, Slothful, Unjust, and otherways Vicious, those Properties are so often hereditary, that we need not undergo the Fatigue and Tumult seen at an Election, to gain such Accomplishments. No, my Lord, if we are so unfortunate to chuse a Prince defective of Vertue, it shall at least be one that has taken care to keep those Defects conceal'd; for 'tis to be suppos'd, that whoever is rapacious, voluptuous, supine, or any other way blameable, will improve those Inclinations when he comes to sit at his full length upon a Throne, which has always the Property of
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being indulgent to whatever are the darling Passions, Wherefore did the Sons of all our Kings take so peculiar a Care to accomplish themselves, as knowing it was ever the *Sarmatian* Custom to elect the most worthy. This was our manner, till Gold and foreign Fashions unfortunately found an Entrance among us ! This preserved us free ! Unconquerable even by the *Roman Casars*, who subdu'd the World around us ! This has made our Diadem the Object of Desire for most of the Princes of *Europe* ! But now indeed Women in our Counsels, and Gold in our Cabinets, enervate all ; Prince *Alexis* can never hope to succeed but by them. Yet that your Excellency may not think my Aversion for his Person and Manners is without a Foundation, your self shall be the Judge, if you will permit a young Slave of Sense and Address, to give you a Relation which my Grief does not suffer me to remember with any Temper ; I will retire into my Study and cause her to be call'd. As the Confidant of her unfortunate Mistress, she is qualify'd to give your Excellency Satisfaction. I signify'd my Curiosity and willing Attention : *Muty* was introduc'd and his Eminence retired : I soon perceived the pretty Slave did not want either Ingenuity or a modest Assurance, two very good Requisites to a Story, a Story which I suppose she had been encouraged often to tell ; therefore without any impertinent Preambles, she began thus.

Honoria.

Honorla, my Lord, was a Lady, to whose Mother I had the Glory to be born a Slave ; a Slave, as my Ancestors had ever been, and consequently I was bred to attend and serve the beautiful Daughter. She was Niece to my Lord, the holy Prince, now become my Master, early taken into his Family, and bred as one he designed to make his Heir ; for your Excellency must be pleas'd to know that our Priests never marry. *Honorla* grew the most charming, most accomplish'd Lady of *Sarmatia* ; her good Sense and good Education improv'd each other. She was about Sixteen when her Parents dy'd ; soon after Prince *Alexis* fell passionately in Love with her ; his Age and Quality gave him an easie Access. Your Lordship cannot but observe our Women are kept under no Restraint ; we have so few Precedents of those that are indiscreet, that our Vertue is not so much as suspected, nor any Dishonour fear'd ; nay, scarcely can we tell how to believe the Report we hear from those of our Sex in other Nations, who abandon their Chastity as a Reward of those base Desires with which a Lover dares to importune his Mistress, tho' in good Sense and just Retaliation, they ought to be rather receiv'd with a Ponyard : For of what Value is a Lady, if once she be robb'd of her Honour ?

I smil'd at this true and pert Reflection of the little Slave, wondering in my self, that Nature being eternally the same, Customs

stoms and Countries should so powerfully vary her Effects ; hence it is that the Legislature ought to be answerable for most of the Indiscretions that are committed: Were the same Order taken throughout, would not the Result be the same? Were Vertue countenanc'd, were she introduc'd, with that admirable Beauty of hers, to the Cabinets of the Great ; were her amiable Companion *Chastity* receiv'd as an unalterable Principle into their *Ruels* ; were she more than a Name among the Young and the Fair ; should we not be freed from those Disorders which her Absence creates ? 'Tis not enough to declaim with our Mouth against what our Heart is devoted to: When the Pretence and Practice become so remote, what Esteem can they persuade? What sincere honest Man, would not avoid the Conversation of such? The open Hypocrite! The private Debauchee! A despicable Paradox! A Libeller upon himself, who in declaiming against all Mankind, sets for his own Picture, and ought to meet with Disincouragement or Reproof wherever he appears, and in whatever Forms. 'Tis this Race of People, which in our Sex are the great, the secret Corrupters, who admire and seduce the Fair: Among whom there are also to be found those who scruple not to act what they condemn, and think they have Vertue enough, if they do but talk of her with Warmth, tho' as far remov'd in their Inclinations and secret Habits, as the Northern
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from the Southern Pole. Should not our Laws therefore provide against such Practices? I beg your Lordship's Pardon, declining is not altogether so seasonable in a Story; I will therefore desire Permission to return to my little Slave.

I have heard it said, she pursu'd, that in other Countries, in Matters of Love, a Man is not always in earnest, and therefore but seldom believed when he first declares himself: Can any Thing be more preposterous? What Account can you give of this? What Sense must such a Set of People have, to lavish away their precious Moments, their Vows, where it is not their Interest or Desire to find Credit or Approbation? How false a Relish of Gallantry is this? What can be more remote from Reason? How does a Man of Understanding answer to himself, his taking Pains to engage the Inclinations of a Lady for whom he has not any? Nay, often to carry his Pretensions to the most criminal Lengths, without consulting Consequences, whilst he is so far from adoring, that he despises? No wonder the Wary and the Wise of our Sex stay to be convinc'd by Services, not Words. We have not the least Taint of such a Malignity amongst us; at least that Vice has been so imperfectly, and so newly introduc'd in the Person of Prince *Alexis*, 'tis not to be admired, that *Honorio* was not arm'd against a Deceit she was so far from imagining, that as yet she had never heard the mention of it in *Sarmatia*. The

The Court having not, by reason of the King's Illness, been at any of our wild Oxen-Hunting, since your Excellency's Arrival, I hope some Particulars, relating to the manner of it, because it agrees with the Business of my Narrative, will not be displeasing.

The Queen and Ladies, dress'd in the Habit of the Field, do not disdain to find their Amusement in hunting of these wild Creatures ; they take a peculiar Delight in beholding the Manner how they are overcome, and even in their Deaths : Whether it proceeded from Weakness or Compassion, but, my Lord, the painful Tenderness *Honoris* always felt in behalf of those unhappy Animals, who are cruelly tortur'd to make us Sport, took away from her the Pleasure that most other Women have in those sanguinary Diversions. When a wild Ox is to be kill'd, a vast Number of Horsemen surround him, each of them throw their Arrows against him ; the Beast finding himself wounded, eagerly pursues him that he imagines his greatest Enemy, while another darting him from behind, he turns with additional Rage against that Person, and so successively, as he feels himself successively darted, till the poor Creature tir'd with pursuing such a number of Assailants, falls down and is easily kill'd. When they would take them in the Woods, they cause Rusticks to enclose a great Number of them in a Place with the Trees fell'd down ; thus they can
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but seldom escape the Hunters chusing their several Posts ; the Beasts are frightened into the middle by Dogs, and the noisie Cries of the Assailants, where they are wounded by Darts and taken.

Prince *Alexis* had not declar'd himself to be the beautiful *Honorias*'s Lover, any otherwise than by his Assiduities, which always carry'd him near her Person ; therefore at one of these Huntings in the Woods, he stay'd with her at some distance from the enclosed Scene where those miserable dumb Creatures were to suffer. She had so perfect a Goodness of Temper, that she could not bear to see the fashionable Cruelty there in Practice, but leaving the Queen and Court to their Diversions, gave the Reins to her Horse, and rode farther into the Wood ; when one of those enrag'd Creatures smarting with the Darts he had received, and which were still profusely sticking in his Body, broke the Hunters Toils, and took the Wood ; they held so many more enclosed, that the escape of one could scarce be heeded.

Prince *Alexis* was that Day habited in Scarlet, a Colour to which those wild Creatures have an Antipathy, for by that means they are often taken : The Hunters carrying a Piece of red Cloth, hold it forth to the wild Beast, and by that means divert his Rage to one, who is provided for his coming, and consequently kills him.

Honorias

*Honor*a and the Prince were riding together, and pleasingly amusing themselves with every Thing but Love, when that terrible Beast, pursuing the Track thro' which he made his Escape, met them, and detesting the Colour of Prince *Alexis's* Habit ran at the poor Lady's Horse, which, immediately wounded by the Ox's Horns, threw his Rider, and gallop'd away. *Honor*a's Shrieks were the first notice the Prince had of her Danger; the furious Beast, after goring her Horse, drew her to him by her Garments with his Tongue, which is by Nature so rough, that if any part of the Cloaths be within Reach, it has that Power. The Prince reflecting, that if he approach'd her in that Garb, it would inevitably be the Death of his Mistress (for tho' the Beast, by Antipathy, might run away from him, he would first toss her with his Horns) divested himself in a Moment of that outward offensive Habit, then taking his Poniard, ran to the beautiful distress'd *Honor*a, just as the Ox was stooping to push her with his Horns; and arm'd as he was by Love and Rage, had the happy Dexterity to strike him into the Head, and as if it were but one Motion, at the same Instant he dis-engag'd *Honor*a, who lay so unhappily expos'd, that the Beast in falling down dead, as he did in an Instant, had she not been removed, must have crush'd her with his Weight.

Prince *Alexis's* Joy, in saving the Life of the Woman he ador'd, was extreme; he threw himself upon his Knees by her, where raising her fair Person into his Arms, he had not at first the Power of Words to enquire her Condition, 'till after some time, when he had repay'd himself for the Pains he had taken, with so many ardent repeated Kisses and Embraces, as brought back to that lovely Lady some degree of Strength, which she employ'd to rescue her self from those tender Efforts of Love and Transport; a native Principle of Modesty prevail'd even over her Gratitude and Inclination, so that, feebly repelling him, she said: Is it thus, my Lord, that we return our Acknowledgments to Heaven for our Preservation? Bruis'd and frighen'd as I am, this Condition of mine can sure be no Motive to such Endearments. If it be Compassion, If it be Joy, take another Way of expressing it; a Way, in which I may have my Share without Offence to Decency. You live! You breathe! You speak! adored *Honoria*, cry'd out the Prince. Oh! is it possible that these Things can be, after the Danger we have pass'd, and I not run wild with Profuseness of Rapture? I who have loved you since I first beheld, but durst never before declare it, that like a true, an ardent Lover, value nothing in comparison of you. Be not displeased, too cautious Maid, that I receive these Benefits with the Ragings of a youthful Heart, glowing with Desire and Delight!

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Do you love me, my Lord, answered the equally transported Virgin? Am I so blest? Oh! Balm to all my Sufferings! Oh! only Happiness! The pleasing Return of my hourly Adorations to *Citherea* and her irresistible Son! Yes, my Lord, I have long, long, desir'd it should be thus, but durst never presume to hope it. That awful Distance in our Quality, that real Merit abstracted from your Birth, forbade *Honor*ia to aspire after the Possession of so many Excellences! Speak again, confirm what your Highness has lately said; make me all yours, make me rich without Reserve; The mighty Cordial raises me from the Grave: This, this only could have restor'd me, mortify'd as I am by Pain, and amaz'd at the Danger from which you have rescu'd me.

Forbear, answer'd the Prince, you pain me with Excess of Pleasure; I am wound up to that Pitch, Nature can bear no more. I can't endure to be belov'd; 'tis impossible to have *Honor*ia tell me she is mine, and I calmly live to hear her.— These convulsive Grasplings, — These blissful Agonies — can best explain my Agitations — Oh! powerful Maid — Thus resting on thy fragrant Bosom; let me pause upon my Happiness — Let me make a Truce with Extasies too racking and too exquisite for frail Humanity, whose brittle Frame o'er wrought with Joy, sinks on thy lovely Breast, and dies within thy

Arms, resists. ————— *Honoria* exerted her utmost Strength in turn to support her Lover, who for some Moments was so overcome by Passion, that he was no longer sensible: At length they both recovered the Power of Kneeling, where the Prince in View of all the Hierarchy above, invoking each propitious Power, the tall straight consecrated Trees, and every listening God, swore unalterable Love, and exchange'd with her his Vows never to wed another. Thus happily engag'd by mutual Love and mutual Promises, they were suddenly surrounded by a Train of Huntsmen, who had been several Ways in the Wood in search of them, for *Honoria's* wounded Horse was found and known, and soon after that of Prince *Alexis*; for in the instant Danger of his Mistress, he had no thought or Leisure to secure him. It was not long before one of the Queen's Chariots arriv'd, in which they placed *Honoria*, who was so bruised by what she had undergone (when Love called not upon her to exert her force) that she had scarce the Power of removing. Prince *Alexis*, who took the late Fatigue for his pretence, placed himself by her, and in that manner they returned to Court, where they were met by the King and Queen, the High-Priest, and others, with Joy and Congratulations. Since that Day the Ladies, for fear of the like Accident, never go to these Huntings in any other Habit but Scarlet.

Prince *Alexis* and *Honorio*, though possessed of mutual Love and Happiness, had many Measures to observe. The Queen had such an Ascendant, and was made by Nature and Fortune so haughty, that she would never consent to her Son's Marriage with a Subject, who had not any thing considerable but the Expectation of being her Uncle's Heir. Prince *Honorius* was so little a Friend to the King of the *Almains*, that he would never come into his Interest, though to favour that of the Prince, who aim'd at succeeding his Father; this the Lovers were well acquainted with, and therefore despaired of seeing themselves perfectly happy, 'till after the Decease of the King; however they forbore not to taste many pleasing Moments, for Love is always sufficient to it self; 'till the Prince, whose Vertue had no solid Foundation, began to be impatient himself, and to importune *Honorio* for that Rest of Happiness which she had not yet bestowed: He represented to her how miserable he was, and how impossible 'twas for him longer to consider her as his Wife, and not possess her as such, since he hourly languish'd and consumed away with Desires; that the Ceremony being nothing but a Name, few People of their Quality, among the bordering Nations, staid to expect it; that, neither Glory nor Vertue being outrag'd by it, since they were by Vows already effectually pair'd, it were Pain and Madness to Sacrifice those blissful Moments they might enjoy,

joy, to a Caprice which had no Foundation but fantastick Opinion, and Self Denial.

*Honor*a, whose Vertue was solid as her Love, received the Proposition with as great an Indignation as she could have for what came from the Part of a Man whom she regarded as her Lord. ‘Alas! Prince *Alex-*
 ‘*is*, answered she, Are these the Sentiments
 ‘by which your Highness is agitated? How
 ‘is Love, that noble Passion, so far dege-
 ‘nerated? Would you prefer the deluding
 ‘sensual Appetite to Honour? Honour!
 ‘that faithful and unalterable Guide of
 ‘Life; Honour! who is of such Importance
 ‘to the well-being of every vertuous Breast,
 ‘that there can be no just Comparison be-
 ‘tween him and vicious Love. It is not
 ‘possible in rejecting his Sway, to have any
 ‘Peace of Mind within, or a Calm with-
 ‘out. How ruffled, if you well observe, is
 ‘the Face of every faulty Person? How
 ‘confus’d? How apt to flush? Conscious
 ‘of inward Crimes, especially before the
 ‘truly Vertuous. For what would you ex-
 ‘change this invaluable Jewel? for a mo-
 ‘mentary Joy, a Flower that often fades
 ‘in gathering, a reproachful Sweet, de-
 ‘stroying all Esteem and Merit, and which
 ‘conceals under it a deadly Bitter: Not
 ‘but that I love, and love to such a height,
 ‘that I cou’d undergo any Death, rather
 ‘than see you another’s; but at the same
 ‘time wou’d revive again, tho’ to live in
 ‘rack-

‘ racking Miseries, rather than conceive a
 ‘ Thought that should make me unworthy
 ‘ of your Passion, or the Dignity of my
 ‘ own Vertue. I am, and will be, chaste; I
 ‘ am, and must be a Lover of Prince *Alexis*
 ‘ to my Tomb; they are such Agreeables
 ‘ as can never be separated. Mine you al-
 ‘ ready are, by binding Vows and mutual
 ‘ Inclination; take care you do not shake
 ‘ that Esteem I have hitherto had for you;
 ‘ ’tis a sure Foundation, a Rock which will
 ‘ dash the most noisy dreadful Billows. Do
 ‘ not make me cease to value you, lest I
 ‘ cease to love, or see reconciled in my self,
 ‘ the greatest of all Misfortunes, a Love
 ‘ which I cannot, must not cure, because
 ‘ you are my Lord, and at the same time, to
 ‘ find that my Lord is grown an Enemy to
 ‘ Vertue.’

These were the Sentiments of that hero-
 ick Maid, with which she never fail’d to re-
 strain Prince *Alexis* his unbounded Desires,
 ’till she had pall’d and cool’d those Ardours
 in him, once so noble and conspicuous;
 which shews that his Passion was defective
 of Vertue, and sought the Ruin, not the
 Establishment, of the Object that had cau-
 sed it.

The Queen, ever busie and full of Intrigue,
 had cast her Eyes upon a Match much more
 advantagious for him; the Spies which she
 maintained in all the great Families of *Sar-*
matia, informed her of the Prince’s Passion
 for *Honorio*: She harrangu’d him upon that

Head, and let him see, that if he were so weak to marry a dowerless Subject, and one that was so nearly related to the most inveterate Enemy of their House, he must not expect any Part of that great Wealth the King his Father had heaped up, in which he had been so industrious, denying himself many Expences, only in prospect of continuing the Crown to his Children; that his Highness, being the First-born, had doubtless the best Pretence to it, but he must be sensible, that without Money, to purchase Voices among the States, all his Pretensions would be vain; that she durst venture to answer on the Part of his Majesty, shou'd the Prince marry *Honorio*, the King would be so entirely disobliged, as not to leave him any Thing: On the other side, if he were disposed to obey the Commands they had from him, they should be such as would render him entirely happy. Since the rich and beautiful Princess *Emily*, Relict of the King of *Pannonia*'s Brother, had consented to marry him, all things were already prepared and brought to a Conclusion, and nothing wanting but to render himself at the *Pannonian* Court, to receive from that King's Hand a Bride of so much Consideration: In short, she represented to him a thousand Advantages that Princess had over *Honorio*, whom she equalled (as she affirmed) even in the Charms of her Person; 'till the Prince's Faith began to stagger; his Passion, as I told your Excellency, having been before

fore cool'd by what ought to have increased it: In a Word, the Queen carried her Point; the Prince promis'd to obey their Majesties, and all things were immediately directed for a splendid Equipage; in order to his Journey for *Pannonia*.

Prince *Honorius* had too good Intelligence at Court to miss this, however secret the Queen and Prince affected to keep it; he had heard something of his Niece's Inclinations; but hoping it was not true, without putting her to the Pain of questioning her upon a Subject that might distress her Modesty; he contented himself by way of Confidence, to tell her of Prince *Alexis's* Marriage with the Princess *Emely*, as a Thing the Court had resolved upon, and that as soon as his Equipage cou'd be formed, his Highness would depart.

Whatever Constancy *Honorius* was Mistress of, she summon'd it all at this dangerous Juncture, that the Prince her Uncle might not read the Secret of her Soul; but when no longer restrain'd by his Presence, she gave a Loose to Sorrow and Despair: What Heart cou'd be so obdurate as to remain unmoved at her Tears and Sufferings? She ran to me with a distracted Air, throwing herself upon my Bosom, wept aloud; her Words were so interrupted by Sobs and Groans, that it was a long while before my Importunity cou'd prevail with her to tell me what had caused her Woe. To me who had been so many times a Witness of their in-

nocent Endearments, she could not scruple to impart the News of his Inconstancy. He is false! he is false! *Mary*, said she, would you believe that lovely Prince should introduce amongst the *Sarmatians* a new Sin, only to render the unfortunate *Honorio* miserable? My Life is the intended Victim; by this Novelty I am murdered. Here the Prince enter'd, who imagined not that she was acquainted with his Crime, but seeing her, all in Tears, her Dress disorder'd, Despair in her Eyes, and yet never so beautiful as now when she appeared most distressed, made haste tenderly to ask the Occasion of that Scene of Woe? 'Dost thou (Traitor, she cry'd,) enquire what thus afflicts the abandoned *Honorio*? What can it be, but Prince *Alexis's* Perjury? Thy early Falshood; thy, 'till now, unpractis'd Sin of Vow-breach! Art thou not mine? Thou art, if Oaths are binding, and yet thou dost attempt, and I living, to be another's. Oh! never! That must never happen, assure thy self; my Death shall at once convince thee of my Love, and do thee the Obligation to set thee free from the Tye thou would'st in vain, without me, dispense with.'

The Prince finding himself discovered, never attempted to deny, but barely to extenuate his Fault, by telling us the positive Commands of his Majesty, and what the Queen had said to him; he begg'd *Honorio*, however, to believe, that he still lov'd her
above

above all Considerations ; and to show her that he did, if she could resolve to oblige him in her Turn, by admitting him privately, without the Nuptial Ceremony, to her Bed, he wou'd renounce all other Pretensions but those that engaged him to be a tender and unalterable Husband to her alone.

*Honor*a, however she had been broken and oppressed by Sorrow before she had heard this Proposition, in a moment returned her self to that Calm which inseparably accompanies Vertue, and with a composed and majestick Air, her Eyes full of that Fire which true Glory inspires, said, No, my Lord, if there be no other way to make your Highness Just, but by *Honor*a's becoming Base, assure your self, you shall for ever be a Criminal ; I will sink into my Tomb untainted even in my Thought or Wish ; my Innocence shall mingle with my Ashes ! My Vertue, sacred, as I thought your Vows, is not like them to be violated, but must to the last Moment adorn my Life ; and make me worthy of a better Destiny ! But to show you I am so far a mortal Woman, as to love with Rage and Constancy, I must resolve to die, to free my self from Miseries I cannot bear ——— Farewel, my Lord ——— Ming ——— whilst you were Just ——— farewel, not only to your Highness, but with your Highness a last Farewel to any earthly Happiness. Here the Tears fell in such an abundance from her Eyes, that

that to conceal the too powerful Weakness, she passed into her Cabinet, and left the Prince to retire ruminating and disordered.

However, his Remorse was not powerful enough to hinder his intended Journey to *Pannonia*; he seem'd to give himself no farther Pain about the Injustice and Barbarity he was going to be guilty of, in relation to *Honor**a*, the Breach of sacred Vows sat light upon him; he pretended rather to retain Indignation against her, for refusing to sacrifice her Vertue, than to feel any Remorse in himself for breaking so solemn an Engagement, and when I attempted to tell him her Sorrows and Sufferings, that I fear'd they would be fatal to her: He answered, few died of Grief that talk'd so much of it; and received all I said with an Air so little serious, that I could not but conclude his Heart was entirely disengaged, or transferred to his new Pretensions, since he did not fail to take the minutest Care, as to whatever concerned the Magnificence of his intended Equipage.

*Honor**a* passed the Time in real Distress and Solitude; the Pretence of Indisposition favour'd her Retreat, though it was more than a Pretence. Her Love was unalterable, even by Injuries, and being as well as her Vertue fixed upon Principles, nothing but Death could remove it. When her Hopes were entirely desperate, she intended not to survive the Loss of what was so dear

dear to her : But if possible, to give the Prince some Remorse, she resolved to die before he should depart, and even in such a manner, that he might see her when dead. I was but a Slave, born to obey, and not betray her ; and though the Assistance I lent this unhappy Victim, was a Heart wounding Distress to me, yet it was my Duty to perform whatever she commanded, else I cou'd never hope a Blessing from our Gods. After having presumed, though in vain, to endeavour at overcoming her Resolves by Argument and Reason, I became her Convert instead of making her mine ; she convinced me throughly of the Necessity there was to rid her self of a State, where the Evil so far surmounted the Good ; Death was become incomparably, to her, more eligible than Life : Her Love, her Hopes, her Happiness, being fixed upon the Prince, it was not to be supposed she could survive the Loss of him without Horror and Loss of Sense, which would make her Frantick Being, despicable, forlorn, and much more wretched than are the Dead or Dying : Neither her Youth, Beauty, or Innocence, could persuade her to any Compassion for her self ; black Despair and hourly Anguish took entire Possession of her Soul, nor could she wish or foresee any Relief but Death : She commanded me to infuse some of that deadly Gum which grows in great abundance among the Trees in the Country of the *Alans*, which, as your Excellency cannot want to be

be informed, is a Dukedom annexed to the Republick of *Sarmatia*.

Sure none ever precipitated their own Death with a Frame of Mind so composed as was *Honorio's*: After she had fixed her Resolutions, and beheld the Gum dissolving in a proper Vehicle, she wept no more, she rag'd, she grieved no more; all was calm, all was devout and heavenly: She incessantly kneeled in hopes of Pardon for that Offence she was about to commit, the greatest that human Nature, she acknowledged, could be capable of; a Sin of such a Scarlet that she must die in it, without the Power of Repentance to wash away her Pollution! But since the great Disposers of her Destiny, had submitted her Reason to the Sway of a tyrannick Passion, and that Despair succeeded the Unsuccessfulness of it, she would fall a Sacrifice to free her from its Torture, still in prospect of seeing the *Elysian* Shades, since, though her Life was made an Offering to Love, she had preserved her Chastity and her Vertue incorruptible.

Adorned with Innocence, and dressed in Robes of White an Emblem of that Innocence, with fantastick Greens, and a Garland of various Flowers to crown the lovely Victim, she seemed more charming than in all those glittering Ornaments of Court, with which she used to grace the Circle. I surveyed her o'er and o'er, with Tears that almost took away my Use of Sight, 'till
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on my Allegiance, she commanded me to reach the Liquid-Death, and to weep no more for her, for that she should shortly be at Rest. She drank with eagerness the bitter Draught, whose Property it is to cause lethargick stupifying Slumbers, which overcoming all the Offices of Life, end in a lasting Sleep.

When Fate seem'd to be busie with her, and that she was become more a Part of another World than she was of this, she caus'd me to call two Men-Slaves, whose Business it was usually to attend at the Foot of the back Stairs, Them she swore to obey whatever Commands should be brought by me; She was ever so perfectly good and gracious, that not one of us all, but at her Request, would have fac'd the greatest Danger; so they did not hesitate to engage themselves as she commanded. She bade them retire and remain within her Call, but by no means to depart 'till licens'd; then taking her last Leave of me, where, to my everlasting Glory be it remembered, she wept with Tenderness! a Tenderness due to a more exalted State than that of a Slave, who could not however be termed wretched, obeying so much Goodness.

When She had once more strictly prohibited my Tears, she bade me wait without, and not on any Terms to discompose her Fate, so as to render it terrible and painful by mistaken Kindness, or unavailing Cries and Compassion, and instructed me how de-

decently to compose her lovely Limbs, to close her brilliant Eyes, and when she was no other than lifeless Clay, to throw a Covering o'er her breathless Limbs, and secretly to cause those two Slaves to bear her to the Prince's Lodging, introduced by me, where he might behold what Love on her side, and Perjury on his, had done.

I beseech your Excellency to spare all the dismal Circumstances of that wretched Day and Night; the strong Convulsions, the Agonies between Death and Life, that poor *Honorina* suffered! Yet inwardly composed and steadfast to the last. She died upon the point of Morning. I thought my self in Duty concern'd, to obey punctually her Orders, and proved so happy in the Execution, that I was admitted with my fatal Present into the Prince's Chamber, few of his People being stirring, himself being early up, with an Intent to go a Hunting.

See there, my Lord, said I to him, when the Slaves had set down the Body of *Honorina*, approach and see, what Perjury, what Breach of Vows, and Change of Love have done! The Prince intently gazing upon the cover'd Fair, knew not what it was, 'till I drew off the Embroidery, and show'd the breathless Maid, adorn'd, and charming, as if she waited for the Bridal Happiness; so little terrible was Death, so reconcil'd to Innocence and Beauty, that he had no

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Darts which did not seem subdued by both.

I believe the Prince never felt any Consternation like this; I had left Orders with some of the Slaves to awaken the High-Priest, and to send him to the Lodging where it was told him his Niece was dead, and had commanded her Body should be carried. *Honorius* all affrighted at the Report, entred before Prince *Alexis* could do any thing but gaze upon the departed Beauty. Then was it to be seen, that Religion, and the finest Understanding is not Proof against such extraordinary Accidents. I find my self utterly defective when I would express the Grief and Shame that possessed these two Princes; taking Advantage of their Wonder, I gave, in these Words, a short and impartial Relation of what had pass'd since the unhappy Hour that *Honorius* first engaged her self to the Prince.

View here, my Lord, said I, addressing to the High-Priest, view the Fair, but murder'd *Honorius*! *Honorius*! the Vertuous as well as charming! View her as the Trophy of Prince *Alexis*'s Victory and Infidelity! *Honorius* dy'd by her Lover's Infidelity! A Lover! who by holy and interchangeable Vows, was sworn to become her Husband; having subdued her Heart, he would have basely profited himself of the Conquest, by triumphing over her Vertue; but finding the Heroick Maid set the Value upon it that she ought, he

' he abandon'd what he should have worship-
 ' ped, and from that moment thought no
 ' longer of her, or of his Vows! Oh! A-
 ' postate to Love and Chastity! Thou
 ' didst prepare thy self (after being engag'd
 ' by Oaths and solemn Imprecations to
 ' *Honoria*, in the sight of *Juno* the awful
 ' Goddess, and Queen of Marriage-Vows)
 ' thou didst prepare, as all *Sarmatia* knows,
 ' to wed the Princess *Emely*! Oh! unpre-
 ' cedented Perjury! Oh! inconsiderate
 ' Youth, to barter real Merit for glaring
 ' Titles: Oh! capricious God of Love,
 ' How wert thou so easily disgusted? How
 ' canst thou be pleas'd with Trifles, at
 ' the moment that thou dost covet all
 ' Things? Behold her a Monument of Infi-
 ' delity: It was Prince *Alexis's* Hand, and
 ' not her own, that lifted the fatal Draught
 ' to her despairing Lip! It was Prince
 ' *Alexis's* Cruelty and Breach of Faith,
 ' that determin'd, and gave her to swal-
 ' low the stupifying Death! *Alexis!* who
 ' anticipated his Triumphs, and used to
 ' smile when he was told it would be thus!
 ' Revenge! Revenge! you immortal Pow-
 ' ers! You that are ever excellent, Revenge
 ' upon his Name and Family *Honoria's*
 ' Wrongs; take Possession of him all ye
 ' Furies! Seize him ye Infernal Powers!
 ' May his Life be short and miserable, but
 ' may his Hereafter Torments be never end-
 ' ing! Detest him! ye chaste and blooming
 ' Maids; detest him whilst he is among you,
 ' you

' you that know the Price of Vertue ! Detest
 ' Him, the Corrupter of Vertue ! may his
 ' Memory be ever detested ! Shun him all ye
 ' Good ! May his Walks be lonely, his
 ' Hours painful, and the Remainder of his
 ' Life one perpetual Remorse for his In-
 ' gratitude, Perjury, and Barbarity to Ho-
 ' noria.

There is something so eloquent and per-
 suasive in Truth alone, without the Advan-
 tage of Oratory ; that there were none pre-
 sent (for by this time the Report of her
 Death had drawn a Croud) but what
 wept her Fate, and detested the Lover's
 Injustice.

That good Prince *Honorius* forbore not to
 kiss the beauteous Clay, to weep over it
 with Tears almost of Blood, making Im-
 precations, in the first Transports of his
 Grief, for Revenge upon the Traitor who
 thus insulted the Honour of his Name.
 Some of the less prepossess'd Spectators, dis-
 covered a Writing fix'd upon her Breast,
 under a Stomacher of Flowers. Curiosity
 made them immediately press about the
 Corps to endeavour to read it, but Prince
Honorius commanding them back, bade me
 unloose it from the Body ; I obey'd, and
 delivered it to him, where he read these
 Words.

Thou ! that would'st fill the Sarmatian Annals,
 With Crimes hitherto unknown :
 Thou ! that by the inviolable Trust of Love
 Wou'd'st draw the list'ning Virgin to Dishonour,
 Look here, and regulate thy Desires ;
 Look here, and lament thy Perjuries.
 Learn from me, a wandering Shade,
 How fleeting are mortal Joys ;
 And that nothing can be permanent but Vertue.

That Life, once preserv'd by Prince Alexis's
 Now falls a Sacrifice to his Injustice. (Arms,

I find it impossible to represent to your
 Excellency the Tears and Tumult of the
 Spectators, upon the Reading of this Paper ;
 it was so great, that probably without re-
 spect to Prince Alexis's being the Son of a
 King, they had torn him in Pieces, if the
 High-Priest, whose Allegiance was inviola-
 ble, had not restrained and commanded
 them to depart. The Prince had all this
 while continued silent, weeping and kneel-
 ing upon one Knee, over the breathless
 Beauty ; but seeing they were going, by *Ho-*
norius's Orders, to bear the Body to his own
 House, he gave a Vent to that Woe which
 had been so long pent within his Bosom,
 and became formidable to all by the Excess
 of his Ravings, his Indignation against
 himself, and Complaints for the untimely
 Fate of his once adored *Honorio*. When he
 cou'd no more by his Prayers, Tears, Strug-
 glings,

glings, and Endeavours retain her, but that she was carried from his Sight, he attempted to murder himself with his Poniard; but that being wrested from him, he would have strangled himself, had he not been held; his Rage was so extream, they were forced to bind him in his Bed, and when the King and Queen were called, how did he exclaim against false Ambition, Avarice, Perjury, and those other Crimes which had occasioned *Honoria's* Fate?

They left his Care to Time, and the Care of the Physicians, and sent their Complement of Condolence to the High-Priest, who, like a Man truly Prudent and Religious, submitted himself, with a Moderation very surprizing to all that knew how much he had valued and loved *Honoria*. The wiser Part believed he only smothered his Resentment, deferring it to an Hereafter, when he should have, upon the King's Death, a blameless Opportunity of pursuing his Revenge.

Honoria's Body was burnt with utmost Pomp, not a Virgin of any Distinction but what rendered her self with Garlands, Elegies, and Tears, about her Pile, bestowing Millions of Invectives against her perjured Lover. I begged the Glory to have been sacrificed to her *Manes*, but the High-Priest reserved me to do her Memory Justice; so that another, though less favoured than I had been, was burnt with that lovely Clay, together with those Ornaments and

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Moveables that she had most valued when living.

A magnificent Tomb was erected to her Memory, a bright Repository for her invaluable Ashes! whereon the High-Priest caus'd to be engraved, in Characters of Gold, the Inscription found upon her Breast; but this did not long survive, some Agent of the Royal Family, took an unseen Opportunity to deface the Writing, which ought to have remained an everlasting Monument of Prince *Alexis's* Injustice.

Whose Grief, not founded upon right Principles, quickly pass'd over; but because he was ashamed immediately to appear where he had occasioned so lamentable a Catastrophe, he departed privately for *Pannonia*, in pursuit of his first Design, where his Equipage met him. The King and Princess *Emely* had given their Consent to the Nuptials, so that he was there received with great Magnificence.

The lovely Prince of *Noricum*, Brother to the Queen of the *Almans*, out of Friendship and Respect to the King of *Sarmatia*, render'd himself at the *Pannonian* Court, to give Prince *Alexis* the Meeting, and to grace the Marriage-Ceremony.

Fame, that indefatigable Goddess, had brought poor *Honoria's* Adventure to the Ears of the Princess *Emely*; she took a Resolution worthy her exalted Soul; which was, to revenge the Dishonour had been done

done one of the most meritorious of the Sex, upon the Traitor who had deceiv'd her; in order to it, she sent a Lady of Address and bright Understanding, to the Prince of *Noricum*, to ask him if he would be contented to marry her? And to convince him upon what Principles she went, the Story of Prince *Alexis's* Perjury, by her Directions, was related to him: The Princess's great Beauty, Merit, and Possessions, soon determin'd his Resolution: They were marry'd that very Evening, before the Morning design'd for her Nuptials with the *Sarmatian* Prince.

And that his Disgrace might be the more particular, it was industriously conceal'd from his Highness, till he came, in nuptial Ornaments, to take the destin'd Bride at her own Lodgings. But was then told below, by an Officer in waiting, not to make a Noise to disturb the Princess, who could not be spoken to, for that she was in Bed with her Lord, the Prince of *Noricum*, whom she had lately marry'd.

He staid not to have the Publick a Witness of his Disgrace, nor to call his false Friend to an Account for Breach of Friendship, the greatest that mortal Man could have been guilty of; and which the poorest spirited Slave would have resent'd and reveng'd. The King of *Sarmatia*, upon his Return, talk'd very high of the Injury and Affront that had been done him, in the Person of his Son, and pretended, that the

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Pannonian King should give him Satisfaction for the Outrage that had been committed in his Court: But an Expedient was found out, which this narrow-soul'd Prince agreed to; an Expedient that made his Littleness of Spirit more conspicuous; it was a Marriage between him and a Sister of his Rival: These Nuptials were soon after solemniz'd, and all was well again; but the *Sarmatians* secretly despise and ridicule his Conduct, which is the true Reason, that so very few of them ever desire to see him become their Monarch.

Thus, my Lord, pursu'd the Envoy, I have given you Prince *Alexis's* History, in most of the Slave *Muty's* Words, which will inform your Lordship of the true Value of that Prince: Now it was no longer a Mystery to me, why he was not beloved by the *Sarmatians*. I also observed, that *Mademoiselle Muty* expected a World of Applauses, for so handsomely acquitting her self. She was very Beautiful, and more *Eveliez* and *Spirituél*, than any I had met, among the Women of the first Distinction: Add to this her Youth, and something of an Air, which bespoke Satisfaction and Self-sufficiency, as if she more govern'd than obey'd, and rather impos'd Chains upon others, than wore them her self; which, together with the Richness of her Habit, and the Respect all the Domesticks paid her, gave me to suspect, that, the High-Priest being no more than a Man, this beautiful Slave found her
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Account near his Eminence; nor was I deceiv'd, as afterwards I was convinced: Therefore I did not play away the Opportunity that was given me, but with all Sort of Address, and artful seeming Sincerity, I celebrated her Merit, affected to be infinitely charm'd, infinitely sensible, and render'd her Wit and Beauty some Part of what she thought their due: It was impossible to do her Charms the Justice she expected; nor could they have so great an Allay, as her own Esteem and Knowledge of them; tho' we must grant, she took their Height, from the difficult and illustrious Conquest they had obtain'd.

I resolv'd to bring her into my Interest, and added Presents to my Praises. She permitted me the Favour to see her often. It was not long before she gave me the best Proof, that my Money had been well bestow'd; very faithful, and very grateful, beyond what was to be found in the Men, even among those who are call'd Noble; She never forbore, till she brought the High Priest to declare himself, and I happily received his Promise, That he would carry on my Master's Interest the next Election, in the Person of Prince *Armutius*, to the Prejudice of all others.

Thus, by a lucky Hit, and the Help of a critical Smile from the Goddess Fortune, I obtain'd what, before, I had so many waking Hours rack'd my Brain for in vain; so true it is, that all Men have their Foibles, and

I could not have more fortunately executed my Design, than in the Company of Count *Martel*, a Person of Merit and Address, who was going Ambassador from King *Charles* to the Emperor *Constantine*, or rather to the Empress *Irene*, for all Things are govern'd, in that Court and Kingdom, as she and her Favourite the General *Stauratius* please, with whom it is believed, she has contracted *une Mariage de Conscience* : The Emperor is no more minded, than a Baby in Leading strings, for so his Mother will have it. Did your Lordship make any Stay in that Court ? interrupted *Horatio*. About eighteen Months, reply'd the Count, enough to be weary of it ; tho' Part of the time was spent in a Campaign under *Stauratius* against the *Persians* ; but his Avarice was so excessive, that it disgusted even those that were not to suffer by it ; something so forbid and offensive results from that Vice, as to make the Wearer secretly despised, be his Quality never so conspicuous, or his Power extensive ; nor can any Thing atone for it, because of the Baseness of its Companions, Injustice, Extortion, Cruelty, and Ingratitude. *Constantinople* is no longer that glorious City it was ! In forsaking the old *Roman* Vertues, they have imbib'd the Vices of, and degenerated into, those Barbarians, once so contemptible in their Eyes ; a few excepted, amongst which still are to be found the Love of Glory ! Love of their

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Country, and Constitution! The Rest run mad after Liberty, new Notions! new Vices! and new Religions! Which latter so entirely possess them, that if you are acceptable upon every other Account, and differ here, they hate and persecute you, and are so unjust, as not to allow you any Part of that Merit they before admired you for; and, which is more ridiculous than all, they still are thus warm for every Opinion that they embrace, (for I would have you to know there are few but have, and do change, and more than once) they are *Constant to nothing but Inconstancy*: Sometimes the Orthodoxy, sometimes Heterodoxy is uppermost; they have Fashions for Religions as well as Cloaths, are as fond, and new cut them as often: At present the Orthodox is discountenanced; the Empress *Leue* introduc'd Image-Worship, and has got a Pope to her own Heart's Desire, Dull! Stupid! and as little tenacious of the Rights of the Pontificate, as she could wish. The Patriarch of *Constantinople*, indeed, is not so passive; he asserts the Purity of the primitive Times, and opposes all Innovations; whence it is, that the Bishop of *Rome* is at perpetual Variance with him: But I forget my self, that I am speaking to a *Roman*, whose Knowledge in all Things, especially the Manners of his own Country, is confirm'd, whereas mine can be but superficial.

I assure your Lordship, answer'd *Horatio*, that I am much more ignorant than I dare

own; 'tis more than three Years since I was there, and only know, that from the time of my Departure, Affairs have often chang'd Hands. After Monsieur *L'Envoyé's* Curiosity is satisfy'd, I will beg a little Information of the Measures that were in fashion, then, when your Lordship left *Constantinople*; for a Person of your Penetration, with those Lights, which the piercing and refin'd Count *Martel* could give him, can, I'm certain, be ignorant of nothing that you had a Desire to know. Your Lordship is too obliging, answered the Count, but in all Things that depend upon me, you may be sure to be obeyed.

Wearied, as I told your Lordships, with the busie Intrigues, Faction, and Dulness, of the *Constantinopolitan* Court; for Gallantry is no longer the Theme, the greatest Beauties seem to forget that they have Charms, since they have not any Lovers to put them in mind of them; all are buried in Politicks and Strugglings which Opinion shall prevail; wearied, I say, with those sort of unnatural Divisions, I went in the Train of an Ambassador, from the Emperor, to the Prince of *Rheta* in *Germany*; we happen'd to reach the Court just before his Nuptials; I had the good Fortune to carry the Prize at those Justs and Tournaments that were held in Honour of the Bride, which so far recommended me to his Highness, that he receiv'd me into his Army, and gave me a very considerable Post there.

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I can't forbear telling your Lordships, that the Princess of *Rhetia* is a Person full of so many Attractions, that without being the greatest Beauty in the World, she can do more than the most Charming; she penetrates, she enters into the secret Wishes of her Beholders, and causes their Best to be made for Her; in short, at her Appearance at Court, not a Man but found her to his Taste; she was universally taking; her Air, her Wit, her Eyes, her Manner, her Vivacity, every Thing about her, created Admirers, even from amongst those of her own Sex; yet with all this Agreeableness, she has not been able to defend her self from becoming unhappy: The Person who was suspected to be her Favourite, is now wretched, and under my Guard, in a Tent pitched not far from your Excellency's, where we arriv'd last Night; tho' I was then ignorant of my good Fortune in being brought to be your so near Neighbour, or, late as it was, I should not have forborn to have paid my Duty to your Excellency.

And do you imagine, Monsieur le Count, reply'd the Prior of *Orleans*, observing the Count was silent, that we will compound for this? I assure your Lordship, that I am too fond of all Occasions that can make you speak, to pass by one so particular. Something I have already heard of this unhappy Gentleman, I think he is a Man of Quality of the *Vandals*; but the Distance makes Things so confus'd, that one cannot depend

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upon

upon what one hears. Pray favour the generous *Horatio* and my self, with what your Lordship knows of that Affair : *Horatio* having join'd his Endeavours to the Envoy's, the Count could no longer defend himself, but addressing to both, thus continued his Relation.

Your Excellency is well inform'd ; Count *Alarick* was born among the *Vandals*, but he has liv'd more abroad than at home ; as his Exploits have been perform'd and renown'd more under the Queen of Love than the God of War, the Ladies can give a better Account of him than those of our Sex. His Person is handsome, and did not Misfortunes preserve him sacred from Curiosity, your selves should be Judges ; but as this Intrusion is a Sort of Insulting, which no well-bred Man would be guilty of, you will be pleas'd to be contented with what I can tell your Lordships.

I have never had the Honour to enter the Count's Cabinet ; so that I do not pretend to give you a Part in any of his Thoughts ; his Actions, and those only, that have made such a Noise in the World, that none about him are ignorant of them, shall be my present Entertainment.

I think Count *Alarick* had more of Title than Estate, which caus'd him to use all his Endeavours to better it ; those which offer'd most plausibly to a Man well made, young, handsome, and gay as he was, seem'd such as he could procure from the Fair Sex. In his Travels, it was his Fortune, in the
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lower *Batavia*, to meet a Lady whose Circumstances were pretty fantastical; she was born in one of the Islands, of high Birth, and a vast Heiress. A Person of the first Distinction for Quality, tho' not Merit, a titular Prince, of which there are Numbers in that Part of the World, found her Possessions would be infinitely commodious for him, because his Estate was but little answerable to the Rank he held; but knowing the young Lady's Mother would never be for him, he contented himself with wishing some unforeseen Smile of Fortune might conduct him to his Happiness.

Mean time his Mistress is marry'd, without asking her Consent, to a Gentleman who was the Reverse of the Prince, for he had much more Estate than Title; but Lady *Isabella's* Mother, very careful and tender of her only Child, (tho' she was not too young in the Opinion of the rest of the World) capitulated with him that he should not bed her in a Year; the Bridegroom agreed to these Articles, and kept his Word: He was guilty of another Oversight, and that was, forgetting to secure Lady *Isabella's* Woman, who had been before tamper'd with by the Needy-Prince his Rival; her Power over the old Lady was not so great as with the Young, and consequently she could not prevent the Marriage: But when she saw the Consummation was deferr'd, and that the Bridegroom was departed without Bedding her, the poison'd Lady *Isabella's* unwary In-

nocence against her Husband: The first Thing she did, was to bring her a Looking-glass, and asking her, as the young Charmer survey'd her self there, Who but an insensible, or diseas'd abject Wretch, or perhaps with Affections pre-engag'd, could leave so vast a Share of Youth and Beauty un-enjoy'd? That 'twas true, her Husband had capitulated so to do, but if he had lov'd as another would have done, what he had said to the old Lady to gain her, ought to have gone for nothing: He was now become the Master; all the World would therefore have been on his Side, when the Possession of a Bride so charming was in Question: His Neglect was unpardonable, affronting, cold, indifferent! That true it was, one should have been apt to have pity'd and forgiven the wretched Mortal (taking his unnatural Apathy to proceed from a Defect of Nature) had he not given guilty Proofs of his Liking and Immorality in other Places: Therefore nothing could be said for him here to his Advantage; for either he must be in an ill State of Health, perhaps one infectious, or still in Love with his Mistress; or, which was as bad, not in Love with his Wife.

Lady *Isabella*, was as full of her self as any Lady of her Birth, Fortune, and Beauty could be, had never any Liking to her Husband's Person or Address, who, because secure of her Mother, had neglected those necessary Applications by which a Lover in-

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sinuates himself into the tender Inclinations of the Fair. She, fired with Indignation at this Contempt of her Beauty, was quickly wrought up to all the Resentment that was necessary to make her resolve, never to live with a Man that held her in such despicable Estimation. Her Woman, who thought it hard, when such an Heiress as was her Lady, came to be disposed of, if she could not, in the Destiny, make her own Fortune, play'd her Part dextrously, and kept her incessantly warm, till she was determin'd to fly from that Island into *Batavia*, where the same Laws were not in Force, and nothing in place to hinder her from becoming Mistress of her own Conduct.

Accordingly she came to take the *Batavian* Ambassador's Lady one Morning, early in her Bed, and told her, if she had but half the Friendship for her which she profess'd, she should now give her a Proof of it, and fly with her beyond the Seas; that however it were, if she refused to take Part in her Destiny, she her self was determin'd, and would go, tho' it were alone; but, she conjur'd her not to deny her the Protection of her Presence; for Slander that was ever busie, would not know how to approach her under the Protection of so much Vertue and Conduct, as her Excellency had ever been Mistress of.

Lady *Isabella's* Woman was an industrious Incendiary, and did not fail to inform the Prince her Benefactor, of their Design; she
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advised him to follow them where-ever they should go; but Love and Nature rais'd up for some time, an Obstacle to his Pretensions. Count *Alarick* with his Charms, Generosity, and Address, met her in her Pilgrimage, and had the Glory to touch Lady *Isabella's* Heart, who engag'd to marry him, if her former Nuptials could be set aside. She was, as I have remarked, a mighty Heiress; and tho' the necessary Ceremony that perfects a Marriage was unaccomplish'd, her Possessions were too large to let her go without making all the Defence that could be made; at best, it would be a Work of Time: Count *Alarick's* seeming Passion could not stay for that, he therefore dispatch'd a Gentleman of his Chamber, too faithful a Domestick, who hired Russians, and assassinated the unfortunate Gentleman in his Coach, to the Reproach of Gallantry, Humanity, or Honesty; for since they were Masters of a Sword, he ought by that way and no other, to have pretended to *Isabella*.

Love, in spite of our selves, often carries us where we never thought of going; we can't foresee any Passion with certainty; Hatred, Love, Revenge, Jealousie, Anger, and Ambition, arise in our Breasts, when they are not expected; they surprize and arbitrarily govern those of whom they become absolute Masters; 'tis principally for this Reason, that we ought to use all our Endeavours not to be enslav'd, since 'tis a Matter so difficult to defend our selves from

from the ill Effects of their tyrannick Prepossession.

Love and Riches were the Motives to this dishonest Assassination, nor did it succeed as the Count expected: *Isabella* was a Lady of too distinguishing a Quality, not to have all the World interest themselves on her side; they advis'd her to abandon him, that she might preserve, or not irreparably wound her Character, by a Marriage with the Murderer of her Husband! Her Character! which had already suffered too much, by the Kindness she had shown the Count, and which caus'd ill-natured Censurers to conclude, he would not have been so base, and mad, as to do a Wickedness for the sake of Wickedness, if he had not been sure of his Point. But alas! what Dependance is there upon the frail Inclinations of Women? The varying Seasons! Nor the changing Winds! can but faintly represent the *April-Weather* of their Affections! Nothing in Nature, but themselves, can come up to their Caprice. Whirl-winds, and Whirl-pools! The *Crocodile* and *Hyena* have been us'd as Emblems of their Cruelty and Inconstancy! Those are indeed devouring Evils, but not comparable to Women! Who are false by Inheritance, full of native Deceit and attracting Fraud! they center in themselves the Dominion of the World! for not one of them but would angle and allure, till all Mankind were their Slaves, and as Slaves they would tyrannize over them! Impatient to
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miss the most despicable Adorations, and therefore is their own Sex hated by them : Nor are their dear, sudden, momentary Intimacies ever design'd, but to be let into each others Defects, which they unpitifully expose to us, with a Mask of Vertue dissembling their own Vices, yet transported to convict others of theirs ; upon which they are inexorable, and never forgive, tho' their Repentance be never so sincere : And what is all this for ? Why, truly, to gratify their first Principle Pride ! For so short-sighted are their Judgments, they know not how to set a just Estimation upon themselves, or others, and as often under, as over-value both ; so that generally, some lurking, worthless Wretch, is made Master of their Charms, when in turn they are themselves despis'd, even by those whom they before rejected and trampled upon. Can we use these Deceivers, by way of Reprizal, too ill ? 'Tis They that have taught us Fraud, and the Dexterity of turning upon them their own Artillery ; from Them we have learn'd Ingratitude, to insult Benefits, ridicule Innocence, and happy Simplicity of Manners ; from Them we have learn'd false Vows, to give feign'd and flattering Hopes, to breath pretended Sighs, to despise what we have conquer'd, and yet to aim at conquering what we despise ! Truth is never to be spoken to them, they think so omnipotently of themselves, that without Hyperbole, or a Magnifying Glass, you must never hope to reach them : In short, they have set

set us the Pattern, but Man has prov'd so excellent an Imitator, as to refine upon the Invention, and now we may pretend even to out-do them at their own Weapons: They may thank themselves for giving us a Sample of their Artifice; would they have been contented with simple generous Love, and a just Reverence of their human Persons, without Deification and Adorations, we might mutually have found our Account, and like humble innocent Mortals, been innocently, mutually happy.

Then, they are implacable Enemies, and never forgive any Slight or Neglect, that seems to be offered to their Persons, whether fair or not; to commend others is a mortal Crime among some of them. I remember a Case, wherein a Writer of Memoirs suffered for this: He had found a Prince of distinguishing Merit to address to, a Prince happy in his own Perfections, happy in those of the Princess his Wife, and in an Aunt, a living Pattern of Beauty and Goodness; together with a Dowager who was Mother to the Prince his Father; all meritorious, and deserving as much as the Race of Women could deserve! The Historian endeavoured, according to the Capacity Nature had given him, to do them Justice; nay, he even laboured for it: But here was the Mischief, the Prince's own Mother was not mentioned; and why? because indeed that noble Race had never intermarry'd with the City before, nor was she

she preferred, but by the Weight of her Gold, with which, she brought an excessive Love of Cards and Play, besides an insupportable Spirit of Dominion, which made all those uneasy that would not submit to it: But this was not all, the Poet had fixed a Merit to the Elder Dowager, for not admitting a second Embrace to sully the Nuptial Sheets, sacred to the Memory of the Prince her Lord; this was directly wrong; for the Lady omitted, had not only married her self twice, but was the third time in Treaty, for a third Husband; and if she goes on as she has begun, and with the same good Luck, she may possibly swell them to a Number proportionate to her Inclinations.

Not satisfied at being omitted (tho by her Birth, she could not have been mentioned to the Glory of that Illustrious Family into which she had the happy Fortune to be thrown) the Praise of another she thought a Reflection upon herself, and never ceased persecuting the Prince her Son with all the Malice and Invectives she could invent, to cause him to commit Hardships upon the Person that had dared to confine the Ubiquitary Sex, to the Pleasure of a single Embrace; though true it is, no Woman of just, of strict, of distinguishing Vertue, ever admitted a Second.

Another of Quality, not inferior, who was taken notice of for her exalted Pride, persecuted her Son-in-Law, who had had the deserved Consideration that his Merit claim-

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ed, and would have him to reject the Author, though in the just Distribution, her own Daughter had met with the just Praise that her Youth and Beauty deserved.

Monsieur le Count, interrupted *Horatio*, with a Smile, has sure been very ill us'd by what he calls that undistinguishing Sex, tho' by his Form one would scarce believe it; or he would hardly have digressed so much to their Prejudice, and given us Cause to desire him to return to his Subject; whatever he says meets with such Approbation, that we cannot but be angry at the Narrowness of our Memory, which would retain all that one hears from so just a Speaker, and suffers but with Pain (as it will happen in Discourses of any length) the last still to get the Precedence of the first in our Remembrance.

I humbly stand corrected, says the Count, I was then angry, but not for my self, 'twas Lady *Isabella's* little Discernment, who was drawn to make a Choice which had been beneath an ordinary Gentlewoman, and yet it was That of a Prince, great by Title, little by Merit, one who could no more understand than deserve her Charms; fruitful in nothing but ill Nature, Spleen, and Narrowness of Soul; haughty both to his King and Mistress, obstinate and impatient even of Royal Commands, but from the Spirit of Contradiction not Principle; lewd in his Nature, low and promiscuous in his Amours, void of all Delicacy, rigid, penurious, and snarling to his Attendants, often chastizing them

them for imaginary Faults with real Blows from his own Hand; whimsical, offensive, never to be pleased but with Novelty; and yet a Moment's time puts an end to that Novelty. How the good Temper and Prudence of his Princess has been able to wade with Cheartfulness through this Sea of stormy Discontent, is a Miracle! but something sure of Mortification is due to her, for the Catastrophy that beset her other unhappy Husband.

Count *Alarick* having been defeated here, made his Tour of Gallantry through several Nations; he had once like to have been surprized by a Man of Quality in his Bed-Chamber, and escaped so narrowly, that he was forced, at the hazard of his Neck, to save his Person by a Leap from a high Window; but it did not happen so well with the poor Lady, for her angry Lord, though no longer Jealous since convinced, inhumanly cut her to Pieces upon the Spot: neither her Prayers, Repentance, Youth, or Beauty, could protect her: The other Half of his Rage had escaped, he was therefore resolved that he should suffer for the Whole, and the better to satisfy his Caprice, and to make it be thought that he had washed away the Pollution with the Villain's Blood, he caus'd it to be reported, that That was the Body of the Person who had dishonoured his Family, and stain'd his Bed; whence the Rumour ran in most Countries, that Count *Alarick* had been discovered,

ed, murthered and hew'd to Pieces upon the Instant.

Happy had it been for *Annagild* Princess of *Dacia*, if so it had proved; then had she never found her self sensible of those Charms which have caus'd her Misfortunes: It was in the Court of the Prince her Father, that the Count refuged himself against his implacable Adversaries. I am perswaded, my Lords, that Merit is not always necessary towards subduing the most meritorious of the Fair Sex; there's a Knack, besides a lucky Hit; don't you see worthless Fellows that have nothing to recommend them, and little else to divert, always succeed in this? The Women will have a Man's whole Time, or else they have no Part in his Heart; this the Idle, and those who are not acceptable among People of Learning and Sense, can do. I have heard some Ladies confess, That they could have no real Regret, or ever regard him as a Lover, who suffer'd Interest, Devoir, Devotion, or any Avocation, to interfere with their Passion; and that 'till a Man was insensible of Property, Friends, Duty, Affection, he was not worthy to be called a Lover; nay, they scruple to confer the Dignity upon any that retains the least Share of common Sense, or the Taste of Meat and Wine; for your true Lover, say they, must neither eat nor drink; he should have an Appetite for nothing but his Mistress; and whatever is the Subject of the

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Discourse, he ought always to center it in the Person he adores.

I understand that Count *Alarick* possessed these Accomplishments in Perfection; by his Affiduity he had gain'd Princess *Anna-gilda's* Heart, but Destiny had not resolv'd them for each other. The Prince of *Dacia*, had just concluded with the *Rhetian* Ambassador, who was come on the Part of that Prince, to demand her in Marriage. What did she not say, to find her self made a Sacrifice of State? How did she regret her Birth, that determin'd her to be made an Offering to Interest, rather than tender Inclination? How did she envy the lowly Cottage-Maid, who knew no Dignity but what was conferr'd by Love? How often would she have abandon'd that Royalty, that unwieldy Air of Greatness, to have fix'd in some easy, humble, safe Retreat with Count *Alarick*, her Lover and her Friend? 'Tis believed she would have fled with him away, but her Inclinations having been discovered by his Indiscretion, she was carefully guarded; yet with the utmost Secrecy, lest the Report of this unhappy Passion, should fill the Wings of the Goddess *Fame*, and fly abroad to the Prejudice of the young Princess's Glory, who, in vain, cast her self at the Prince of *Dacia's* Feet, to beg he would grant her at least, some time, to get over her Misfortune and first Inclination, that so she might by her Compliance, endeavour to render her self worthy of the

the Honour she had of being his Daughter.

Mean time the Prince of *Rberia* was not less engaged, though more criminally; he had a Mistress named *Rodegund*, who for a long time, had held over him a despotick Sway; but as there are very few Affections but what die of themselves, especially if unopposed, because Difficulties, like the fanning Winds, make the Flame burn fiercer, and render it more bright and towering; so the Prince finding it for the Good of his State, that he should provide them Posterity, and sated with the long and full Possession of *Rodegund*, having heard much of the Princess *Annagilda's* Charms, sent his Ambassadors to demand her: When all Matters were adjusted, and his Bride made such by Proxy, he came to his Mistress, and desired her to depart the Court, without Thoughts of a Return, till she had a Permission from himself; that in Compliance with his Counsel, he had been forced to marry the Princess of *Dacia*, who was a Lady too young and beautiful to receive so early a Disgust, and of such a Nature, as the Presence of a beloved Mistress would give. Not must her self expect to make a very good Figure, amidst the Caresses he should be obliged to bestow upon a Bride so charming: That he begg'd her Pardon for not asking her Advice upon a Matter of so great Importance; that he did not do it, because either way, as a Friend, or Lover,

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it must have given her Confusion to speak against his, or her own Interest; therefore in Tenderness he had spared, and should always respect her, beyond every Thing but his Devoir, and not be fonder of any Interest than of giving her Testimonies of it.

Haughy Rodegund, who had Cunning as well as Pride, heard what the Prince of *Rberia* said, as a definitive Sentence; she justly imagined her Blandishments would be but vainly apply'd. Her Power was departed, and of that, she assured her self by his voluntary Marriage; for whatever he had said of his Council she knew was nothing but Pretence. Who, without any Motive or Sollicitations, gives away a Jewel, that they yet are fond of? She ran over these, and several other Considerations in a Moment. "Ilt could she bear that Change of Scene, ill exchange the Government of a Court and Kingdom, for that Solitude, and Decline of Power, that were going to be her undoubted Companions. She was not ignorant that the Prince was the Sun which had influenced those Court-Adulations she had met with; and that when he was set to her, she should be despicable, forlorn, and no longer regarded as of any moment. What could she do? Tears and Complaints were vain; this had none of the Air of those Disgusts, which in the Morning of their Love, so sweetly endear'd them to each other, and made the Pleasure of Re-

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conciliation greater than had been the Pain of Separation. The little God is so good an Oeconomist, as never to suffer those who are his Vassals, to be wanting of either Joy, or Affliction; they always reside together in the same Heart, where they subsist of themselves, and maintain alternate Sway.

Rodegund let fall some graceful Tears, which gave her an Air of tender Regret, very moving and serviceable to her, for that it left a grateful Impression upon her Lover's Heart. She told him, That as her Beauty, Vertue, and Honour, had been early Victims to his Desires, she should still be ready to sacrifice all Things, even her Life, to make him easy. Her Business had ever been to obey, and not to dispute; therefore now she would not be wanting in her Duty: Her only Request was, That he would please to remember her with some Compassion, for that she was going to be, not the most unhappy, but most despicable Woman living, only for having made him Happy: Since she well knew nothing upon Earth, was so great an Object of Reproach and Misery, as an abandoned Mistress.

His Highness told her, he would take such care of her Circumstances as should secure her against Contempt; the World was no longer rigid, to any but the Indigent. There indeed, an Offence to Vertue was Immortal; for though the Repentance of the Poor proved never so ardent and exemplary, those
others

others of the Sex, that had not yet either been guilty, or discover'd, would never countenance but condemn, and cry fie upon her for a naughty Creature, I detest the Thoughts of her, I would not for the World be seen to speak to her, or forgive her she is so wicked; and presently steps into her Coach to go to Cards, or to take the Air, or Col-lation with the Mistress of a King, a Prince, or any Man, who has a Mind to support His with Equipage and Expence. So that the Fault is not in the Want of Vertue, but the Want of Quality and Money, both which he had secured her against, and would always take care of her Interest as much as of his own.

Rodegund, seeing his Highness was pleas'd to turn her most serious Complaints into Raillery, grew infinitely mortify'd at it, and concluded that painful Interview, with telling him she would so punctually obey, that Her Behaviour should extend even to his Thoughts, which she did not doubt were less in favour of her, than were his Words. Therefore she would speak to them, and so emphatically, as absolutely to retire, to be seen no more in any Visits; nor would she maintain Conversation at home, but in all Things that depended on her self, be what he would wish to have her. The Prince, transported at her Compliance, returned her his Thanks with such an Air, that she knew he was infinitely pleas'd; who after having embraced her in his Arms, and took a Fare-
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wel of her Lips, left a Kiss upon her Hand ; and as if he had gain'd a most important Victory, departed in Triumph, perhaps with as much Pleasure at foregoing, as he once had had in possessing : So humourous and changeable are those Affections that have not Virtue for their Establishment.

The Mistress retired indeed, but it was to brood over her imaginary Wrongs, and to meditate a Revenge upon that innocent Beauty, who had occasioned her Disgrace ; which if she could but effect, she thought her Return to Court and Favour, would certainly be the Consequences : A very remote View, and yet *Fortune*, that delights in Change, favoured her, even beyond her own Expectations.

Annagilda, much against her Inclinations, was forced to give her Hand to the *Rhetian* Ambassador for his Master ; but when that was done, she endeavour'd also to give the Prince her Heart. The unlucky Count was ready to die : He ! the most fortunate, unfortunate Lover, that ever had been born, always beloved, and yet never successful ! The Princess resisted his earnest Intreaties to bring her to a Rendezvous, and sent her Governess (whom with Tears, Prayers, and Presents, she had gain'd) to tell him he must no more remember *Annagilda*, but as Wife to the Prince of *Rhetia*.

Rosaline was the Lady Governess's Name, she had the Honour of bringing up the Princess, preferable to those of greater Qua-

lity and Merit ; but a Mistress of the Prince her Sovereign, had procured her that Employment, an Employment which ought to have come from any Recommendation rather than that of a Mistress. She was none of the Rigid ; her Behaviour had enough of Complaisance, to make the young Beauty rather love than fear her. Lady Governess's Inclinations to Gallantry and Assemblies, caus'd that little Court to abound in Musick, Balls, gay Conversation of the Modish, most *Spirituel* ; and in short, with whatever could divert the Mind, or accomplish the Person. *Rosaline* penetrated not so far, as to trouble her self with moral Instructions, and musty Maxims ; Requisites of a College, rather than a Court. Count *Alarick* shined in all these 'Amusements,' and being an excellent Dancer, had the Honour often to engage the Princess, whence he gain'd those Opportunities of an entire Victory over her young and tender Inclinations.

Madam, the Governess, had often beheld him with an Eye of Approbation, but being then engaged in an Amour, that she was forc'd to leave behind her when she departed for the *Rhetian* Court, found her self under no such Necessity, as afterwards, of making Advances to the Count. She was as gay and girlish as any Lady of Fifty could be, with a Resolution in spite of Time, never to grow Old ; nothing of that standing could be more amorous than was her Ladyship : She had also the Remains of a lovely

lovely Youth, but yet we all know how feeble those Remains are: Without too faithful a Memory of a Season so long since past, she thought her self as handsome as at fifteen, and if she had not the Charms of one of that Age, in Recompence, she had, at least, double the Vanity.

When she was to tell the Count, all that she ought to have done, from a young Lady solicitous of her Glory, she exchanged her Precepts for Compassion, and instead of telling him the Princess was resolv'd to be cruel, seem'd to wonder how she could be so to a Person of the Count's Make. He immediately clos'd in with the favourable Sentiments, that *Rosaline* had for him, and besides the Complements, which those she bestow'd extorted from him, he told her, That 'twas his Misfortune, in knowing a Lady of her Charms, not to have a Heart to devote to her; but if she would but sometimes honour him with the Delights of her Conversation, he would do all that was in him, to render himself worthy, and insensible to any other.

Thus circumstanced, they entered the *Rhetian* Court; the Count in Disguise and without the Princess's Knowledge, who notwithstanding the little Care the Lady Governess had taken to fix her Vertue, had from her own good Inclinations, a Fund sufficient to accomplish her. She forbade *Rosaline*, ever to deliver her any Message from the Count, nor wou'd so much as hear how

he had taken those Orders she had sent him never to approach her more. Whatever were her inward Avocations, she seem'd all resign'd, pleas'd and happy, with the Prince her Lord.

Rodegund had retired, but not into the Country, because that would be too far for the Intelligence which she wanted ; so diligent and profuse was she, that not a Person of any Consideration, that came with the Princess out of *Dacia*, or that attended about the Person of the Lady Governess, but what she had brib'd and bought. So that she quickly became acquainted with Count *Alarick's* Pretensions, knew that he was come *Incognito*, and in Disguise, to the *Rhetian* Court, and that he was often at *Rosoline's* Lodgings, contiguous to those of the Princesses.

Frequent Conversations with the Count, together with his dextrous Conduct, so inflamed the combustible Fury, that she burnt incessantly for him. He that had the fair Idea of the most lovely Princess breathing, fixed upon his Mind and Heart, could be but little sensible of the unnatural Ardors of a Beldam, who became more and more nauseous to him, the more he became charming to her : However, he did not make appear his Disgust, but wrought her up, by his Inchantments, to such a Degree of Infatuation, that there was nothing she would not have promis'd to possess him ; nay, even to have paid her own Life as the Price ; there-

therefore she did not scruple to engage her self by repeated Oaths, to give him one Opportunity of discoursing, for the last time, with the Princess alone, so to upbraid her with her Perjury, and shew her his Indignation for abandoning him; after which, he said, he would never think of *Annagilda* more, but entirely devote himself to the Pleasures of her Arms.

Madam, the Governess, knew it would be a Work of greater length than her Impatiency could brook, to win the Princess to this Interview, and therefore resolved to surprize and betray her into it. This she proposed to the Count, who would have agreed to any Conditions, to have been once more blest with the Possibility of speaking to *Annagilda*, whom he did not doubt, considering the Incantation of his Person, but to influence so far, as that she might prove willing to make him hereafter happy in a continu'd Conversation; but since this View of his was directly opposite to what he had insinuated to Madam the Governess, he kept his Thoughts to himself, and suffered her to run what Lengths of Impertinence she pleased upon their future Happiness and present Affairs, which being long debated, ended in a Resolution, that the next Night when the Prince should be with his Cabinet-Counsel, which generally engaged him 'till late, *Rosaline* upon Pretence of Illness, should give the Princess a lonely Invitation to her Lodgings, where she would receive her

her in the Bed-Chamber; the Count should be concealed behind the Curtains, from whence, when he was come, the Governess should depart the Room, and secure the Door, that none might surprize or interrupt them.

The Scene was laid thus for *Annagilda's* Ruin; *Annagilda!* who was born virtuous, and with the very worst Education, had been able to stem the Tide of powerful Inclination when once her Duty obliged her to turn the Current. *Annagilda!* who, whatever she endured, never complain'd, nor would indulge her self in the smallest Particular, when it was contrary to that Glory which she was fond of, and that Strictness of Behaviour, which she resolv'd with her self ought to be inseparable from Women that were married, and had Honour. *Annagilda!* who was chaste by Nature, and not for want of Temptation. *Annagilda!* who had lov'd to such a degree, as to be willing to abandon Grandour and Ambition; and yet could resist, nay, reject that Love, when it could be no longer innocently preserved; yet, behold and pity her with never ceasing Compassion; behold her falling a Victim to Revenge and Malice!

Rodogund's accursed Gold, had made her Spies diligent: Madam the Governess's chief Woman, was upon the Watch for all Advantages, and heard the detestable Contrivance between her Lady and the Count; she

she immediately posted away with it to the revengeful Mistress who rewarded her above her Hopes, and further told her, if she would be just, and certain in her Intelligence to her, the Moment the Princess was entered the Lady Governess's Chamber, she would give her enough to make her an envy'd Fortune; and lest she should lose time by coming so far as her House, she appointed a Chamber in the Palace, which *Rodegund* had the Command of, where this Emissary should attend her with the News; and because she would free her from all Despondence, told her, she should be that moment received into her Family and Protection; or rewarded with Gold enough to give her the Choice of any Place through the whole World to reside in with Splendor.

This was doing Things to the Purpose. *Rodegund* was diligent and cruel; and her Spy too punctual; no sooner had she brought the fatal Certainty, that the Princess and the Count were alone together (for she had been so lucky to her self, to see her detestable Mistress turn the Key of the Bed-Chamber upon them) but the merciless *Rodegund* flew to the Room adjoining to the Cabinet where was the Prince: One of the Council, who had been made by her, (and was still grateful, a Vertue rarely found in Courts, when Persons have no longer the Power of obliging) attended by Appointment, and no sooner heard that all was fixed,

ed, but he scratched at the Door of the Cabinet, where as yet were but two of the Counsellors; one came to open it to him, whom he whispered to depart, for there would be no Council held that Night, and that what he said was by the Prince's Orders; in like manner he got rid of the other, and then luckily introduced *Rodegund* veil'd, himself waiting without, to prevent any one's Approach.

She had taken care to dress her fair Hair and Complexion in all the Heightnings of graceful Mourning; so that raising her Cypress Veil, the Prince was struck with the Lustre of her Eyes, and the Gloss of her Skin: Having not seen, or scarce thought of her in so long a time, she appeared almost as a new Face to him. She saw with Pleasure the delightful Blush that flushed into his Cheeks; but not to lose a Moment, more than needed, of that Time which was so precious, I hope, said she, your Highness will forgive me, for breaking your last, but cruel Commands; nothing but the Concern of your own Honour, could have introduced me. The Princess *Annagilda* is unfaithful, she is now in the most criminal Circumstances with Count *Alarick*, with whom she had an Intrigue, as all the *Dacians* know, before her Marriage; if you dare be convinced, do not stay to hesitate, but follow me without Noise to the Scene of their guilty Joys; where you shall find for
whom

whom you abandoned my sincere and faithful Affections.

The Prince struck as with Thunder, said no more to her, but bid her lead on, and be sure that she made good her infamous Charge, or else her Head should certainly pay the Forfeit. That Lord of the Council, who was *Rodegund's* Friend, join'd them with the Captain and Lieutenant of the Guard. They came silently and swiftly, even to the Door of that unhappy Bed-chamber, where the accurs'd *Rosaline* was in waiting with the Key in her Hand, which the Prince commanded from her; the Door was immediately opened, he enter'd the Room with his Sword drawn, preceded by the two Officers, and found the lovely *Annagilda* (who had apparently been weeping) alone with a Stranger, who, notwithstanding his Disguise, appeared to be a Person of no ordinary Quality.

A Deity from above scarce had been able to have clear'd the Princess's Vertue from those guilty Appearances; nothing less durst have the Presumption to endeavour it; to compleat her Ruin, she immediately, without the Power of making her own Defence, drop'd down into a Swoon. The Prince bid her Woman be call'd, and caused his Rival to be taken away; having commanded him to the Dungeon of the Castle, and a Guard to be set upon *Annagilda*, and the Lady-Governess, he gave his Hand to the wicked triumphant *Rodegund*, and led her to

his own Apartment, he immediately ordered his Chariot to be brought, and, late as it was, took her with him to a House of Pleasure he had three Leagues out of Town, leaving Orders that he should not be followed by any one, because he would be alone to pause upon his Misfortunes.

I hold it impossible to express the Royal *Annagilda's* Sentiments and Sorrow. Upon the Recovery of her Knowledge, she asked to speak with her Lord? she conjured those that were her Guard, to let her speak with her Husband, who had been falsely prejudiced against her. *Rosaline*, too late and too insignificantly accus'd her self as the Cause of these Misfortunes that had happened; none, or very few believed them to be innocent, unless it were the illustrious Princess Dowager, who knew Fortune and Accidents too well to judge by Appearances. Her unhappy Daughter-in-Law, sent to desire she would have the Goodness to afford her some Moments of Audience. She came, where the graceful *Annagilda* expressed her Gratitude and Acknowledgments for the Favour; then falling upon her Knees, wept the Fate of her departed Glory, and gave such a pathetick and impartial Relation of her Adventures and Misfortunes, as entirely engaged the Dowager in her Interest.

I think this Princess so worthy of both your Lordship's Admiration, that it were not to be forgiven, did I not stop a little
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to receive the Honour of introducing her into your Acquaintance. Time may be truly said to stand still in relation to this Lady; we learn by her prodigious Knowledge of all Things, that so much Experience cannot be obtained without a long Application, or else in looking on her, you would believe she were still otherwise able to engage Hearts; nor does the Recital of her Power seem distasteful to her; for who can be truly displeased with pleasing? She is a perfect Mistress of several Languages, not only what they say, but what they mean: Her Wit is too unbounded to be confined only to the Pale of the Sex; she takes in with her prodigious Views, Nature, Philosophy, and History, which are her Intimates: Nothing can be more debonair than her Temper: She is the Life, the Soul of living; all Things seem gay, easy, and graceful near her, and she is perhaps the only Woman in the World, whose Company so infinitely pleases, that if she were younger, she could not do it more; nor has one any Desires near her, but always to see her, and still to see her, such as she is.

No Lady has ever been more a Friend to Gallantry, she always inspires the nicest; whence it is, that her little Court may vie with the greatest for Politeness. She had all the Humanity and tender Compassion that was possible for the unhappy *Annagilda's* Misfortune, and never left soliciting the Prince her Son to her Advantage; whether he

were

were convinced of her Innocence, is uncertain; but as small a Heroe as he was, he had learned to speak from the Greatest, and to cry out with *Cæsar*, *That his Wife should not be so much as suspected.* Therefore concerting the Matter, as well as they could with the Prince of *Dacia*, she was privately conducted to a Castle of the Prince her Fathers, without the Permission of seeing her Husband. She remains a Sort of Royal Prisoner at large, amusing her self with what innocent Diversions she can find in the Field, and among her Domesticks; where I am afraid she will have leisure enough to regret that ever she heard the Name of Count *Alarick*

I had the Honour of often pleasing the Prince, and acquitting my self in several Services wherein he had employed me: One Evening he caused me to be introduced into his Closet, where he gave me a Warrant to receive at the Dead of the Night the Person of Count *Alarick* from the Goaler, together with a Commission which he commanded me not to open 'till I came to the first Town within the Territories of the barbarous *Huns*. A Party of Horse with all necessary Conveniences met me at the Prison-Gate; one of the Ports was kept open for us. We began our Journey, dark as it was, and travelled with Precipitation, 'till we were out of the *Rhetian* Territories: From whence we have never allowed our selves any more Refreshment than what was of absolute

solute Relief to Nature, 'till this happy Morning, which has thrown me into a Conversation so agreeable, that I may measure the World, before I can hope to find any Thing equal to it.

Thus ended Count *St. Gironne's* Memoirs. *Horatio* and his Excellency did not fail to return him their Acknowledgments, with Expressions how much they were pleas'd; at the same time tenderly regretting the Fate of the lovely Princess *Annagilda*, detesting *Rodegund's* Cunning and dextrous Malice. They amus'd themselves for some time, at guessing what could be the Result of the Count's Commission, and at the Destiny of Count *Alarick*. They did not suppose the Prince designed he should be murdered, because he could have effected that, without giving himself the Pain, and others the Fatigue of sending him to a Country so barbarous and remote. They concluded, that he was to be disposed of into some Prison, there to languish out a miserable Life never to be heard of more. Count *Gironne* told them, if it were his good Fortune to find them upon his Return, he should be able to give a more perfect Account, and that he would be as diligent as possible, since he could not hope to find any thing diverting, or even to encounter but with terrible Objects, 'till he was so fortunate to see them again.

Monsieur *L' Envoye* would not part with him 'till after Dinner; the Snow that incessantly

cessantly fell, and had done since Day-break, seem'd to favour the Inclinations of those who wish'd not to be soon divided. The Count sent a Complement to *Alarick*, and begg'd to be excused, since he must that Day deny himself the Honour of waiting upon him at Dinner, to eat with him, as had been his Custom since they began their Journey.

Horatio begg'd the Count's Excuse for his impertinent Intrusion, but he told him he cou'd not forbear to ask how the Criminal behav'd himself in ill Fortune, and the Apprehensions he seem'd to have of what was like to befall him? I wou'd know, continu'd he, with Monsieur *Le Count*'s Permission, whether his Soul be unshaken; going upon a wrong Principle I do not expect much Fortitude from him; I can never take that Man, either to have Sense, or to be brave, that is not honest? For who but a Villain can be guilty of Assassinations? unless it were to revenge some Act of foul Dishonour, where the Criminal were not worthy to find fair Play for his Life; besides his Perseverance and Persecution of the poor Princess of *Rhetia*, was something so immoral, that however it may pass in the School of Gallantry, I am sure it will be condemn'd in that of Honesty and Reason.

Doubtless your Lordship is in the right, reply'd Count *St. Gironne*; but as to the Prisoner, he does not seem to be apprehensive of a rigid Destiny, because, he says, he
was

was not guilty. I suppose he thinks this extraordinary Expedition is only to set him at Liberty; when we come to our Journey's End, he expects it, and I who am by no means fond of melancholy Complaints, do all I can to divert and keep him in those Thoughts; he expresses a World of Regret for the Princess's Disgrace, and has often assur'd me that nothing could be more undeserv'd. She was irreconcilable at their last Interview, and even wept with Anger and Rage, to find he still persisted in a Passion, which in Regard of her Marriage, was become highly criminal; nor could all that he said, win her, to suffer him to be near her any longer, but vigorously pressing his immediate Departure, he was just resolv'd upon it in that fatal Moment when the Prince enter'd upon him.

Dear obliging Count, answer'd the Envoy, did you but know the Pleasure of meeting those of our own Country, after so long an Absence from it, and who speak so well as does your self, you wou'd not wonder at my regretting every Moment of your Silence. I have ordered Dinner shou'd not be ready 'till late, that I may possess the more of you whilst 'tis preparing; forbear not to gratify this noble *Roman's* Curiosity and mine, as to what, in the East, you found worthy yours. It was in the late Emperor *Leo* the IV's time that I was at *Constantinople*, the Empress *Irene* was in Disgrace, had been expell'd the Court, and carried her Son with her

her into Exile, and of so little Consequence then, that she was scarcely spoken of. Pray let me into something of her Character and History, those of her Favourites, and particularly that of *Stauratius*.

Horatio is so much more capable, modestly reply'd the Count, that if his Lordship will but give himself the Trouble, your Satisfaction must be real; whatever comes from him, may be depended upon; whereas I only heard Things in common with other Strangers, and consequently must report at random.

I promise my self a new Sort of Satisfaction, reply'd *Horatio*, in your Discourse, because I shall be able to judge how much of it is Truth; 'tis pleasing enough to hear what Sort of a Figure we make in the Mouth of a Stranger. But to engage your Lordship more easily to oblige us, depend upon it, if your Information, as to Matter of Fact, be not just, I will do my self the Honour to set you right in your Relation.

The Count very well perceiv'd that *Horatio's* Discretion wou'd not suffer him to say Things of the *Constantinopolitan* Court, which might reflect upon the Weakness of the Emperor, since in speaking of him, one could not forget his Indolence, and those other Weaknesses that had suffer'd *Irene* and *Stauratius*, with five or six of their Creatures, to manage Affairs to the Exclusion of
all

all those who were either capable of the Cabinet, Army, or who lov'd the ancient Glory of the Empire.

Therefore to oblige both, he began with telling them thus. *Irene* is a *Greek*, (the now fashionable Appellation for the Empire instead of *Roman*, a Word we very seldom hear mentioned in the imperial City) born at *Athens*; her Mother brought her young to *Constantinople*, and by her Intrigue and Management, became very well known to the whole Court, where when she had once fix'd her Daughter, she thought she had no more to manage, but gave up her self to indulge her own vicious Appetites. 'Twould have something the Air of a Priest, if I shou'd descant upon the Judgement that I have heard beset her; she was a very careless Speaker, not to say false, and at every Word us'd to reiterate and wish, she might rot, and perish alive, when the Matter in question was never so untrue; which accordingly happen'd: Before she dy'd, one half of her Body was so entirely mortify'd, that as she lay upon her Sick-Bed, the Flesh was cut away to the very Bones. She expir'd in an unlamented, stinking, loathsome Condition; a Warning to others how they make use of rash Oaths, Curses and Imprecations, as did this most abominable Woman. Lewd for the sake of Vice, her Inclinations led her to that Sin which Poverty does others, a Sin much more detestable than Prostitution. Sure none but her self, ever
made

made Procuring their Choice; her Taste that way grew so scandalously peculiar, that she was not contented to bring happy Lovers together, but she would be an Eye-Witness of their Happiness. As in particular, a certain Lady in the Empire, whose Lord was of consular Dignity, vertuous till first seduced by this vicious Matron's Sollicitations, and her own private Inclinations for Gold, to wrong her Husband's Bed with a Person of the first Distinction, who had been created of the *Nobilissimo's*, and was then very agreeable. Irene's Mother caused a Door to be made from her House into that of the Lady whom she affected to be very fond of; this Door open'd privately into a lower Room which she kept the Key of herself, where she caused a Bed to be set up: Here the Lovers met, but if the Patrician chanc'd to be too hasty, and got to Bed before she could make a third, she would cry out to his Lordship to stop—and upon his Life to stay 'till she came——generously rising as often as they wanted any Thing, and was very officious in providing at her own Cost, Cordials, Wine, Sweetmeats, or any other Refreshments; but still, upon Honour, he was not to embrace his Mistress out of her Sight. This Story I mention to you as a very peculiar one, which has something of a more vicious Taste in it than I have ever met with. I fancy this reverend Gentlewoman would have been very eminent in the Court of *Tiberius*, and served

served to have furnish'd out his Island with new invented Abominations, and Lusts more unnatural than his own.

She saw her Daughter was fair, and very well lik'd at Court: When first she came there, she gave her in Charge, to make all Things subservient to Interest, discreetly telling her, that Vertue was no more than a Name, and Chastity less, since it was much to be doubted whether there ever was such a Thing. That which went under the Appellation, was little other than Defect of Nature, Coldness of Constitution, Phlegm, and Affectation: She foresaw *Irene's* towering Genius, and upheld it, bidding her be sure, whilst her Charms were in their Bloom, to make her self Friends, the Effects of whose Services might remain to her when her Beauty was gone; that as to Fidelity to a Husband, why, 'twas a very good Thing to those whose Souls were by Nature fitted for Slavery, and who cou'd be contented to know no other Pleasures in living, than what the scanty Scraps thrown out by a tyrannical penurious Master wou'd afford; but that scarce any Lady, who had her Fortune to make, ever did it by Regularity; true it is, that many have been advantageously married, but few were long happy, or ever absolutely, unless they pass'd over Forms. That she foresaw something more great would mingle with her Character than that of being a good Wife; despicable Commendation! and to be regarded only by those

those who could not rise to a higher, or make themselves considerable another way. That Fortune, she hop'd, wou'd be more propitious to her, unless her own base, inborn Love of Money, should traverse it, which was a Vice she by no means approv'd of, since it never cou'd be of any Advantage to those who had it, and indeed was never good but to the Survivor, who happen'd to enjoy the Effects of what the Deceas'd had ignominiously scrap'd together.

The Emperor *Constantine Copronymus*, thinking *Irene's* Beauty and Wit deserv'd the imperial Purple, marry'd her to his Son *Leo Augustus*. Her reproachful Mother happen'd to die, which left her alone to manage by her own Conduct. Her Dominion over her Lord became such, as well answer'd to her own haughty Temper, and those Precepts that had been infused into her, dividing her first Years between governing her Husband, and being govern'd by her Favourites, of which she had several; but he who is now *Questor*, has retain'd his first Prerogative; a Person of as much Management as Cowardice, yet he can act every Thing, but dares own nothing, even that which it is a Fault for him to be ignorant of. *Emilius* knows excellently how to advantage himself by the Ingenuity and Invention of others, but in such a Manner, that the Honour may abide to him; generally we find the greatest Projectors are Persons of abject Fortunes; Necessity sharpens their Wit,

Wit, and puts them upon redressing the Injuries of Fortune. *Emilius* got a Reputation by hearing what could be said by others; so that when any had a Project in his Head, away he went to this States-man, who was sure to reward him if good for little; but on the contrary, if he heard any Thing that he himself desir'd the Reputation of, he would tell the unhappy Projector (after dextrously finding what were his Inventions) that 'twas strange People, not conversible with one another, should happen to think the same Thing; that he had made the like Discovery, and was already executing it: But because Ingenuity ought to be encourag'd, if any Thing else occur'd, he should be sure to let him know, and he would take care to see him rewarded.

Emilius once found a Projector as vain as he was inventive; he would not resign his Glory tho' for Gold, which he needed more than Fame: He had hit on an Expedient to enlarge the Funds of the royal Treasury, and he might have been very well paid for his Silence, if he could have kept it, and left the Honour to *Emilius*, who was that Year Consul; but seeing his offensive Vanity prevail'd, the Patron took the Invention to himself, and threw off the Projector, who became so mortify'd by his ill Usage at Court, and so reduc'd by Poverty, that he perish'd miserably in a Prison, his very Bed was taken from under him, without the Relief of a single *Denary*, either from

from *Emilius*, or *Sergius*, another Sur-Intendant of the royal Revenue, tho' the Advantage of his Projects remain'd to them, as well as the Reputation.

In the Reign of *Leo IV*, the King of the *Bulgari* made a troublesome, uncertain War upon the Empire, which sometimes had the better, oftentimes the worst. The *Barbarian* Monarch found Means, by the Prevalency of his Gold, to have many Pensioners; even in the Senate and Court of *Constantinople*. *Irene* her self, tho' styl'd Mistress of the World; and in Possession of all Things, was made his Spy upon her Husband's Designs by Virtue of that corrupting Metal. *Leo* had Intelligence with one of the King of *Bulgaria's* Captains, who commanded a strong Frontier Cittadel, that had formerly belonged to the Emperor: *Irene*, by her Wiles, made her self Mistress of this Secret, which she sold to a *Barbarian* King for twenty Talents of Gold, and a Set of Jewels for her Person. Infamous Treachery! to betray the Secrets of the Nuptial Bed when she was in no Necessity: Her unbounded Avarice could have no Equivalents, but her own Pride and haughty ill Nature; yet she gloss'd them over with an Air of Pleasure and Gallantry, which whilst she was yet young, agreed admirably with her Face and Manner.

The Emperor was well-assur'd that Treachery had been employ'd, he knew his Designs were discover'd, in hearing the Dis-
grace

grace and Death of the Governour, who had engag'd to deliver him the Cittadel, without any Crime objected against him; this was a Blow that was felt before it was seen. He well knew he had trusted but one with it, besides his Wife, whom he unwillingly suspected, and therefore tax'd her the last. Truth has something so noble and conspicuous, that it seldom fails of manifesting it self, especially when urged to speak in its own Defence: The Minister acquitted himself, and the Empress was expelled the Court; but working upon her Son *Constantine Augustus's* Youth and native Temper, which inclin'd him rather to be led by others, than to go of himself, she inveigled him so far as to make him withdraw from Court, and accompany her in her Disgrace.

Lea the Emperor us'd every Argument but Force, to persuade his Son to return to Court, and abandon his Mother. *Irene's* disorderly Life was now the publick Theme, her Gallantry became the more notorious, because she could not resolve with her self to part with any Money, so necessary in secret Services; they who are brib'd never so high, sometimes will talk, but those who are never brib'd, will always do it. The Empress believed her self above the Tattle of the World, and therefore apply'd her self only to make an absolute Conquest of *Constantine*, which was not very difficult. The Emperor seeming to forget he was to succeed

succeed him, abandon'd the Youth to a total Neglect as unworthy, in some sort despising him, when once he found he could not divide him from *Irene*; the Ministers and Courtiers were too much so, not to follow their Monarch's Example, so that the Empress and her Son seem'd to be forsaken by all but themselves.

Here the Empress laid the sure Foundation of her future Greatness: Here she applied her self, not to instruct, but to pervert the young Prince: He was, what may be term'd good-natur'd, but no Conjuror. His Inclinations unactive, soft and supine: How far a liberal Education might have better'd them, we must not pretend to judge; because under *Irene's* Care, he happened upon the very worst: She got an insensible Ascendant over him, never speaking to his Reason, but his Pleasures, never giving him to consider he was one Day to reign for the Benefit of Mankind, but to indulge himself: 'Tis well he was not cruel, voluptuous, or actually evil, since the Empire has suffer'd so much by his not being actually good; the Encouragement all his Desires met with by this artful Mother, wou'd have then made him another *Nero*, and caus'd *Constantinople* to blaze with Fires, obscene as those by which *Rome* was once destroy'd.

Here, the then submissive *Stauracius*, was introduced to his Favour, being the only Man of the Emperor *Leo's* Court, who paid his Duty to *Constantine*, and could bring him

him Intelligence of what was done there. He insensibly indear'd himself, and became necessary to their Conversation: Fraught with Instructions from *Irene*, his only Business was to establish *Constantine's* good Opinion of his Mother, and to confirm him in his Resolutions not to abandon the Empress, who every Day suffered so much for the Love of him. *Stauracius* continually advised him against submitting himself to the Emperor, by which means he might have regain'd his Favour, telling him, That the People, who never are acquainted with the Spring of Actions, examine only the Actions themselves, and from thence form their own Sentiments, whether of Resentment or Approbation; that they being by Nature more pitiful than otherwise, were always to be found on the Part of the Distress'd, and consequently compassionated *Constantine's* Sufferings, his melancholy Exile, his being excluded from any Part of Government, or the Imperial Ornaments and Attendance that was due to his Person, as he was *Cesar*, and the undoubted Heir of the Empire: That nothing could make him more popular than did his Disgrace, or cause the Emperor so much to be hated. That whenever he should happen to die (as his accumulated Distempers gave them Assurance it would not be long first) what an Advantage would it be to step into the Throne, with the unanimous Prayers, good Wishes, Rejoicing and Acclamations of all his Subjects,

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who

who so eagerly desired he might find the End of his Sufferings, and the Reward his Vertue and religious Life deserved? For the Empress had taught him an outward Habit of Devotion, by which he never fail'd of being present at all the Duties of the Church, and showed an exact Conformity, interpreted Love, to the Orthodox, which had long made him the incessant Wish and Desire of that Party.

Nor were there any Servants about his Person, even in the most menial Offices, but what had been placed there by *Irene*, though 'tis true they had bought their Places, for she was never one of those that did something for nothing; yet Money that way is well laid out let the Extortion be never so high, so that they all aim'd at preserving them when bought, which was only to be done by a dutiful Application to her, from whence their Interest was deriv'd; they look'd no further than the Power of her who placed them there, contented to worship *Irene* as their Sun, without troubling themselves with Recourse to the Omnipotence that formed her.

Unactive in his Constitution, indolent by Nature, easy of Temper, soft in his Humour, and generally obliging, he lived with *Mary*, the *Armenian* his Wife, in an accord that had given him the Reputation of being an uxorious tender Husband. There was also an amorous Ingredient in *Constantine's* Sweetness of Blood, which made him find
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in the Nuptial Joy a peculiar Relish, and as he sought no Variety, his Caresses to his Wife, and the Number of Children she bore him, who all died almost as soon as born, destroyed her Health, and made her yet a living weakly Monument of Affection to the conjugal State.

Lest this might disgust her Son, *Irene*, who work'd upon his Appetite, and trembled for fear he should make a Choice that did not immediately depend upon her self, continually extolled to him the Charms *Stauracius's* Wife was Mistress of; had she not been tall, well-made, graceful, handsome, and engaging, it had proved much the same Thing to ease *Constantine*, who loved not to go far in search of Agreeables; his Temper was such, that whatever did not give him Pain gave him Pleasure; whereas (contrary to the general Taste) nothing could give him Pleasure that gave him Pain.

Irene could depend upon her Favourite *Stauracius*, who was then of *Constantine Caesar's* Bed-chamber, and *Stauracius* upon his Wife: Wou'd any dare to mingle their Censure in a Commerce where a Husband ever made a Third? When *Mary* us'd to rise from *Augustus's* Bed, to go into her dressing Room, Affairs of State (into which she never intruded) were to succeed the Marriage Endearments; and because *Constantine's* Delicacy of Constitution, would not always suffer him to be early, and the Exigency of State sometimes called upon him to debate

Matters before he was up, his chief Counsellor, *Stauracius's* Wife, was usually introduced by her Husband to his Bed-side, who, leaving them together, withdrew at a convenient waiting Distance, to take care none should intrude to disturb their important Communication.

Tender *Irene*, who watched over the Health of her Son, was ever at hand to strengthen it with Imperial Cordials, Water of Life, and other Requisites to support weak Constitutions. This upheld their Spirits for the Fatigue of State-Conferences; after which, a luxurious Breakfast was introduced to the Bed-side of the young *Cæsar*, *Mary* his Wife (an exact Tally of his Indolence) was generally employed in Affairs much of the same Importance, with her own People of her own side.

After the Incumbrance of Dress, a Thing the easie *Constantine* always slip'd over, with as much Precipitation, as Fashion and Decorum would permit, Cards and Dice were call'd for; where, though he had nothing to pay, he must still lose, as knowing his Credit was good, and he might take up what Sums he pleas'd upon Trust of the coming Empire.

By this time, a profuse Dinner, cram'd with Rarities, and the Produce of every early Season, was serv'd up; the Prince had inherited a good Appetite from his Mother, and 'twas not the most unsuccessful way of making one's Court to him: These Re-

pasts,

pass, together with the generous Wines that attended, and succeeded, us'd to be prolonged to such a convenient Length, as the better fitted *Cæsar* to sign, tho' not to read, the Dispatches that *Irene* and her Favourites continually brought him.

Thus insensibly she gained, and has by Custom preserved the Art of even preventing his Desires towards looking into any Papers that were thought of never so great Consequence; she taught her Son this admirable Lesson of Government, What, should a Monarch load himself with dirty Business? Should he fatigue his Pleasures, embarrass his Amusements, confound and bury himself in Speculations so far below him, as was the Good of the Empire; his Creature! his Slave! Let those born with drudging Souls, Wretches! fed and cloath'd, for such abject Uses, charge themselves with Business, and answer for the Consequence; They, whose Duty it was to relieve royal Care, and sit every Thing for the Dash of the Imperial Pen: *Cæsar* was form'd for nobler Uses! The Enjoyment of Empire! of Pleasure, without the Pain! For the Delights of Dignity, without the Weight and Toil! to which if he should apply himself, with never so great, though unnecessary an Industry, there would be still found those that could out-do him; Creatures fitted by Birth and Clay, to so coarse a Mould, with well-formed Allay, unknowing the noble Composition of which the *Cæsars* were

made; the *Cæsars*! who were never required to do Things so far below them, and which, if performed, seem'd as if done directly in opposition to the Will of their wise Creator, who, as he had made them greatest, designed them to be the happiest! which they could never be, if not abstracted from the unweildy, unnecessary Cares, or rather Burthen of the Empire.

Nor was it the least of *Irene's* Study, to keep *Cæsar* from bettering his Inclinations, or awakning his Mind by the Conversation of Persons of Prudence, Fortitude, Capacity, and Probity, who might lead him to an Enlargement of his Understanding; she signify'd the Delicacy of his Constitution, that could not submit to Speculations, and the Sophistry of the Schools, and openly ridicul'd all those Wits who rose higher than *Plautus's* obscene Comedies, as pedantick and beneath the Knowledge and Soul of one born to universal Empire; hence in compliance with Court-Taste, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* began to be generally exploded, and only Farce and Buffoon'ry introduced with the Approbation of the unthinking Many.

Religion! or the Pretence of it (which has ever employ'd and embroil'd the Empire, since it became Christian, with perpetual Division of Opinions, and the never dying War of Pen and Tongue) was the only Point wherein *Irene* was contented to have her Son preserve Appearances; but be-

because their Manner of living was little acquainted with Vigils and Fasting-Days, the Empress took care always to have an early private Dinner, secretly provided for him in her Cabinet, from whence he issued out with as mortify'd an Air as he could assume; which very well satisfy'd and pleased the People, who look no further than they can see, and beheld, that according to the Text, he *appeared unto Men to fast.*

Whilst she was thus preparing him for the Imperial Purple, loading his Appetite with unnecessary Pleasures, and unloading his Mind of any Acquirements necessary to Government, the Emperor Leo fell ill of a burning Fever; immediately the Eyes of the whole Empire were turned towards the rising *Cæsar*; they began, but of the latest, to make their Court to him, who now neither saw nor heard any thing but through *Irene* and *Stauracius*, the two Confidants of his Thoughts, and Witnesses of all his secret Actions.

Leo the Fourth departed this Life, and *Constantine* the Fifth was proclaimed with so universal an Approbation, that whatever were the Reports of his Excesses before, they all vanished upon his assuming the Imperial Purple.

The Patriarch of *Constantinople*, and the rest of the orthodox Clergy, who were not inclin'd to Idol-Worship, according to the Custom of that Party, bore their triumphant

phant Joy in their Faces, letting their Satisfaction boil over in tumultuous Congratulations of each other, and insulting the abject fallen Interest of the Hereticks, amusing themselves with boasting of their own Success, and as if all were well-assured, and mortal Affairs not subject to Vicissitudes, they triumph'd before the Conquest was certain, and without seeking wisely to secure it, gave their Enemies (who were Masters of Cunning, and a lurking Foresight) an Opportunity to turn the Tables upon them, and get the better of a Game, which had been more than once already lost, and gain'd.

Irene's haughty Mind, that never knew how to stoop to any Thing, unless the getting of Money, which yet however she found Ways to have brought to her, felt little Mortification in complying with every Thing that she believ'd was her Son's Inclination, because his Temper was so sweet, that it suffer'd it self to be managed without Contradiction or Disgust; hence what was call'd *Irene's* Cunning, might more properly have been termed *Constantine's* Easiness; tho' she did not want ready Wit enough to say, and do many Things off hand, agreeable to her Purpose. That Night wherein her Husband *Leo* the Emperor was departing, rather than to go and weep with him, she sat up to condole with her Son, expecting every Moment the News of her Lord's Death: When Morning was well advanced, a Person

son of consular Dignity, who had seen him breathe his Last, posted away, as for his Life, to be the first to salute the new *Cæsar*: *Irene* kept the Door carefully, that none might carry the News sooner than her self; when this Person scratch'd, she let him in, stopping him to enquire of the Emperor, he gently put her by, and pass'd on to find *Constantine*. The Empress reading his Business in his Face, enter'd as soon as he, and whilst he was making his Introduction and formal Bow; she took up a sparkling Bowl of Wine ready fill'd, Part of that generous God with which they had been endeavouring to lessen the Fatigues of the Night, and the Excess of their Sorrow; and kneeling upon one Knee, cry'd out with Joy and Assurance, *Long live the Emperor Constantine the Fifth, Life to mighty Cæsar!* which quickly brought the Courtier out of his Forms, to turn and ask her imperial Majesty, with Amazement, How she came so soon to hear of *Leo's* Departure, since he thought himself had been the first, to bring the Emperor the News?

Constantine's Access to the Crown was so universally acceptable, that *Irene* had nothing to manage, unless it were still to keep him in the same State of Tranquillity, and to prevent him from enlarging his Understanding; Things play'd themselves, and they had little more to do than to receive the Congratulations of their People, and indulge in all the Sweets of Power and the Luxurious

ness of Empire: Her first Step was to get *Stauracius* declared Commander of the *Thracian* Legions, and Father of the Empire, and as it is believ'd, privately to marry him, his Wife dying opportunely, as if out of Complaisance. None disputes their Familiarity, and therefore those who are most consciencious, give it the Sanction of the Church.

Pray, *Monsieur le Count*, interrupted the Envoy, let me a little into the Character of the Person you call *Stauracius*, I already know he pleases the Empress: But is he so happy as to please you, or even to deserve her Approbation?

Stauracius, answer'd the Count, is the Son of (what they call) a *Roman* Knight, a Dignity your Excellency can't be ignorant of: It is only a Name of Honour, for all who possess it are not rich: As for Example, *Stauracius's* Father, unable to make better Provision for him, put his Son into the *Pretorian* Bands, in one of the most inferior Posts, such as he could then arrive at; his Person was very handsome, whence a Lady, one whose Husband was what they call *Nobilissimus*, fell in Love with him. This Court-Messalina, had Interest enough to raise him to a *Centurion*, and thence got him recommended to *Constantine* the Fourth, who made him of his Household. She lavished away a prodigious Treasure upon him, sold her very Jewels to enrich him, but coming into the Empress *Jen's* Favour, he grew weary

weary of that Lady, knowing he could not keep them both, because they were equally jealous and termagant; he sacrific'd Her that rais'd him, to endear himself to the Empress; and betray'd her Amours to her own Lord, who never would have any further Regard for her: So that she languish'd out the rest of her infamous and necessitous Life; necessitous, when we compare her to her self, and the glorious Circumstances from whence *Stauracius's* Ingratitude precipitated her: Soon after he betray'd a Prince who made him his Favourite; and had done prodigious Things for him; a Prince! who, with his own Hand, sav'd his Life; yet *Stauracius's* Greediness of Money, made him take a Sum, first to pervert, then to betray his Counsel, and afterwards, when his Subjects rose against him, upon Pretence of Remorse, he abandon'd him; so that the Prince was driven out, and perish'd miserably; lamented by his very Enemies! tho' not so happy as to have Pity shewn him by those who ought to have been his Friends.

Irene never could have found a Favourite; whose Love of Money, contempt Gratitude, Sincerity, Morality, and Religion equal'd her own, unless *Stauracius*; this endear'd them to each other, not that her old and true Friend *Emilius* was forgot by her, she caus'd her Son to create him *Questor*, first Minister, and Favourite, so far as to perform what she wou'd contemptibly call, the Drudgery of State; and she even made the Em-
peror

peror believe he was oblig'd to him for accepting that servile fatiguing Office; so that *Emilius* upon the Carpet, and *Stauracius* in the Camp, totally managed Affairs, much to the Regret of the Schismatics, who were sunk in all their Expectations, whilst they beheld the orthodox triumphant, in the Persons of the Emperor, Empress, Minister, and General.

Emilius had as much Artifice and Experience in Affairs, as was requisite to his Post; had he had but half the Honesty and Courage, he would have been deservedly eminent. Concern'd as he was in four or five Reigns, and changing in them all, he resolv'd he wou'd lose nothing that he cou'd keep, if turning could preserve him. Lamented Ingenuity! Can that Man be said to have Understanding and Capacity, who has not enough to be honest? All his boasted Wit, wanting of Principles, is but tinsel Merit, like the false glittering Ornaments of a common Prostitute, unworthy the Wear and Name of a Lady of Dignity or true Vertue.

In the third Year of the Emperor *Constantine's* Reign (his Spirit not yet rais'd from that Lethargy in which he lay intranc'd by the Artifice of the Empress *Irene*, his own Inclinations, and the new Pleasures of an imperial Crown) the *Slavi* invading *Thessaly* and *Macedonia*, *Stauracius* was sent against them. The late Reigns had been more upon the Defensive than Offensive; they us'd to reckon.

reckon themselves victorious if they were not beaten, so that it was intoxicating Matter of Triumph to the Empire, to hear *Stauracius* had not only vanquish'd the Enemy, but retook several Places of more *Eclat* than Importance. *Emilius* and the Surintendants of the royal Treasury, by *Irene's* Influence, took Care that nothing should be wanting to supply the Army that was under his Command; the whole Funds of the Revenue lean'd that way, he lack'd nothing, either to pay, to bribe, to buy, in short, to make himself as absolute as he could desire; whereas those other numerous Forces, with the Navy that were dispers'd throughout the Provinces and Islands, for the Defence of the Empire, were destitute of Cloaths, Food, Ammunition, and in such vast Arrear, that they who defended, prov'd the most miserable Part of the Empire: Under this partial Dispensation of *Emilius*, he yet met the good Luck to have all his other Neglects buried in his noisie Assiduities and unwearied Diligence of supplying *Stauracius*, now beginning to be consider'd as the good and glorious Genius of the Empire, who had Conduct and Success enough to reconcile them to their once so propitious Deity, Fortune, and capable of raising the eastern Throne to that ancient Splendor and Figure it had made under the first *Constantine*, or rather first *Augustus*.

Irene and her Partisans, were not wanting perpetually to sound his Praise in the
End

Ears of *Cæsar*; *Stauracius* was triumphant! *Stauracius* had drove back the invading *Barbarians*, retook the Bony they had pillag'd from the Empire, and the Towns they were unjustly possess'd of! *Stauracius*! who had again reconciled Victory to the *Roman* Legions, and caus'd the imperial Eagles; so long dishearten'd, to rouse and flutter their Wings with new and almost forgotten Victory, therefore *Stauracius* must be rewarded! Ovation! and Triumphs ought not only to be decreed him! but something shou'd be found out more substantial than airy Fame, to reward those real Benefits which the Empire possess'd by his Conduct and Courage.

This was the Tone of the Empress; the fawning Courtiers echo'd an Applause, which from thence dispers'd to the lighter Part of the People, fond of Brait and the least Glare of Brightness. *Constantine's* Inclinations towards *Stauracius*, were more favourable, if possible, than *Isid's*, so that nothing oppos'd the Reward that was thought his due, but the Impotence of the imperial Power, which tho' it had decreed him Ovation and Thanksgiving, yet something more solid was still remaining to crown his Expectations; a Statue was no longer the Fashion since the Empire was become Christian, and not yet a thorough Friend to Idol-Worship! Nor would That add the least Tittle to his Possessions, whatever it did to his Glory. The Bounty of the

the former Emperors to Favourites, lavishing away the royal Domain in imperial Grants, had left the present *Cesar* nothing to bestow, therefore a Demand must be made to the Senate, of a certain Portion of the new conquer'd Territories, to reward the Conqueror of them, *Stauracius*.

This, as a Violation of the *Agrarian Law*, was rejected; the Senate were ungrateful Wretches, saw not with *Constantine* and *Irene's* Eyes, nor heard with their Ears, and which was worst, those who were loudest against it were such of the Orthodox, who trusting to the Merit of their Cause, thought That alone would support them, without having recourse to those expedient Policies that should have maintain'd their Posts, from whence they could not foresee they should ever be thrown, because they thought, they so well sustain'd, and always deserv'd to fill them.

Haughty and revengeful *Irene*! who never knew what was Religion but to ridicule it; bore this Repulse as an Affront offer'd to her own imperial Person, and so in her Heart she wish'd *Constantine* might resent it: But she had so totally subverted, or entirely laid asleep, (with powerful lethargick Drowsives) the resentive Faculty in him, that she knew not how to infuse, or awaken the necessary Ssing with which she had occasion to wound; all that she could do was to take him by his Fears, and thence to insinuate that the Orthodox were his Enemies, for in them who

op.

opposed the imperial Purple, their next Step was to endeavour to divest those that wore it, since none who had a Disposition to obey, ever disputed the Commands of a Prince, no not even Rebels in their Hearts, till they were well assured they had Power to vindicate their Disobedience.

Constantine's noble Faculties (enfeebled by Neglect and Indolence) presently absconded at a Scene of Terror, and all pale and dastardly, shrunk behind the Representation his Mother had made. The Race of *Leo Isauricus*, was never fam'd for Courage; this *Cesar* did not degenerate; his Education had not taught him to do it, therefore trembling and apprehensive of the future, with Tears he conjur'd *Irene* to advise him for the present.

Stauracius, wounded in Property his greatest Darling, as well as piqu'd in Pride, was chief at this Consultation; he even condemn'd the Mediocrity of his own Temper, in hearing the exalted Impudence of his Wife's: She, without any Hesitation or Remorse (as Women are generally for having Business thoroughly done, and to the purpose) advis'd them to throw off, at once, the Shackles of the Greek Church, punish the Orthodox, by reconciling the Empire to *Rome*, and the better to please the Pope, by introducing Image-Worship, she bad her Son publish an Edict for so doing. But how, my dear *Mamma*, answer'd the trembling

Cesar.

Cæsar, shall we excuse our selves to the Legions, who are generally Orthodox, and have always thought me such? You know they are yet the greatest Party, and should not be irritated, at least till they are disarm'd.

Cæsar spake Volumes in these few Words; *Irene's* Revenge could not but stop to consider the adventitious Sentence which she thought Inspiration rather than Reason, having so little us'd *Constantine* to the Use of any. Your imperial Majesty has concluded unanswerably, she replyed; do but let us alone, we will not only effect the Business, but bear the Odium. You shall still go to Church, and still be dear to your People. I am convinc'd from your Majesty's better Sense, that this must be a Work of Time; *Stauracius's* Reputation and Courage shall prevent our Enemies from gaining Ground; they, whose Insolence are scarce to be aw'd even by his Successes, must certainly be ripe for Mutiny; they who dare refuse that condescending Request of yours, unworthy the primitive *Cæsars*, who needed but to say it should be so, and so it was. This Way I advis'd your Majesty to move, but you were all for Lenity and Good-will, and see what you have got by it: However, remember so to act, as if you had not been provoked; and leave us to shew hereafter what are the Sentiments of a disappointed, an offend-
ed Cæsar.

Siauracius could indeed command an Army, which is not always to face an Enemy (because, unless a General please, he is not always exposed, and often abides in the Center :) He, I say, who had never felt any mighty Impulse in himself, unless to Ingratitude or Gain, was for no violent Measures: All Things, he said, were to be brought about by Time and Moderation; and tho' to Death he hated the Party that had envy'd him the Recompence of his Toils, yet he would not precipitate their Ruin, since it was but leaving them to their own changeable Passions and Disgusts, and they would quickly bring the Business of their greatest Enemies to pass, by jarring among themselves. But because in the Multiplicity of Counsellors there was Safety, he humbly moved, that *Cataline* the Patrician, might be introduced, to advise upon these new Measures they were necessitated to take.

Irene answered, He should be heard at leisure; but because *Nicephorus*, *Christopher*, and the rest of her Husband's Brothers, might be Impediments against the intended Innovation, she advised they should be honourably dispatched, by some Employments foreign from the Court. *Christopher* seeming to bury himself in the Delights of Solitude, came rarely to *Constantinople*, and therefore but little alarm'd them. *Nicephorus*! the Champion of the State and Church! tender of his Nephew *Constantine*, as of the Pu-

Purity of their Religion, was a Sun, that with his unspotted Brightness hung between them and what they called a clearer Light, therefore he must be darkned or removed. *Cesar*, who had a native Inclination to reverence his Uncle, would have hesitated a good deal, before he could have been brought to consent that there should be any Hardship inflicted upon him: How often did haughty *Irene* curse that Lenity of Temper in her Son, to which, however, her own Authority was owing! that Lenity, which she had ever made it her Business to indulge; by which she had sweetned the Acid of his Blood, 'till it was become all soft and milky, fitted for her former Purpose; which was, to obtain an implicit Ascendant over his passive Temper; but now, that she would tyrannize as well as reign, she wished to have the Power of infusing a little more Gall, or rather some, for as yet, it was a Question, Whether *Constantine-Cesar* had any in his Composition? She was provok'd at his Tardiness, his little Comprehension of what she ambitioned; she would have had him eager and swift to obey whatever she dictated, prompt and cruel in the Execution.

But wisely considering, that if more Fire were infus'd into him, it might chance with the first to burn her; she rested in her former Maxims, of taking from him the Desire of *knowing what he saw, or of hearing what was spoke*; and therefore begging pardon.

don for this Inroad into his Repose, she return'd him to his former Supineness, with a Promise to her self and his imperial Majesty, of no more disturbing his sacred Hours with the insignificant impertinent Load of Business.

Nicephorus, Brother to *Leo IV*, late Emperor of the *Greeks*, was immediately to be removed; and therefore distinguish'd by being made *Prætor* of *Mauritania*, the very best Government that was remaining in the Empire, since the *Exarchate* of *Italy* fell, which was now swallowed up in the Bishop of *Rome's* Pretences and Ambition, and thence call'd the Patrimony of *St. Peter*, or rather of the Church. *Nicephorus*, who was truly Orthodox, and saw this was only given him to draw him from about his Nephew and the Court (since the *Præfects* of *Mauritania* were obliged for at least half the Year to reside in *Africk*, from whence they could not come to *Constantinople*, without License first obtained of the Emperor) contented himself not to refuse the Honour, but proved, however, so slow in his Preparations, that it was their Opinion (whose Interest it was that he should be gone) that he never design'd to depart.

Presently the Scene was shifted, and a new Set of Court-Officers introduc'd, who really were, and believ'd themselves orthodox, but yet had a Pliancy of Temper, which was termed a *Medium* between two Extremes, such whose Principles were not loose enough

to come directly into the Wrong, but yet wanted Courage boldly to defend and assert the Right.

Then was *Poplicola* disgusted; equal to the first *Valerius* for Vertue, Probity, Love of his Country and Religion; who had Capacity to govern when never so strenuously oppos'd from abroad, but yet became piqu'd and aw'd by a Faction at Home; quitting the Helm at the first Omen of a tempestuous Sea; whereas, his Business should have been to have rid it out, and if he could not have prevail'd himself, he might at least (by the Post he sustain'd) have hinder'd others from prevailing.

Cataline now trod the Stage, and became an important Actor. A Man who, with a Complication of Vices, had but this one Vertue, *not pretending to any*; every way Mercurial; he would sin up to the Height of Pleasure, yet drudge on to the last Extremity of Business: Indefatigable in his Pursuits; not by Fits and Starts, but by a regular Succession: Vast was his Ambition, vast was his Artifice; mighty in Lewdness, not less in Politicks: His long Head saw beyond the Age he liv'd in, and could calculate any present Accident to an hereafter Purpose; fawn and lie, flatter and swear, seem sincere; but never be so: No View of his, tho' never so trivial, but what he bent his whole Endeavours to obtain, and always accomplish'd. His oily, deceitful, artful Tongue, could insinuate any Thing. Bold even to Impudence, mischief-

chievous even to Cruelty, base even to Cowardise, implacable to Eternity, yet acceptable even to Popularity ! Nor withheld by Reserves of Avarice, for he never mattered what he stak'd, so he could but draw the Prize ; all his Passions subsiding, 'till he had reach'd the Port whither he was bound. He knew no personal Resentment, no personal Vindication ; never to be made angry, always seemingly pleased. When foil'd in any Attempt, he fell, but to rise with the greater Force ; observing the weak Side thro' which he had miss'd his Aim, he return'd with double Vigour, and double Conduct to the Assault. Many had been his Endeavours in several Reigns to get footing at Court, but none so fitted as this (full of Divisions, Jealousies and Fears) for his intricate Purpose, introduc'd to advance the Empress *Irene's* Revenge and Designs upon the Orthodox, but bent upon accomplishing his own. The *Roman* History having furnish'd him with Precedents of such who had mounted the Steps of the imperial Throne, thro' Craft and Dissimulation, he thought, if those were Qualifications, himself as well fitted to reign as any ; his Business therefore was to jumble all Things into Anarchy and Confusion.

How did he pack the Senate ? How the Voices at any Promotion ? In his Temper an admirable Tribune of the People ; he would stoop to the meanest Office, nor lose the most despicable Vote for want of Assiduity,

duity, Promises, Rewards, Bribes, Hopes, Fears, Threatnings, or whatever could influence the Passions or Circumstances of those with whom he had to deal: He would play with the Gamester, pray with the Godly, be lewd with the Libertine, and, rather than fail, pimp for him, tho' his own Wife were the Mistress; he was drunk with the Debauchee, sober with the Abstemious; no Proteus so various, full of real Ambiguity, and pretended Openness: His House, his Purse, his Advice, his Interest, his Mistress, his Pains, were all at the Service of whosoever was considerable enough to be oblig'd by him; fond of giving, but hating to pay, Justice and he being at mortal Enmity: No Principles so fix'd, but what he endeavour'd to undermine; he found the weak Side of all Mankind: Those unsusceptible of Avarice, and who were only ambitious, he attack'd by Grandour, Dignities and Honour; the Covetous, or Poor, he had Pensions for; Jewels and Lovers for the Ladies he would influence; but generally speaking, as himself had observ'd, he prevail'd more by Vanity, and sacrificing to that Idol, than to any other Deity; his fine Wit never wanting acceptable Eloquence, as well as Salt and Malice, to ridicule, and give Things what Turn he pleas'd.

From the Empress, disappointed of the Reward she expected for *Stemarius*, began to let her ill Nature work out in Investives against others, and Spleen within her self; she

She who never knew what was Humanity, true Affection, or Love for any Thing but Money and Ambition; as her Age advanc'd, so did her Pride, Avarice, Reserve and Forwardness; only to her Husband she was not sparing of her Voice, or Favours, letting him often know, that she was not only his Wife, but his Empress; and if he ever fail'd to remember, she had an admirable Knack, a very refreshing Stroke of Memory, both with her Hands and Tongue, besides an imperial Toss of her Head, most expressive and significant.

She grew weary of that artful Submission, and implicit Compliance, with which she had, by insensible Degrees, entirely made her self Mistress of her Son's Affections; she thought, that as she had built the Machine according to Art, after the first Hand, it would still run on in the same Track and Motion; but because one must have something to do, let one be never so supine, either to laugh, or play, or talk, or eat the Time away with somebody, she bethought her self of supplying the Place, which she was weary of with one that should always be with *Cæsar*, when the Publick did not require his Appearance at Audiences, Meals, Devotion, Hunting, or at the Council-board, where *Irene* thought it requisite, how contrary soever to those Delights that inherently attended the *Cæsar's*, he should sit to declare, whatever she, and her Favourites, had resolv'd upon before.

This

This Election was to be made from one that absolutely depended upon her self, and rather a Woman than a Man; because that Sex are not only more governable, less treacherous, less busie, and more incapable: But because her Son's Inclinations were not towards robust Diversions, but soft Conversation and Amusements; whence a Lady of the Court, without any Thing else to recommend her, but a facetious Vein, and being a tolerable Droll, had a Pension allow'd her to make the Emperor laugh, which perhaps, with all her Endeavours, was not above once a Year. *Irene* fear'd lest any Favourite of the other Sex should enlarge *Cesar's* Soul, give him to hear the Name of Glory, teach him War and Ambition, which would prove destructive to her Interest; therefore a Woman was only proper; nor did she fear *Mary the Armenian's* Jealousie, who only busy'd her self in consulting Physicians, and in endeavouring to mend her ill, or rather desperate State of Health.

Theodecta, a Relation of the Empress, and one of the Maids, was pitch'd upon for this Choice; the Lady had a latent Ambition, Greatness of Soul, Humanity, Ingenuity, Religion, and other concealed Virtues, that she had made no Noise of for fear of alarming *Irene*, who always took it as a tacit Reproach to her self, when another deserv'd well, or was commended.

Constantine, who had hitherto seen little but what his Mother the Empress *Irene* directed,

rected, fail'd not, after her Commendations, to behold *Theodetta* with Complaisance, who being naturally sweet-temper'd and engaging, apply'd her self, with Diligence, to gain *Cesar's* Inclinations, which was no hard Matter to do, they having been first directed by the Empress.

But when once *Theodetta* had got ground, and that *Irene's* greater Avocations had left *Constantine* more to himself than ever he had been; this Maid, who was truly Orthodox, and trembled at the Innovations they were preparing, by which Image-Worship would be for ever confirm'd, fail'd not to whisper *Cesar*, that if he suffer'd the Schismatics thus to prevail, Religion would be overthrown, the Empire embroiled, and all Things reduced to the utmost Despondence and Confusion. *Constantine* was then in his Heart Primitive, yet aw'd by *Irene*, he ask'd the generous Maid what he should do? Who boldly answered, 'Discharge the still changing *Emilius*; give the Command of that Army *Stauracius* has to the Duke of *Campania*; restore *Horatio* the Immortal, to the Legions in *Iberia*; *Horatio*, who was removed but to make way for the cunning, luckless *Rutilus*, who will lose or sell all, because his Business is not to contend for Fame with *Stauracius*: Call *Nicephorus* and *Popticola* about your imperial Person; let them sit at the Head of the Board: Dismiss the schismatick Bishops, they'll exchange at any time for a Pension; confirm the Pa-

triarch

‘ triarch of *Constantinople* in his Seat ; order
 ‘ the Vacancies to be filled by those truly
 ‘ Orthodox, whose Interest and Principle it
 ‘ is, to have *Cesar* live and reign ’till he
 ‘ shall be changed into a Saint. But because
 ‘ she was but a Woman, and not worthy
 ‘ or able to advise any further, she begged,
 ‘ that his imperial Majesty would suffer her
 ‘ to introduce *Herminius* to his Presence,
 ‘ without the Knowledge of the Empress,
 ‘ *Stauracius*, or the dastardly Statesman
 ‘ *Emilius*.

Herminius was then an Officer of State ; a Man of great Capacity, Eloquence, true Principles, Generosity, and extreme habile in Business : But not foreseeing the destructive Violence of the Bishop of *Rome*, and his Adherents, he thought, by temporizing, to gain ground ; ’till convinced by too dear-bought Experience, he found That that obstinate encroaching Sect, were not to be dealt with by Indulgence ; whatever you give, is but so many Steps for them to get more ; they hate and reprobate all who are not Fellow-Idolaters, and persecute with implacable, never-ending Malice : Are artful, undermining, treacherous, lurking, far-sighted, restless ; they pretend Religion, but never practise further than the Outside ; depose Kings and Saints, as fast as they create others ; their own Party can have no Faults, the rest of Mankind not any Beauty.

These were the People to whom *Herminius* yielded some Things, in hopes of gain-
 ing

ing others ; That small Indulgence so heart-ned their unwear'd Industry, together with the Empress's Resentment and Avarice (which accepted of all they brought) that the Court and Offices, in a short time, became almost entirely filled by them. . . .

The Duke of *Campania* had dealt the first Blow for Victory after *Constantine* was Emperor ; he had defeated the *Persians*, and taken a prodigious Booty, more wealthy than can be imagined ; 'tis true, he triumphed at his Return ; the Emperor and Empress, in one Chariot, graced the Ceremony ; but the unanimous Congratulations of the People, drunk with Love and Joy at the Duke of *Campania*'s Successes whose Person they adored, festered the proud Heart of *Irene*, who assisted with a sullen gloomy Discontent, at hearing the Praises of any but *Stauracius* ; therefore the Duke of *Campania* was but coldly thanked, and afterwards laid aside.

No Prince had ever a greater Bravery of Soul ; his Courage could be equalled by nothing but his Magnificence ; he fought as he gave, largely, or rather, without Reserve. In the late Emperor's Time, he did such Things against the *Persians*, as made him both the Love and Admiration of his Enemies : In one Battle, where he happened to be taken Prisoner, he carryed himself so undauntedly and magnificently, so much to the Reputation and Glory of the Empire, that the *Persian* asked, How many more such Heroes they had amongst the *Greeks* ? That it, was

was time for him to conclude a Peace, if there were but a few such as him; For tho' he should not be out-done in Arms, he must be conquered by superior Vertue. *Campania* lavished a mighty Revenue in Glory of the Empire; whilst a Prisoner, he knew no Property, but dealt his Treasure to the Relief of the Unhappy; That alone was Title enough to his Favour, for many of them had perished without it. But all Heroe as you see him, he is still a Mortal, that is to say, not totally without Exception; tho' his Sin is certainly the most beautiful of any; good Nature; by which his Favourites, of both Sexes, have too often imposed upon his Bounty, and made themselves, rather than him, Objects of Reprach.

Theodecta succeeded in her Suit. *Hermimus* was often introduced to *Constantine's* Ear, and it's believed, if he had profited of the Occasion, laying aside his Notions of Mediocrity, and boldly, bravely struck for Religion, and the Good of the Empire, he could then have preserved, not only them, but himself; assisted, as doubtless he would have been, by *Nicephorus* the late Emperor's Brother, the Duke of *Campania*, *Poplicola*, and, in a Word, by all the Orthodox Laity, as well as Clergy.

But *Irene's* Regal Star was yet to maintain the Ascendant; she had quickly Intimation of these secret Practices; the Emperor had no Money (abstracted from the Know-

ledge of her and her Creatures) to bestow upon *Theodecta*, by which they might have over-bought the Empress, or at least preserved their Consultations private. She raved! She more than exclaim'd! She called them Traitors! *Theodecta* Traitors! And, which is more than all, and past Belief of Posterity, she took upon her to correct the Emperor, shut him up in his Chamber, and box'd him with her own Hands, calling him ungrateful to her Cares, her Toil, senseless Fool, Drone, unfit for Government and the Reins of Empire, which he had never held a Month, but by her wise Conduct and Advice, that had concealed his Incapacity behind her Perfections, and, as a Sun, cast a Glory upon his Defects. What had he to do with Politicks? Could not he eat, and sleep, and loll, and yawn, and fool away the Day unmolested? Or had he a mind to have his Weaknesses discovered and despis'd; to be shav'd and shut up in a Cloyster, whilst *Nicephorus* ascended? If those were his Designs, she desired Information, that she might take care of her own Interest, abstracted from such a Whirligig as he was.

The good Emperor, mortified by the Termagancy of his Mother, and entirely in her Hands, as to Affairs, of which he knew no more, as she had industriously contrived, than the meanest Man of the Empire, wept a good deal before she would forgive him; and that but conditionally,
That

That he should sign whatever Commissions were brought him by *Emilius*, for those who were to supply the Posts *Herminius* and his Adherents held at Court: *Easie Constantine* compounded, upon Condition, he might still keep *Theodecta* about him; whom the Empress so severely upbraided, and so well tutor'd, that 'twas thought she would not be very much in haste to discourse *Cesar* again about Politicks. *Cesar*! who still remembring his Corrections, in a long time thought not fit to dispute *Irene's* Sway; going out and coming in, rising and sitting down, signing and letting alone, as her Imperial Majesty, *Stauracius*, *Emilius*, and others of that *Junto* advised; tho' 'tis certain, after this Breach, so great a Degree of Aversion and Coldness possessed both *Irene* and her Son, that they saw one another as seldom as possible, and then with Heart-burnings and Reluctance, *Emilius* being left to manage all with the Emperor, and the Empress with *Emilius*.

In the mean time *Cetbegus* succeeds *Herminius*; *Cetbegus*! the Executioner of the *Junto*; scarce could he defer the Stroke, 'till he heard the Sentence, or received the Command! All that Fire and Fury could inspire animated his Frame! He was an Engine, not to work with, but destroy! Not fit for Consultation, but Destruction! A Bigot to Idolatry, and the Party he had embraced! relentless and remorseless, a zealous Image-worshipper and Faction-broacher! yet affected

fect to be thought learned and wise! But Wisdom and Learning never take up their Dwelling in a Breast, where all the Passions are sulphureous, burning and destroying to the very Root; so that merciless *Cethegus* never preserved but when he could not ruin.

Cicero next was called, not he that saved the Commonwealth from being made a Monarchy, but he that would have made the Monarchy a Commonwealth; he was advanced by *Irene* to be *Magister Officiorum*; the God of Eloquence hung upon his Tongue; *Minerva* her self inspired his Brain, and fired his Heart. His Wisdom and Sedateness of Temper, preserved and kept together the Cabal. Furious *Cethegus*! and precipitate *Cataline*! could only be restrain'd by him. He it was, that gave them their Cue, when to bellow, when to strike, when to comply, but seldom to save; for however disagreeing in other Points, they us'd all to come in to accord for Revenge and Persecution.

And which was not the least astonishing Ingredient of their Composition, these zealous Reformers! these Image-Worshippers! these pretended Devotees, who ran mad after the Out-side of Religion! were as immoral as those that had never heard of any! *Cicero* himself (an Oracle of Wisdom) was whirl'd about by his Lusts, at the Pleasure of a fantastick worn out Mistress: He prostituted his inimitable Sense, Reason and
good

good Nature, either to revenge, or reward as her Caprice directed; and what made this Commerce more detestable, this Mistress of his was a Wife! Impious Excess! Abominable Adultery! Were there not enough of the frail Race unmarried? Had not *Sergius's* immemorial Affluities corrupted enough of that Order, but this Patrician, this Director of Nations and Imperial Assemblies, must bring his Pollutions to defile the Marriage-Bed, and corrupt a Wife? Nay, which is more execrable, the Wife of a Friend. Was it not a good Comedy, or rather Farce, when you beheld this sententious Man, this decisive Orator who, by the Enchantments of his Persuasion, left not even Destiny to her self, for Fate and Fortune were, whenever he spoke, his Slaves. To see this great, this stupendous Man, that could enchant an Empire with the Musick of his Voice, skulking in the obscene Habit of a Slave, hiding his Face in an abject Robe, as if that could conceal his Vices, waiting at a back Door to get undiscovered Entrance into his own Palace, after passing the guilty Night in Adultery with an infamous Prostitute! And this not for once or twice, but for Months and Years! till his Sin was become as confirmed a Habit as his Hypocrisy! The poor Husband distracted with his Wrongs, grew incapable of following the necessary Duties of his Calling, by which Neglect his Maintenance fell, and he drank the bitter Draught of Poverty! the

Adulterers rioting in all the Luxury of the East! shifting Abodes in scandalous By-Corners, from Place to Place, for fear the Cuckold's Prerogative should seize upon the Ornaments and Riches of his Wife as lawful Spoil, which when he was so lucky to do, the vindictive Patrician interposed with a thorough Revenge, first casting him into a loathsome Prison, where, when he had sufficiently languished, a Warrant was produced to the Goaler to deliver his Prisoner to some Persons, who receiving him into their Custody, disposed of him in such sort, that to this Day he has never been heard of. Let the Idolaters consider how much they ought to pride themselves in the Morality, Religion, and Vertue of this *Atlas* of their Empire.

Now dy'd Pope *Adrian*, and *Leo* the III^d was elected by the Empress's Intrigues, not for his Vivacity but his Dulness. He was so wise, as to desire to know no more than *Irene* permitted, infected with the new Contagion, and zealous for Images (if for any thing) he reconciled the Empire to the Holy See; and accepted *Heraclius's* Crown, which she, together with her Son, presented to the Church. The Holy Drone who filled *St. Peter's* Chair, rather slumbering than awake, had yet all the Obstinacy in favour of her, his Mistress, that Ignorance and good Will could inspire; he even absolved her from the Murder of her Husband's Brothers, *Nicephorus*, *Christopher*, and others that she

she caus'd to be made away at *Athens*, and then, as the *Roman* Emperors were wont to do, ordered her self to be drawn in a gilded Chariot, the Patricians attending on her like her Slaves, through *Constantinople*; in her way she scattered Money among the People, which trivial Donative, was miraculous, coming from her! And now all the Race of *Leo Isauricus* were extinct (unless her Son) she every Day gave out such Speeches as might make his Friends apprehensive, that his Life should not be long, for as yet he had never reigned! whilst *Stauracius's* Popularity and her own Audacity fitted them with Preparatives to step into the Imperial Throne, whenever she should think fit to declare it vacant.

And now she took another Air and Manner; Her Pride and Covetousness found none upon Earth so great and so rich as her self; when she entered the Cirque or Amphitheater, she forbore to sit where the Empress's used, because that was mixing with other Ladies, whom in her haughty Soul she despised, but in the most infamous Corner, caus'd a Throne to be rais'd for her self, and three or four more of her Companions, whom she vouchsafed to suffer in her Presence, for she was grown too great for Conversation, like a Deity, self-sufficient to her self in every thing. As soon as she entered, her Custom was to turn her Back upon the Audience, after giving a Look of Disdain and Contempt around her, and in
a little

a little while (as if her mighty Soul was above those petty Amusements, and scorn'd to be so meanly entertained) she would rise and abruptly depart, without respect to the Order of the Performance, or what Confusion she must make among a Set of fawning Followers, who all watch'd her Nod, with base Adulations worshipping that triumphant Idol, equally the Representative of those two mischievous Deities, Pride and Avarice.

Then was *Tarasius* advanced to the See of *Antioch*, by his Habit only appearing to be of the Temple: *Tarasius*! who was as great an Original in his Kind as *Irenc*. He had all the Pride, Ambition, Turbulency, Inconstancy, Violence, Obstinacy, and Spirit of Persecution, that is supposed to have infected the fallen Angels. Nor could a more advanced Age bring an Allay to his Fury; he would have made an excellent Pope, when what they call Heresie was to be extirpated. In his Youth he had been of the Orthodox, but finding Idol-worship was coming to be the fashionable Religion, he professed and preached it, and so was made Bishop of *Antioch*, without the least Blush or Reserve of Modesty, at hearing what were his former Opinions recited; he seem'd to have grown craftier, but not more holy; nor did he pretend to it, indulging his amorous Vein, and making as many Conquests over the Bodies of the fair Sex, as of their Souls. He was once upon his
Knees

Knees to a Lady, afterwards famous in the Altar-Service for the Sweetness and Compass of her Voice, the finest Singer of her Age; the good Priest laid about him with the Zeal of his Function, and beg'd her for Heaven's sake, and something more, to be kind and have Mercy upon him, it might be a means of saving his Soul, for he should die of Melancholy or Despair, or turn Self-Murderer, if she continued to be cruel.

The Bishop of *Galatia* also became a Convert to Idolatry, or rather to *Irene's* Power, and the Court. This holy Merchant would have made an incomparable Vender of Books; Nature fits every one with a peculiar Genius; for he understood the Value of their Editions more than the Value of Learning: He was Master of an extraordinary Library, which he had found the Art of getting, without paying Extortion; and because he would be sure to be a thorough Divine after he was made Lord of *Galatia*, he set himself to study the Cure of Bodies, the better or easier to come at that of the Soul.

These and others of the same Principle, were assigned (noted for indefatigable Industry) to manage a Council that was met at *Constantinople*, in the seventh Year of *Constantine's* Reign; but the Citizens and Soldiers understanding the Deputies were pack'd for *Irene's* Purpose, such as would restore Image-Worship, they courageously drove

drove them out of the City, as fast as they arrived there, which obliged the Empress to adjourn to *Nice*, where the first general Council sat. Three hundred and fifty Fathers out of the East and West, met on this Occasion; the Number of the *Italian* Bishops gave the Idolaters the Majority. They decreed, That Images should be made use of, but not worshipped with *Latria*. The Pope's Agents were so rampant, that they would have as much Respect paid to the Idols, as if the Deity were visibly present, which the Fathers would not allow, though they were most of them *Irene's* Creatures, whom she had perverted to Idolatry since she came to the Administration, and had been disgusted concerning *Stauracius*. This Council was never received by the Orthodox Christians. Seven Years after *Charles* King of the *Franks* called One at *Frankfort*, where three hundred Fathers assembled, who condemned Images and the Synod of *Nice*. The good Patriarch of *Constantinople* could only give Examples of Purity, he had no Power remaining; and tho' perhaps the most learned, the most pious, the most eloquent Divines that ever adorned the East, were then Prelates of the Empire; yet Ignorance, Stupidity, Idolatry, and Persecution, under *Constantine* the Orthodox, had like to have bid fair for the Extirpation of them, and of their Worship.

It had been *Cæsar's* good Fortune still to be beloved by his People, who pity'd his unhappy motherly Infatuation, rather than expos'd it. Whatever Miscarriages happened, were all attributed to *Irene* and her Ministers, not to him; they would not know, That a Prince far from Evil in himself, is still answerable for all the Evil he suffers others to commit under the sacred Umbrage of his Name. *Constantine Cæsar* thought not of any, or rather thought not at all. *Emilius* and *Irene's* Artifice kept him from Reflection: How could he believe himself in the Wrong, who was hourly applauded for being in the Right? All that approached, offered Incense to *Cæsar*! and sounded *Stauracius's* Glory! The Empire, he was told, never made so great a Figure as under his Direction; the *Barbarians* trembling at his very Name: His Name! which was sufficient of it self to settle or overthrow Provinces and Kingdoms. All the known Nations of the East and West shrouded under the Wings of his Eagles for Protection: He was their only Asylum! Letters, Ambassadors, Congratulations still came cramm'd with *Cæsar's* Glory, and *Stauracius's* Success!

Does the wisest Mortal ever have Recourse to Remedies, when the whole Body of his Physicians, upon whom he depends, tells him he has no Occasion for any; or rather, that his State of Health is so well confirm'd, that whatever Alterations happens, must be to his Prejudice? This was *Constantine Cæsar's*

far's Case : He was truly, luckily beloved by his People, and no less happy abroad. He saw none but what tickled him with the Repetition of his Praises, his Glory and Reputation; he did not so much as dispute but that he was adored as a visible Divinity; the real rankling Sore that lay latent, and was but skin'd over by the artful Gloss *Irene* and *Amilius* gave, was to all Intents concealed from *Cesar*, who could not apprehend the Malignancy, when he knew of no Distemper.

But *Irene*, who now regretted even that Shadow of Empire which was yet in *Constantine*, saw, that whilst he was so beloved, she could not step into his Place with her ador'd *Stauracius*. Her first Artifice was to get him to marry *Theodecta*, *Mary* the *Armenian* his Wife being still alive, and nothing laid to her Charge reflecting on her Chastity, by which she knew he would quickly become odious, and her self be revenged for what that Maid had done against her. *Tarasius* performed the Ceremony; for which *Plato* the Patriarch, and others, the chief of the Clergy of *Constantinople*, excommunicated *Tarasius*; but *Constantine*, or rather *Irene*, imprisoned *Plato*, and rais'd up so furious a Persecution, against the Orthodox Clergy, that even the most sanguine of the Empire, could not but perceive they were now in good Earnest bent upon Image-Worship, and upholding the Church of *Rome*, to the Destruction of the *Greek*.

Vin-

Vindictive *Irene* was resolved to take this Opportunity to vent the Envy and Malice brooding in her Heart against *Plato* Patriarch of *Constantinople* and his Adherents, for having opposed *Stauracius*, and been so forward in their Excommunications; she wou'd try her Right and Title, whether Religion or her self should reign. How durst those saucy Priests dispute what she directed? Or pretend to argue upon the Validity of the Emperor's Marriage, when she had advis'd it? Now was the Struggle, which should be mortify'd, the *Greek* or the *Roman* Church: *Irene*, that furious new Convert, who never was of any Opinion, 'till now to do Mischiefe, sat in nightly Councils, contriving how they might get the Patriarch condemned; not as he was a Man, but as a Priest contrary to their Worship; not for himself alone, but for his Brethren in him, who took upon them an Office that did not appertain to them. What had they to do to excommunicate for Household and State Concerns? Cou'd not a Man marry, or let it alone, but they must interpose with telling what was just and fit? Their Business was only to preach Holiness of Life, the Salvation of Souls, not to busie themselves with what Men did with their Bodies. Cou'd not every one live as they would for them? Shortly, if this was encouraged, one should not shift a Scene, or remove an Officer, but Leave must be asked of the Patriarch, good Man, who tho' he made the Care
of

of gaining Heaven his Pretence, his Aim was to come in for a Share in the Dominion of the World, else he had never dar'd to thunder his bold Reflections and Excommunications upon those who had *Cesar's* Commisſion for acting, and did but what Conſcience, and the Exigency of Affairs, required.

Irene, Cethegus, Cicero, Sergius, Cataline, the illuſtrious Prelates formerly mentioned, and others of the Junto, met in Conſultation at *Emilius's*, to debate of puniſhing the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople* in the moſt glaring Manner: Wiſe *Cicero*, tho' thrown into the Idol-Party, was no great Bigot to any Religion, and therefore advis'd, ' That
' *Plato* ſhould be ſet at Liberty, with ſevere
' Advice not to meddle in Excommunicati-
' ons, nor ſuffer his Brethren any more to
' concern themſelves with a Thing ſo remote
' to them as an imperial Marriage. No-
' thing, he ſaid, advanc'd, or made a Cauſe
' ſo conſiderable as Perſecution, the Parent
' of Perſeverance; from whence reſulted a
' Sanction that made it venerable to the
' People, and took into its Train a Sort of
' good-natur'd Animals, conſcientious Fools,
' who caught the Spirit of Pity from one
' another, by way of an infectious Imita-
' tion, whence Millions had been cajolled
' into a Cauſe, and even out of their Lives,
' as if it were inglorious to ſhow leſs Ob-
' ſtinacy than their Leaders had done. Con-
' temptible Beginnings could not be made
' great, but by the Apprehenſion they gave,
' like

' like neglected Libels, or Flowers without
 ' Moisture, that die away of themselves,
 ' and never spread but when they appear of
 ' Importance enough to provoke the Notice
 ' of those to whom they are directed, An-
 ' swers begetting Rejoinder; whence the
 ' wisest Part of Mankind never permitted
 ' any, but silently left the Authors to ex-
 ' pect the Reward and Neglect which ill
 ' Nature merited. He further observed,
 ' That the Fear of Punishment, awes more
 ' than does the Punishment it self; many a
 ' Man has been known to tremble at the
 ' Thoughts or Prospect of Evil, that when
 ' it was arriv'd, bore himself courageously
 ' under it. That whatever could happen of
 ' Hardship to the Patriarch, would but the
 ' more in dear the People, who always com-
 ' passionate the Sufferers for Conscience-
 ' sake, and were ready to idolize as Mar-
 ' tyrs, such who met Persecution on that
 ' Account; at least it would make the Pa-
 ' triarch more revered and popular, since
 ' his Behaviour had ever been so blameless,
 ' that Malice it self could not assign
 ' him over to the Odium, even of his Ene-
 ' mies.

' That the Innovation they were endea-
 ' vouring, was to be compass'd more by
 ' Degrees, than of a sudden; at several
 ' times, rather than at once; by Artifice,
 ' sooner than by Force; if they would but
 ' submit the Conduct to him, he would
 ' stake his Head upon the Event: Fire and
 ' Sword

‘ Sword were very good Arguments to those
 ‘ who had already the Majority of their side.
 ‘ But as he took it, that was not the Case
 ‘ in Question, Idol-Worship having not
 ‘ yet been the obtaining Religion; and
 ‘ tho’ the Bishop of *Rome* might be Pope
 ‘ in *Italy*, yet at *Constantinople* *Plato* was Pa-
 ‘ triarch.

Cataline, the new made Prefect of *Sicily*,
 would do something meritorious of his Pro-
 motion; and tho’ he had not been dispos’d
 at this time to be grateful, a Scene of Con-
 fusion and Ambiguity proved so agreeable
 to his Inclinations, that he must have very
 much cross’d them; not to have push’d it to
 the uttermost. So that rising from his Seat,
 he thus address’d the Empress:

‘ As there is nothing, Madam, so nearly
 ‘ ally’d to the Deity, as the Desire of re-
 ‘ venging Injuries, I humbly offer to your
 ‘ imperial Majesty, that you will vouchsafe,
 ‘ upon this Occasion, truly to appear their
 ‘ Representative. *Plato*, the presuming Pa-
 ‘ triarch of *Constantinople*, deserves to be
 ‘ punished, not only, as a Miscreant, in him-
 ‘ self, but chiefly for a Terror to others.
 ‘ He, Wretch! despicable in his own Ca-
 ‘ pacity! A Trumpet Fellow! The Tool
 ‘ of the Party! Halloo’d on by a full-
 ‘ mouthed, noisie Pack of Currs, to essay
 ‘ whether your imperial Majesty, and *Con-
 ‘ stantine Cesar Augustus*, your royal Son,
 ‘ are ripe for those Affronts and Mortifica-
 ‘ tions they intend to offer: Shou’d ye hear
 ‘ so

' so great an Insult, to what a Height would
 ' they not be encouraged to Sin? I humbly
 ' move, That both your imperial Majesties
 ' would be pleased to call a Synod to punish
 ' with Characters of indelible Infamy this
 ' audacious Man: Leave it to my Care to
 ' get the Majority; if your imperial Ma-
 ' jesty but once empowers me, it will go
 ' very hard if I prove not too strong for
 ' hereditary Opinion, *ill-bred Crossness of the*
 ' *Will*, Prejudice of Education, national Re-
 ' ligion, pretended Piety, affected Vertue,
 ' and twenty such slender Oppositions which
 ' are never so much enforced, as when the
 ' Wearers design to part with them to Ad-
 ' vantage, and consequently set the greatest
 ' Value only to enhance the Price. Have
 ' we not Gold, and Honours, and Power to
 ' reward those that shall most strenuously do
 ' their Duty? loyal and conscientious Sub-
 ' jects should be encouraged. Leave it to
 ' me to select out men of Spirit and Mettle,
 ' Mettle not to be aw'd and brow-beaten
 ' by those Bugbears with which our Patri-
 ' arch long has rid us; Men of Fire and Am-
 ' bition, bright and daring, with so happy
 ' an Eloquence, that were the Goddess of
 ' Vertue to be arraign'd before them, their
 ' Noise and Gloss, could seemingly turn her
 ' into Vice! and give even her self to
 ' doubt whether she yet had an Entity.
 ' Madam, and my Lords, I hope you will
 ' find what I say, reasonable. Were it not
 ' hard, that we, who have waded through
 ' so

' so many Difficulties, and are now in Pos-
 ' session, should part with our Hold, for a
 ' Notion, or fear of Excommunications !
 ' No! No! We will contend! We will
 ' wrestle to the last Drop, before we lose
 ' those Images which your imperial Ma-
 ' jesty, and *Cæsar's* gracious Goodness have
 ' entituled us to. You shall behold us
 ' trembling with Zeal! Yearning for Re-
 ' venge against that Excommunicator, vehem-
 ' ent for Persecution of the Persecutor!
 ' Stammering, and even foaming at Mouth,
 ' out of an unbounded Desire to acquit our
 ' selves; and make that sorry Fellow con-
 ' temptible: Will not all the Auditors be
 ' of our Side? Shall we not even carry Ju-
 ' stice before us? Will they endure to hear
 ' what he shall offer in his own Defence,
 ' or rather let us not suffer him to make any?
 ' *Cicero*, Madam, is wise; but the wisest
 ' may be mistaken: As this Scene shall be
 ' managed, I hope we shall force him (with
 ' all his Coolness) to confess he was not in-
 ' fallible, and that we only were in the Right,
 ' and himself in the Wrong. I doubt not
 ' but Your imperial Majesty will obtain
 ' from the Synod such a Sentence as shall
 ' for ever keep Busy-bodies within their
 ' own Pale! They shall be glad to meddle
 ' no more with Marriages! and Emperors!
 ' with Excommunications! or Fulminati-
 ' ons! Should we despise, or neglect to pun-
 ' ish, as the noble *Cicero* advised, they would
 ' not interpret it our Contempt, but Fear.

' Let

' Let us proceed boldly ; let us strike sure
 ' and home ; let us even leave none to re-
 ' member they were injur'd ! *Order succeeds*
 ' *Confusion* : I prognosticate this will end in
 ' the utter Extirpation of our Enemies and
 ' their Heresie ; let us secure this Point,
 ' and we may assure our selves of the rest.
 ' Have I for seven long Years been busying
 ' my Brain to bring Things to this happy
 ' State, to have them lost by Pusillanimity
 ' or Lenity, miscalled, by the wise *Cicero*,
 ' Policy ? No ! No ! Let's dispute no fur-
 ' ther of the Fact, but hasten to ascertain a
 ' glorious Event.

' I can produce irresistible Orators ; such
 ' who always carry the *Forum* of their Side,
 ' besides the witty *Stelico* on ours. What
 ' tho' he grows dull, has recourse to Authors,
 ' and is often forced to go to the Shades for
 ' Recruit ; a Man is not obliged to hold
 ' out for ever ; we must not let him lay
 ' down, because he is ready at any Occasi-
 ' on ; tho' I must tell you, my Lord, 'tis a
 ' hard Task to be forced to be witty, be one
 ' in never so apposite an Humour ; but he
 ' has still Fire and Malice enough to do our
 ' Business : They call him in Contempt, a
 ' Bread-Writer, a sorry Sesterce Fellow ;
 ' but his Pen is generally acceptable, he plea-
 ' ses those whom he stings ; a commodious
 ' useful Hireling, stops at nothing, goes
 ' through thick and thin : He cants admi-
 ' rably, and pretends to Vertue, but is as
 ' ingrateful and unfair as one could desire.
 ' He

‘ He'll lay on any Colours, and is so great an
 ‘ Artist, he can metamorphose, in a Twink-
 ‘ ling, the brightest Heroe into a dirty Sca-
 ‘ venger. Then as to the other Extreme ;
 ‘ has he not made a very Deity of me ?
 ‘ and given me and some of my Fellow-Pa-
 ‘ tricians, such gay Cloathing, that I defy
 ‘ our best Friends to know us in his Garb ?
 ‘ He has almost persuaded me to believe (did
 ‘ I not feel the contrary) that I am just !
 ‘ couragious ! religious ! and very near,
 ‘ merciful ! and I have rewarded him for
 ‘ it, and would have done more, but that
 ‘ 'tis not Politick being too liberal, lest the
 ‘ poor Rogue shou'd get above his Necessi-
 ‘ ties, and grow too great for Business, or
 ‘ else indulge too far his native Genius to
 ‘ Laziness and being governed by his Wife.
 ‘ Where shou'd we then meet such another
 ‘ diligent, obsequious, trembling, dutiful,
 ‘ mercenary ? Many indeed are willing, but
 ‘ how few are found able ? *Stelico* shall make
 ‘ it his Care to daub and mis-represent even
 ‘ the brightest and greatest Characters, to
 ‘ threaten and stigmatize with his Pen,
 ‘ those whom we fear and disapprove ; he
 ‘ shall prepare Mens Minds for a favourable
 ‘ Approbation of our Proceedings, vilifie
 ‘ to the Life those of our Enemies, and
 ‘ when we have done our Parts, applaud us
 ‘ for the Well-Performance.

This Speech of *Cataline's*, was received with
 a *Plaudit* ; even *Cicero* himself subsided, see-
 ing it was the general Wish, and *Irene's* par-
 ticular

ticular One, to have *Plato* sacrificed to her Resentment. Only hot *Cetbegus* said, ' He
 ' knew not what Occasion they had for a
 ' Synod, their formal Paces and tedious
 ' Lengths wou'd spin out a tedious time ;
 ' His humble Opinion was, That *Cæsar* alone
 ' was sufficient to command, and for his
 ' Part, he stood forthwith resigned, ready,
 ' and willing to obey.

However, *Cetbegus* his Spirit of Persecution was forced, for once, to mix with the Allay of Time; which was no little Mortification to him. Gracious *Irene* resigned all Things to the well-pleased *Cataline*. A Synod was summoned, which he took indefatigable Pains to manage, so as to get the Majority on his Side; the holy Patriarch, together with the rest of his Brethren, that had joined with him in the Excommunication of the bold Bishop of *Antioch*, was brought out of Prison, not to hope any Thing from their Defence, but to receive their Sentence: All that ecclesiastical Zeal and Fury could suggest, was put in force against them, and Divorces justified. Never were *Barbarian* Pirates, nor a *Banditti* so unpittifully insulted. Pride and Ignorance, mixed with a wordy Eloquence, foreign to the Purpose, were made use of to condemn them for their Excommunication; the Harangue was one perpetual Train of Invectives; they offered nothing substantial, they had nothing to offer, and therefore were to supply the Defect of Matter of Argument,

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by

by bitter Satyr, and twanging hyperbolical Reproach and Contempt. Christ had positively forbidden, that any one should divorce his Wife, unless she was convicted of Adultery : *Tarasius* of *Antioch* had dar'd to remarry the Emperor, *Mary* his first Wife being yet living, for which the good Patriarch, and others of his Brethren, had excommunicated him ; which being according to the Command of Scripture, *Plato* could very well make appear, he acted but to obey That and his Conscience. He received all the haughty stinging Insults of his Enemies, their Pride, Arrogance, ill Manners, and Scorn, with a Humility truly primitive, far from recriminating ; he lowly bow'd at every Period of Reproach ; and when he was put to prove, Whence he took his Authority for Excommunication, he acquitted himself to the Applause of all his impartial Hearers : His Defence was so holy, so moving, so humble, so unaffectedly natural, so free from Ostentation or Vanity, that it drew Tears from the Eyes of the Spectators ; who reflected how he had been persecuted, imprison'd, ruin'd in Property, abandon'd to the Friendship of the Faithful, and every way an Object both of Admiration and Pity. However, all he could say, signify'd nothing to those who came prepar'd in their Hearts to condemn him, for daring to meddle with *Constantine's* second Marriage, and in that the Business of the Empire : Full of the Eloquence of those of their own Side, and deaf

deaf to his, he was convicted, and remanded back to Prison, whilst the triumphant *Irene*, and her Party, got a Decree to confirm *Constantine Caesar's* Marriage with *Theodetta*; *Cesar* himself appearing in Place, not to judge of the Merits, because they were determin'd before, but by his Presence, to invigorate and skreen those who acted on the Empress his Mother's Side; tho' in regard to his double Marriage, against the Honour, Conscience, and Interest of his own. But so well they had manag'd the native Timidity of his Race, as to tell him, if double Marriages were condemn'd, he should lose his Title to his Wife *Theodetta*, and consequently her self; that if they remov'd the Foundation, the Marriage was necessarily destroy'd; which so alarm'd *Cesar*, that his former Tranquillity was no more; all gave place to his Fears, and the Desire he had still to preserve to himself the Possession of his new Empress.

• *Tarasius*, who had marry'd *Constantine* to *Theodetta*, now translated from the See of *Antioch*, and made titular Patriarch of *Constantinople*, in the room of *Plato* (tho none acknowledged him but those on his own Side, *Plato* being still esteemed Patriarch) pretended to prove from Scripture, ' That
' tho' second Marriages (the first Wife still
' alive) were in themselves expressly forbid-
' den and unlawful; yet in Cases of great
' Necessity, such as the utter Extinction of
' the Race of *Leo Isauricus* for want of
' Heirs (which *Cesar* could not have from

‘ *Mary the Armenian*, whose Constitution
 ‘ was destroyed by Diseases) they might be
 ‘ dispensed with; or rather, Dispensations
 ‘ were lawful, as Inclination and Necessity
 ‘ suggested; expressly against *St. Paul*, who
 ‘ forbids us to do Evil that Good may come
 ‘ of it. The new Patriarch insinuating, that
 ‘ ’twas a Law and no Law, binding or not
 ‘ binding, sometimes to be broken, as Con-
 ‘ science or Desire would prompt. The Ex-
 ‘ igency of the Case could only determine
 ‘ the Point; but as to this, he boldly ven-
 ‘ tured, in regard of *Mary’s* Defects, to
 ‘ pronounce the Emperor’s Marriage with
 ‘ *Theodecta* lawful. *Plato*, and the rest of his
 ‘ Adherents, ought therefore to be condem-
 ‘ ned for speaking against it, and much
 ‘ more, for daring to excommunicate those
 ‘ that had assisted, and were the principal
 ‘ Actors in it.’

Victorious over the Patriarch, *Irene* resol-
 ved to go on, and extirpate, in favour of
 her Idols, even the Remains of the Ortho-
 dox; all Places of Trust and Profit were
 filled by the Schismatics, there was even a
 Majority in the Senate; the Legions only
 could not be affected, for those few great
 Commanders that were made by her and
Stauracius, were forc’d to give in to the Tide
 of the Soldier; all the Empire (by Inspi-
 ration) took the Alarm, and rose as if at
 one Moment; not a Plebeian, scarce a Citi-
 zen, but became tenacious of that Religion,
 they had, seemingly so long neglected; they

exclaimed against *Irene* as the Perverter of her Son, they counted up all her Male-Administration, her Cruelty, the Murther of her Husband's Brothers, her Extortion, her perverting *Cesar* to Idolatry; for he now gave in to her Taste, and did little in favour of the *Greeks*, or rather all Things in favour of the *Romanists*; an universal Spirit of Mutiny seized the People, the *Armenian* Legions quarter'd in *Thrace* first began, and peremptorily required, that the Emperor would take the Administration of Affairs upon himself; they were followed by all the Legions, Provinces, and Cities of the Empire, who at first gently, and afterwards more loudly, petitioned *Cesar*, *That he would be pleased to reign alone*: They ask'd, that his Go-Carts might be dismiss'd, to find if he were able to walk of himself, for as yet he had appeared but as a Pageant, the Representative of *Augustus*; they wanted to be introduced, and acquainted with *Constantine* their Emperor, and prayed him, that he would act without *Irene*, that they might, as it was high Time, form a Judgement of his Capacity and Temper. If he were orthodox, let him exclude Idolaters from his Person, and the Service of the Altar: If he were merciful, let it be seen, in giving Repose to the World after so lingering a War; which though it bestowed upon them the empty Name of Victory, yet forbore not to drain the Empire of its Blood and Wealth: If he were generous, let Per-

sons of Merit be preferred; those whose only Recommendations lay not in Diffimulation, and in their Coffers: If he were just, let not *Stauracius's* Legions be the only that were paid; let him remember the Suffering of the rest, and the long Arrear to the Mariner: If he were wise, let him himself administer to his People: But if on the contrary; they could with Resignation, receive any Misfortunes that derived immediately from *Cesar*, and, as their Duty bound them, suffer the Will of Heaven and *Constantine's*, not requiring more than the Eternal Power had thought fit to bestow; whereas all Things from cruel *Irene*, and those merciless Idolaters, her Favourites, were insupportable. The same said the Citizens of *Constantinople*, when they found there was no other Way to preserve the Purity of their Religion, and stop the Progress of Idolatry; their Rage, animated by their Fears, turned into Fury; they called to Arms: Which the Emperor (who only could) did stop the Progress of, by sending him, who had so long been term'd Father of the Empire, into Exile, with the rest of the Male-Administrators: He re-inflated *Plato* in the Patriarch's Seat, and permitted the Return of his own Friends about his Person; but they could not be appeased, whilst yet the cruel Empress remained at Court; they clamoured louder than ever, that she might be delivered to the Soldiers with all her ill-gotten Riches, as lawful Spoil: But the Emperor

peror had a meritorious Tendernefs for his Mother, though ſhe had deſerved ſo ill of him, and of the State; therefore he required ſhe might only be baniſhed his Preſence, and to preſerve her from the Reſentment of the People that would have torn her in Pieces, in her Paſſage, he himſelf led her out of the Imperial Palace, with great Reſpect (having by her former Blandiſhments been induced to love, and by her latter haughty Severities brought to fear her) accompanying her to another more ſuperbe and coſtly, that ſhe had built at *Elutherium*, where by her own and her Favourite *Stauracius's* Griping and Extortions, ſhe had laid up an immense Treafure, which *Cæſar* out of his Sweetnefs of Temper, ſuffered her to enjoy.

Then were Mediators diſpatched, who in good earneſt intended to give Peace to the exhausted Empire, which at Heart, notwithstanding its Renown, it ſo much wanted; all Things tended under *Conſtantine Auguſtus's* own Conduſt, to the Advantage of Religion and the People. *Poplicola*, and *Agrippa*, of whom we have not yet ſpoken, (though none can be ignorant of his high Quality; Perſeverance, Capacity, and the Share he at firſt had in *Conſtantine's* Favour) truly Orthodox, and the greateſt Votary of Religion that had yet ever been an Honour to the Muſe; the Prince of *Campania*, *Herminius*, and others, were reſtored to their former Poſts, from which, if they again

depart for Pique or Resentment, or any other Injury or Reproach, (as having beheld the Mischief their Desertion occasioned) they deserve to be never forgiven; for had they at first suffered boldly, and endured the Persecution of the Idolaters, even to Neglect and Contempt, 'till they had durst to have crouded others in their Places, these Calamities possibly of the Empire had never been: Then shined forth the glorious orthodox Empress *Theodetta*; (*Mary the Armenian* just before expired): Then did she meet the Reward her Vertue merited from the Approbation of the Church and People, and the Honours the Emperor, her Lord and Sovereign, so well (when not directed by *Irene*) knew how to bestow. Acclamations followed her, with the Approbation of all those who crouded about her Person, and had ever heard her Fame, and the Extent of her Deserts.

Thus miraculously was the *Greek Church* delivered from the slavish Terrors and cruel Persecution of the *Roman*, and her sacred Purity preserved from the Pollution of Hereticks and Idolaters. Nothing less than a Miracle, a Miracle due to the Prayers and Examples of those holy Prelates, that incessantly implored Heaven for Redress, and gave Examples to the Earth, could have relieved her from the Jaws of that Lion, who in his Heart had already devoured, and would have left her even without a Name, or a Memorial for any to remember that she had
 ever

ever been : The Fortitude and Resolution of the Legions and People, came not from themselves ; it was the Inspiration of that Almighty Power, who will never abandon his Church, though for the Sins of many, he may seem for a time to leave her mournful Beauties oppress'd with Grief and Despondence, 'till his interposing Goodness renews her Charms with quickning Lustre, and causes them to shine forth clear and strong, after the Dissipation of those Clouds, that had for a while obscured her Brightness.

The Count *de St. Girrone* would have rested here, but that Monsieur the Envoy, without staying to return him the Thanks that he deserved, desired him to expatiate a little upon *Stauracius's* Character, who had filled the East and West with the Report of his Victories, what he had already heard did not seem satisfactory enough ; to whom when the Count had answered, that he had little more to say of him, but by way of Repetition, or summing up what had been spoken before, which perhaps his Excellency would find tiresome and dull, he paus'd a while, and thus continued his Discourse.

Stauracius the *Thracian*, having retrieved himself from the Exigency of narrow Circumstances by ways so infamous, that no generous Man, in the last Extremity, could stoop to, found Fortune, that fantastick Goddess, (who hovered over him at his Birth, and cry'd, Thou shalt be mine,

thou art my Darling) unaccountably kind and indulgent to her Adopted, upon whom she diffused so great a Share of her Blessings, that an extraordinary Courage was by no means necessary to accomplish him, such an one as her Minion ought to be, since by her Favour alone she caus'd him to gain Victories, to gain Cities, as it were by an Impulse of Destiny, that so it must be, as if Fate and Fortune should say, You are our Agent, and nothing shall be able to prevent what we design. He came into the Field in a lucky Point of Time; at the Period of the *Persian* Empire, that had flourished long, and was grown to so gigantick a Height, as to be shaken by her own Weight, a degenerate Timidity succeeding that Courage, which under *Cyrus* had rais'd them to universal Monarchy. Kingdoms have doubtless their Bounds and Revolutions, as well as other sublunary Things, therefore would the *Persian* have fallen, though *Stauracius* had never been born, who had no occasion to contribute any one Vertue but good Luck, towards so tremendous an Event, unless it were allying himself to *Irene* and *Emilius*.

Fortune does not always choose the most Worthy, yet seldom do her Favourites prove altogether unworthy; but when a Foundation is ill laid, the Building generally proves irregular: It seems to me therefore as if *Stauracius* rather chose to establish himself by Ingratitude and Treachery, than Vertue and Fidelity, because he rejected the Means that lay
fair

fair before him to attain that End; and as our good and gracious Mother Nature, is said to send no Poison, but she provides an Antidote, the Vice of Avarice, (*Stauracius's Darling*) though so despicable in it self, doubtless preserved the *Greeks* from a more despicable Consequence; for had he had a Nobleness of Soul, or even had not been so sordidly covetous, assisted as he was by *Fortune* his Parent and his Mistress, What might he not have done? Where might he not have reigned? But however ambitious he might be, Money still had the Ascendant. His Success in Battle he look'd upon only as a larger Means to exhaust the Conquered, and ravage with Impunity; advancing only his own Creatures, those that were Accessaries in so base a Work. Had a Man of *Cataline's* Make, had those Opportunities, he would quickly have been the most dreadful Thing upon Earth: But *Stauracius's* Mediocrity could rise no higher, or rather sink no lower, than doing all Things, without omitting the meanest, to increase his already unnumbered Store.

He was a Man governed, or rather aw'd by his Wife, to whom he durst not but submit his own Understanding, in concert with her Creatures, acting nothing abroad but what they first advis'd at home. Happy in having a Temper so complying; for it was in Consideration of that, and him, that *Pactolus* and *Ganges* gave up their shining sandy Gold, the glittering East its Riches.

Riches, and the fertile *Campania* her Fruitfulness. His Army was fed, and cloathed, and pampered, whilst the half-starved naked Legions of *Africk*, *Greece*, and *Iberia*, groan'd under a long Arrear, fed only with distant Expectation, exploring a wintry Sky, and the parching Summer Sands of *Mauritania* defenseless and expos'd! whilst *Emilius* drain'd the Empire, to prevent even *Sauracius's* Desires; the Flower of the Soldiery, the Heart of the Treasury, were perpetually sent to re-inforce an Army, that could not but overcome, when Nature and Fortune were for them, Fate and Destiny against their Enemies.

His Person, Quality, and Reputation, procur'd him many Favours from the fair Sex, whose Hearts are generally the Warrior's Prize; but when he grew too old to please without any other Consideration, being fix'd to his Principle of Covetousness, he went in search of much cheaper Pleasures, and found his Account with a Reverend Matron, in a common House of Entertainment, where, as Occasion called, he used to come *Incognito*, and through a Glass-Door with a transparent Curtain, seeing and unseen, make choice among a Number of fair Ladies. The *Courtezan*, who was ordained for his Evening Diversion, had a Present of One Hundred and Twenty Nine *Sesterces* from his Highness; so despicable a Reward, that his Page or Footman, that perhaps succeeded him, would be ashamed not to give more.

more. Then for his Probity, he promis'd whatever you required, but was sure never to perform, unless you brought an Equivalent in your Hand. Owing all to his Prince, he yet arrived to that height of Insolence, as not to yield him the Disposal of any thing; complaining upon the least Attempt, that his important Services were neglected, and the Reward assign'd to others: Justly an Enemy to Peace, because Peace would certainly be an Enemy to him; prolonging the *Persian* War, lest his own Power should end, never valuing the Lives of the Soldiers, so that he but preserved his own, nor weighing the exorbitant Expence of a foreign War to the People at home, whilst enriching himself abroad. His Ambition would have had no Bounds, had not his Avarice confin'd it; which happening to be his Ascendant, has proved not less mischievous, though the other might have been more fatal.

Monfieur le Count, answered *Horatio*, perceiving *St. Girrone* had done speaking, You are a bitter Enemy; I hope at least you are as good a Friend; they are generally Consequences of one another. My Lord, reply'd the Count, I beg your Lordship not to mistake me. I have no personal Quarrel to those I have been speaking of, they have done me no particular Injury; it is only because they are great and glaring Enemies to Vertue that I am an Enemy to them, and therefore I must quote Proverbs;

dents; *Xenophon, Thucydides, Plutarch, Livy, Salust,* and those other Writers, who have impartially related the Imperfections even of Heroes, are valued more particularly for their Sincerity. It is not because they were supposed to have received Injuries, or even been acquainted with all those whose Imperfections they thought fit to record, and therefore could have no personal Prejudice; but because an honest Man is impatient to have Justice done to the Worthy and Unworthy. Who can bear to have the Oracle of an Empire live in a Course of Craft, Deceit, and known Adultery, and not detest those fine Qualifications, that want force enough to teach him this plain Lesson, That no Man has true, good, sound Sense, who is immoral? Those very Advantages he possesses, make him more destructive to the Community. Vice is very infectious! and will not the half-witted Man, who has not enough to be thoroughly honest, be apt to think an Imitation, after so bright an Original, very pardonable, if not laudable? Have not vicious Habits their Fashions as well as Garments? 'Tis the Great that make Examples, which the Little are proud to follow: Ought they not to set a double Guard upon themselves, since in Them a Nation often sirs? Methinks 'tis hard, and I have often wondered at it, why that Man should be thought uncharitable, a Sattyrist, or Libeller, who but repeats with his Pen, what every Body fearlessly reports with his Tongue:

Tongue: Is it because the Reproach is more indelible? Let the Great take heed then how they give Occasion; let them beware how they sit to have the Picture of their Vices made immortal. Do you believe the Liberty suffered at *Athens* in their Dramatick Pieces, did not restrain several who were viciously inclined, fearful of seeing themselves represented? The Satyrist must be thought of use to his Country, though I can't forgive him, that betrays the Weakness of his Friend, or any Secret that he happens to be let into, of what Nature soever; or who, having been obliged, or received into Families, finds the defenceless Part, and exposes their Foible to the World: Those are Meaneesses below Contempt, scarce any can be guilty of them, I must always condemn the Person from whom Scandal first arises; him that gives a Man or Woman (perhaps yet young in Vice) to the Ruin of Tongues, and throws their Reputation to the Winds, to be torn and scattered by malignant Fame. I would have every one tender, even how they repeat any Thing disadvantageous of another, till he be very well assured not only of the Truth, but that the Matter of Fact is no longer a Secret: Nay, and even then, I would have him distinguish between a Start, and a confirm'd Habit of Vice. We have all our Frailties; the Suppression of them is doubtlessly meritorious; but the Glorifying in them, by an ostentatious long Course of Evil, and refusing

ging under the Splendour of a Great Name and Quality, is something so abominable, as must give Offence to every honest Man. How likes the grateful Person the Ingrateful? Ingratitude is the vilest of all Vices! and most opposite to natural Equity, and yet it is the most common; it is never found among Brutes, not even the most savage and cruel: The Lions are to be mollify'd by Benefits; Men alone are naturally ingratul; and yet there is something in it so shameful, that there was never yet one found, that proved an Advocate for it, or that would confess himself guilty: Therefore when we behold it in a Prince, have we not Liberty to decry, detest, and expose it? In like manner, to see unbounded Covetousness, Gripings, and Extortion croud- ing the Souls of those who ought to give profitable Examples to the People beneath them, is abominable! And so in respect of all those other Defects, which I have observed often in the *Constantinopolitan* Heroes, and which are so obvious and confirmed, that not a Child, who has ever heard of the Name of *Cataline*, but knows his Irreligion, Wickedness, and Artifice! of *Cerbegus*, but is acquainted with his Vanity, Cruelty, and fiery Ill-nature! of *Stauracius*, but detests his Ingratitude and Avarice! and so of the rest. Therefore, my Lord, pursued he speaking to *Horatio*, 'tis not that I am unfair, but because that they are notoriously foul. If we speak of them at all, we must speak

ſpeak of them as they are; and tho' perhaps a great many may think, 'twere better to let the Subject alone, I ſay again, that 'tis the Duty of every particular Perſon to contribute what he can to the Service of Vertue, and is it not for her Service to decry Vice, even in the Greateſt? nay, 'tis there more particularly our Duty, becauſe it may warn others from coming into their Faſhion.

The Count has Reason, answered Monſieur l' *Envoy*; but we do not hear him ſay any Thing of *Irene's* Return to Court, and of *Conſtantine Caſar's* being more infatuated than ever. Becauſe, my Lord, modeſtly reply'd the Count, that I know no further than what paſſ'd whiſt I was at *Conſtantinople*. The Empreſs-Dowager, as ſhe was beginning to be call'd, was juſt then gone to her fine Houſe in *Elutberium*, and *Stauracius* with her; Things took a new Turn at Court; the Idolaters were ſuppreſſed, and the Emperor called about him his own Friends: But this Change was not above four Days before I departed, ſo that I forbear to ſpeak of what I have ſince been only informed of by others. I'll aſſure your Lordſhip, the Abode I made at *Conſtantinople*, contrary to my Genius which has not yet took ſuch a ſerious Turn, forced me to appear a Politician in my own Defence; for there is nothing but Politicks and Religion the Mode, unleſs in *Julius Sergius's* Palace, where Luxury reigns at the height. If you would

would discourse of Love and Gallantry, you must have recourse to those antiquated Beauties, who know not how to go out of the Road of their own Time, and would still be admired, though contrary even to Nature, as well as the Fashion. Tell a young Lady she's handfom, and she'll presently stare as if she thought you mad ; 'tis not now-a-days that they hear any such Things : But ask her, who she's for, the Pope or the Patriarch ? and she'll understand you presently ; and after she has delivered her Opinion, she'll defend it with a Volley of Arguments. Implore a tempting Beauty, talk of her Cruelty, and beg her to have pity ; she'll presently ask you, Is the Patriarch, &c. in Danger ? Do they design to punish him ? and eagerly conjure you, for Heaven's sake, to let her into the Secret ? In a word, the most illiterate, the least spiritual, have a Chain and Rote of Argument, which, by hearing nothing else, they are become entire Mistresses of, and can discourse upon, to the Exclusion of their formerly adored Topicks, Scandal, Cloaths, and Gallantry ; Heavens ! how they throng'd to hear the Patriarch of *Constantinople* examin'd ! Every Day, and all the Day, they besieg'd the Assembly. I remember I once sat by a certain Lady, who had been constantly there ; she ran on mightily in the Praise of Solitude, how much she was an Admirer of that, and hated a Crowd ; yet she had been forced to rise every Morning at Four a-Clock to come to that odious

odious Assembly : Then talking of what they designed to do with the Patriarch who had been the Occasion of all this Bustle, she wished he were crucify'd for it : For her part she lov'd Moderation, and did not desire any Thing worse should come to him. This, my Lords, was the Court-Strain when I was at *Constantinople*.

The greatest Pleasure I found was in an Adventure that happened to me of the *Asian* Side, where I was retired upon account of an Indisposition, thinking the Air and Solitude a better Means of Recovery than the Croud and Vapours of a Court. I left my People at my usual Residence, and took only my Valet and one Slave : I chanced into a neat House, with an agreeable Landlady ; and because I avoided Company, I paid her her Price for the whole, though much more than I had occasion for, or designed to use. I had scarce been there two Days when she came to me, and intreated me to spare her some Part for a Lady of Quality, and her three beautiful Daughters, who designed to remain *Incognito*, having some Measures to observe before they appeared at Court, and could not conveniently be any where but at her House, whom she could trust. I told her, I found the way in the East was to be mercenary ; I could do nothing without a Bribe ; but if she would promise to introduce me to their Acquaintance, the whole House, unless my own Apartment, should be at the Service of

of the Ladies. You may be sure the Bargain was quickly struck, and, after a Nighr's Repose, I had the Honour to be admitted.

One must do the Person, who appeared the Mother, this Justice, that she looked very youthful to have three such well grown Daughters; she was perfectly fair, but infinitely affected. It had been the Fashion when her Ladyship was the Fashion, and she knew not how to depart from it. I had the good Luck, to please her, without desiring it; I don't know why I call it so, doubtless any young Fellow, of a promising Constitution, might have done the same, though my Eyes and Heart were already directed to one of her Daughters. She was as quick as Lightning, and observing my Attack, would prevent my Affections taking that Route; and therefore, by some intelligent Glances and Nods, got rid of those insupportable Companions, that would destroy her Claim to Youth and Admiration.

The first Thing she said, was to tell me, She marry'd extremely young; That there was scarce Thirteen between her self and her eldest Daughter; That her Lord was an old Man when she marry'd him, and she had suffer'd an insupportable Martyrdom, had not his Quality obliged them to be very much at Court, where the Gallantry that then reign'd, compensated for any Mortification that one met with at Home. She ran
on

on next in a long Chain of how many Lovers she had had, and, under feigned Names, gave me a Catalogue of Swarms that had suffered for her : I did not ask which way. I think she put no less than three Emperors into her List, besides a Train of Consuls, *Nobilissimi*, and Patricians : She destroyed my past Wonder every Moment with new ; I thought, if ever I should suffer Martyrdom under a Female Tongue, it was now. Thus far she did me a Kindness, that not knowing very well what to say to her (resolving not to be put upon the Roll for one of her Lovers) I could scarce have furnished any Thing on my Side for Conversation ; being naturally sincere, I hate, vain Oblations and Flattery, and have ever found my self at a Loss, how to begin with a Woman I was not disposed to love : A pretty young Lady has something in her Face, her Person and Manner, that gives one a thousand agreeable Hints. I would positively have some Method found out to acquaint all Women with their Decay ; they should be told when they begin to be no longer charming, for they will never know it else : Nothing is so ridiculous as their carrying Things to Extremity ; they would join the Spring to Autumn, *May* and *December*, the two Ends of Time, in a True-love's Knot. When a Man, Owner of either good Nature or Politeness, happens in the way of a Woman that will be taking, and finds him so, what a foolish Part must he act ! I took such a Surfeit

feit that Evening of an elderly Lady's Amours, that I have run away ever since when there was the least Danger of being left alone with any of them.

At last, Heaven be praised ! a Collation relieved me : Take her out of her vain amorous Strain, and she was very good Company, understood the World, and a Court, and had seen much that way, but was poisoned with Affectation and Self-Conceit ; she had been used to those who flatter'd her Charms, and she could not be reconciled to Indifference ; it was easie to find where she had her Education. I had not the least Inclination to enquire of her, who she was ? which I believe she would not have took ill, tho' never so much against the Rules of good Breeding : Curiosity is often a Proof of liking, which I quickly found, upon the Return of the young Ladies, who fill'd their Places at Table with us. I took care to confine my Eyes, tho' I could not my Wishes, so that Supper being over, I made a Pretence to retire, tho' her Ladyship would fain have engaged me at Chess ; a Game so sedate, that I wonder how the Mercury in her Temper would ever permit her to learn it.

I was so happy in an Hour after, to find the Ladies in the Garden, who were diverting themselves at my Cost ; they rallied me for the Complaisance their Mother had for me, which I had received with such an awkward Air, that as they were pleased to say, they pity'd

pity'd me for it; we laugh'd good Part of the Night away in an agreeable Conversation, tho' I found they were very much upon the Watch, for fear her Ladyship should know of the Liberty they took. I was so happy to single out her that had charmed me; we began a Commerce something more tender than Gallantry; all I could learn from her that Night was, that she was marry'd more for Interest than Inclination; she even proceeded to tell me, that it was dangerous for young Ladies in her Circumstance to converse with Persons so agreeable as I was; this roused my Vanity, that had lain latent since my Departure from the Court of *Orleans*: I had heard nothing like an Amusement of that enchanting kind in the politick Air of *Constantinople*, tho' 'tis true there are the handsomest Women of the World there. The *Greeks*, your Lordships know, have the Reputation of it, but they are sour'd by the new Fashion *Tour* of Religion and Politicks; tho' I would not have you think that they are a Jot more holy, lead better Lives, or are grown more wise: On the contrary, their Impertinence is now in the wrong Place, and therefore a thousand times more intolerable, since we can sooner forgive an Absurdity that's natural, than one that's acquired.

I conjure your Lordships to believe, that I never found my self in such a Surprise since I was born, as the next Morning, at seeing a Coach of Hire stop at the Gate,
and

and the Empress *Irene* lighting out of it, with only one Woman of her Chamber, who lugg'd a small Cargo, which I afterwards heard was some Wine and cold Fragments of her last Night's Supper which she had caused to be set aside by way of good Husbandry, which she is perfectly acquainted with, to come and eat with those Ladies : I with Astonishment heard, that the old one was her own Sister. Madam the Princess (the Mother was so called) her Lord had been perpetual Proconsul or rather Prince in *Mauritania*, but apostatizing to the *Saracen* Religion he was expell'd the Empire, and refuged himself in the *Persian* Court ; by which I could recollect how her Highness came to reckon so many Emperors in her amorous Train. She was a Widow and hated at *Constantinople* ; for it was suspected, that by the force of Gold dextrously apply'd to her Sister's Foible the Secrets of the Empire were no longer such to the *Persian* ; therefore she durst not publicly appear 'till the Way was smoothed for her, and the Inclinations of the People consulted. My beautiful Mistress was so complaisant to tell me their Quality, knowing I had seen the Empress ; but she recommended the Secret to me, and suffer'd me to value my self upon the Favour she had shown me in revealing it. They yet staid a Week longer at that House, where *Irene* came in the same Manner every Day for three Hours ; she used to shut her self up with the *Mauritanian* Prin-

Princess, and was so obliging, as to allow me the Conversation of her Nieces; who were kind in their Turn, and left me no more alone with her Highness, whose Civilities I did not much pride my self upon, when I once became acquainted with her diffusive Character.

We all return'd to *Constantinople*, where yet the Princess remained incognito; the young Ladies, who had no such Things to fear, were every Day at the Empress's, by which means I came oftner on her side than before, I thought my self very happy in an agreeable tender Correspondence with that lovely Lady who had charm'd me; but being oblig'd to follow her Lord into *Sicily*, she carry'd away with her all the Taste I had for the *Constantinopolitan* Court. I could not remain in a Place which her Absence had made so disagreeable; and therefore departed without Regret, carrying her fair Image with me, which yet I have not been so unhappy to lose the Idea of.

Monsieur le Count has finished in a lucky Moment, reply'd the Envoy; I see my People coming to tell us they have served: *Allons*, my dear *St. Girone*, refresh your self at Dinner, and receive our Approbation and Thanks within.

Notwithstanding the splendid Entertainment, generous Wines, polite Conversation of Monsieur le *Envoyé*, and that of the diverting Count de *St. Cirone*, *Horatio* was buried in so profound a Melancholy, that it was easie to see all his Regards were turned inwards, there to contemplate upon what more powerfully affected him, than outward Objects: Not that he was wanting in the least to *Devotum*, or an easie Manner of Behaviour; but that Spleighdiness and Fire which us'd to enliven his Conversation, seemed exchanged for a languid Tenderness, if not quite so animating, yet not less moving. It was impossible to see him, and not take part in all his Concerns; he made it every one's Will to contribute to his Relief, and to share in a Burthen which seem'd so oppressive.

Monsieur de *St. Cirone* said not to say a great many sensible Things to him on the Part of *Mons*, whose Merit and Death, he had learnt from the Prior; but because he saw that returning to a Scene so doleful in it self, rather increased *Horatio's* Sorrow, he endeavour'd by changing the Subject to one more diverting; to bring if possible, though

though but for a short time, some Suspension to the Excess of it.

Speaking of the Merit of Wives, he ask'd *Horatio*, If he knew at *Constantinople* such a one; naming a Lady who had found a Method to double her Fortune by the Generosity of her Gallant? by which means her Husband became infinitely fond of her, tho' he had ever been cool till then: At the same time continuing his Discourse, he enquired of his Lordship, if he was not intimately acquainted with *Gratians* of consular Dignity? He has drank, my Lord, in Favour of *Florella* the Court-Droll, out of *Circé* and *Medea's* Cup; for 'tis certainly Insatiation that not leans but bows him that way; he's the first Man sure of Sense, that doats in spite of Nature; or even in contradiction to her. Your know *Florella*; alas! can any Thing be so forbidding, not to say frightful? Yet he passes whole Days in kissing her Toes, and playing with her Ears; a new Method of Amour; and she brags of it. Will any Body pretend to dispute of Taste after this? The honest Gentleman her Husband, is the only one in the Empire that knows Them; and knows not their Intrigues; he is so jealous of his Honour; it would certainly drive him to Extremity, therefore they forbear to tell him of it, tho' the Affair has been of a long standing. How very much Sincerity, and Ignorance of what 'tis presumed we ought to know, can sometimes expose a Man? He was, a little before I left

Constantinople, at a publick Assembly, where the Consul shew'd a very fine Diamond he had lately purchas'd : Every one gave their Opinion of it, at length it came to his Turn ; Why ay ! says the poor Gentleman, with a very ingenuous Air ; 'tis very fine ; but is it not great Vanity to lay out so much Money upon Right, when Counterfeit makes as good a Shew ? There's *Bird* at Home as glorious as the Sun, you would swear she was stuck with Jewels, and all false. The whole Company had much to do to forbear laughing in his Face ; fortunately he was call'd away, and left them to do it among themselves, not forgetting to commend *Florella's* Address, who could pass the real, substantial, resplendent Diamonds given her by *Gratian*, for false glittering Imaginaries, on the Credulity of her uxorious Husband.

The indiscreet Conduct of Ladies, such as these, reflect, thro' Misapplication, upon the whole Sex. I could never give my self a Reason why the *Ephesian* Matron of *Petronius* should please so much, unless it were for the Sarcasticalness. Can any Thing be more unnatural than a beautiful Lady (who doubtless might have commanded the most lovely of the Youth) just expiring through Grief and Abstinence, tempted to dishonour her self, and that Glory she had so dearly purchased, for a despicable common Centinel ! Could the Charms of his Meat and Wine, in a Moment, make her forget what had been

been most valuable to her, so as to pass to an Extremity like her's, without a bigger Temptation; something more shining than could be supposed to adorn the Manner of such a Scoundrel Fellow? He should have at least allowed her one Night, that Gratitude might have interposed in Merit of the Benefit received from her Benefactor, and not have made so much haste unnaturally to corrupt a Vertue that seemed confirmed. *Petronius's* Design was doubtless to expose the Frailty of the Sex, shew their Passions in full force, and their Reason of no Account when compared with them; but had he lived to this Age, had he ever been at *Constantinople*, and beheld the wonderful *Porcia*, he would have been a Convert to their Vertue. Your Lordship cannot be ignorant of *Porcia's* Charms. I have never been so happy to see her, replied *Horatio*, therefore, pray Count, consider me as one who hearkens, with Pleasure, to all you can say.

Then your Lordship, answered the Count, has never surveyed what most in the Sex deserves your Admiration! Her Person has as many Charms as you would desire in a Mistress, if from all that beheld her you wanted to have your Choice confirmed and applauded. She is one of those lofty, black, and lasting Beauties, that strikes with Reverence, and yet Delight; there is no Feature in her Face, nor any Thing in her Person, her Air and Manner, that could be exchanged for any others, and she not prove a Loser: Then as to her

Mind and Conduct, her Judgment, her Sense, her Stedfastness, her Reading, her Wit and Conversation, they are admirable; so much above what is most lovely in the Sex, that but your Eyes, (and allow for the Musick of her Voice) your Mind would be charmed, as thinking your self conversing with the most knowing, most refined of ours; free from all Levity and Superficialness, her Sense is solid and perspicuous. Lovely *Percia* is so polite, so neat, so perfect an Oeconomist, that in taking in all the greater Beauties of Life, she does not disdain to stoop to the most inferiour; in short, she knows all that a Man can know, without despising what, as a Woman, she should not be ignorant of.

Inimitable has been her Conduct, and 'tis owing to her prodigious Modesty alone, that the whole eastern Empire does not sound her Glory. She has desired to live unknown, and has confined her self to a narrow Part of it, else her Fame had been as diffusive as her Merit; wisely declining all publick Assemblies, she is contented to possess her Soul in Tranquillity and Freedom at Home, amongst the few Happy she has honour'd with the Name of Friends.

Percia was marry'd very young to a Gentleman, who possessed larger Territories than other fine Qualifications: Their Years were unequal as their Deserts. His Education which had not always brought him to *Constantinople* to converse, together with a certain
Mo-

Morefeness of Temper, made him rather a rigid Master, than a tender Consort to the amiable *Portia*; yet she never complained, supporting his Excesses, both in Debauch and Ill-humour, like a Martyr, cheerful under her very Sufferings.

Propitious Heaven unloos'd the rugged Chain: He dy'd, she was no longer married, left very young, very handsome, very rich, but very wise! The three former Qualifications drew Crouds of Adorers, the latter as dextrously dispers'd them.

Since her Widowhood, she has been the perpetual Mark of those who wanted Fortune, and of such who aspired at possessing Merit and Beauty; a Croud of Undeservers, a Train of Deservers: The Distinguishing adore her Perfections, the Generality worship her Possessions. Many are her personal Lovers, and who even deserve to be beloved; but her Resolution no more to enslave her self, has left them small Part to hope in her Favour, all in her Esteem.

Certain of being Heiress to her Father, a Gentleman of great Riches, together with her own large Possessions, had she been influenced by her Passions, might not some tender Sentiment at an unguarded Moment, given her to have made a Choice from out of the Croud that importuned her, a Choice worthy the Name of Happiness?

Portia shining in true Merit, and possessed of all things glorious when possessed of her self, has in every minute Particular

fulfill'd the Character of a Woman of nice Honour and strict Vertue, joining in Opinion with those, who think all Women of Fortune ought to marry once; and fix'd to her own, that Glory permits none of the true Possessors of it, without some undeniable Consideration, to marry twice.

Strictly Orthodox, *Porcia* has bent her Fortune and Applications to the Advantage of the true Religion. In a Word, no Perfection is feeble, or shines dim in *Porcia*; all is strenuous, bright, confirmed, and unexceptionable. She only is worthy to supply the Loss of *Ximena*, in so great a Breast as *Horatio's*, were Fortune to do what Merit has done, would she not make the Union? Where more justly could we bestow the Charms of a Heroine, who has done all things for Vertue and Honour, than in the Arms of a Heroe, who has left nothing undone for Fame and Glory!

Horatio, with a Smile, perhaps less constrained than any that had departed from him, since the Loss of *Ximena*, told the Count de *St. Girrone*, He had Power to do all Things; and if ever he return'd to *Constantinople*, his first Business should be to get himself introduced to the charming, more than charming, the meritorious *Porcia*. The Ambassador said, when his Affairs were dispatched, he would beg Leave to attend his Lordship with the same Curiosity, to behold the Ornament of her own Sex, and the Desire of theirs.

Nothing

Nothing can be more my Wish, pursu'd the Count *de St. Girrone*, addressing to *Horatio*, than bringing any Diversion to that deep settled Thoughtfulness I observe in your Lordship. I hope I have at least amused you in speaking of *Porcia's* Merit. I rest expressly so long upon the *Constantinopolitan* Court, because the Adventures of those we know, are incomparably more diverting to us, than of such whom we never heard of; and in this Pursuit, my Lord Ambassador, I must have leave to forsake your Excellency for some Moments, applying mostly to *Horatio*. Your Lordship tells me, 'tis more than three Years since you were at *Constantinople*. Do not believe, that I have many such as *Porcia* to speak of; we'll change the Scene to the fair *Messalina's* of the Age. Surely you must have observed *Julius Sergius*; he began to sprout in your Time; but alas! his Growth is now past Knowledge! the tallest Dignities of the Empire are scarce worth his Acceptance! I'm sure the Sea and Shore are industriously and daily ravaged to supply his Luxury. Who would believe, beholding him dissolved in a Midnight Debauch, and the Delicacies of his own Palace, playing every Day for immense Sums of Gold, which he had scarce ever bebold before, that sometime since he had hardly Sandals to his Feet? The sorry Income that he was born to, could not well afford him a Draught of Wine,

or Change of Habit, to distinguish him from a Plebeian.

Wisely, for his first Adventure, he concluded with a Reverend Matron, the Relict of a Patrician, and now settled in her Patrimony, he began to look big, and thence took it into his Head to be witty: Who can help it, if in spite of Nature? But there were a Club, especially one of them, that foreseeing the rising Sun, offered, with the *Persians*, their early Adorations, and were contented to depart even from their Wit, a Reputation all Men are peculiarly fond of, to adorn their good Friend, and Midnight Companion *Julius Sergius*. 'Twas like buying of Bargains, lumping Pennyworths, wisely laying out Money in a Purchase that you inevitably foresee will turn to Account. Neither could the lucky Rogue rest in the acquired Reputation of Poetry, but he must pass on to be a Projector, a necessary Engine, a Mechanick for Government, he was bold and forward; the Necessity of the Times, and the Exigency of some Affairs, needed such Spirits. He thriv'd in all his Pretences, whether to serve the Party he had espoused, or himself: By doubling and trebling, not stabling in small, but dealing in great, in a little Time he found himself Master of a prodigious Fortune. I will not pretend to give you the Detail how he came by it, nor does it concern us; but as the Heart of Man is restless, perpetually in Motion, to be a Statesman,

rich,

rich, and consequently an excellent Poet were not enough; he must refine upon the Matter, and pretend to Learning, Gallantry, and Politeness: How superficial soever were these his Accomplishments, he made more Noise and Glare with them, than did those in whom they had never so sure, so deep a Foundation.

Irene and *Amilius* contributed by a pleasant Piece of Court-Politicks to his Excesses; there was such an Allotment, by theirs and the Junto's Appointment, out of *Constantine Caesar's* Privy-Purse of Secret Services, for *Sergius* to keep a Court and Table, to invite and entertain the Young, the Fair, the Idle, the Busy, the Wanderer, and even the Sedate; not any could defend themselves against the Charms of his Banquets, and the Luxury of his Rewards. I had once, at *Julius Sergius's* Palace, the Honour of an Assignment, by the young Lady whom I adored, the Princess of *Mauritania's* Daughter; but her Charms so wholly possessed me, that I had then no leisure for Reflection: I saw all was gay, enchanting, easie, and luxurious; but having been so happily introduced, and so favourably receiv'd by *Sergius*, I ventur'd another Time alone, with an intent, to make my self Master, as far as my Memory would permit, of all that occur'd. Whoever enters there, is oblig'd, like some happy Lovers, with regard to what they feel, to take an Oath never to report, whilst they are in the

the Empire, whatever they shall see or hear in *Julius Sergius's* Court. I am now out of it, and being a Man of some Honour, am glad 'tis no longer binding, but am pleas'd to find my Tongue at liberty to entertain both your Lordships. This religious Introduction to the most notorious Freedoms, banishes all Constraint; the Young, the Old, the Gay, and the Severe, the Coquet and the Prude, seem equally satisfy'd with the Assurance; the mutual Trust and Fidelity they have in one another, renders them perfectly easy; they eat, they laugh, they drink, they dance, they play, they loll, they love with less Constraint, than in their own Apartments; nay, so far are their Freedoms stretch'd, that a Husband, in beholding his own Wife in Company that he would no where else approve, is obliged to turn his Eyes, as if to unknow, or at least must take no notice of it here: In like manner, a Wife stuf'd with Jealousie, must not give Fire to the Train in that sacred Recess, though she behold her Lord even in the Embraces of her Rival. In a Word, all the rougher Passions disappear, you are allowed to remember nothing but Pleasure and Interest, which is the true Foundation, the invisible Spring on *Julius Sergius's* Side; that moves the Machine even in this soft, this delectable Retreat.

Here your Diversions are vary'd according to the Seasons: If the Heats are extreme, *Sergius's* beautiful Palace, built upon the

Constantinopolitan Shore, has the *Asian* Side in an unlimited Prospect, with the harmonious Dash of the Sea, that runs between, and divides it from *Europe*! Along the Margin of the Water is raised a beautiful Terrass, adorned with flourishing and perpetual Greens, that preserve their Beauty thro' every Season. Resplendent Chrystal Lamps are fixed at equal Distances, in Silver and Gold Cases, as also to the Branches of these Trees, which on the side next the Sea, form a pleasing Ascent to the Palace. Fountains and Cascades make a noble Fall and Dashing, which joining to the soft Murmurs of the Trees, full of *Sabeen* Sweets, perpetually fann'd and in a gentle Agitation by those Breezes which come off the Water, adds an enchanting native Harmony to the artful Consort of Voices and Musicians. Here you shall find those who hope to be happy Lovers, extended on the Grass, their Limbs all careless and supine, resting their Head (whilst stretched with an Air of Delight, at the Feet of the consenting Fair) upon their Mistresses Knees, taking a thousand Kisses from those charming Hands, that deliciously, and as if by chance, and undesignedly often wander, and pass over their Face to oblige them to remember how magical are the Touches of the lovely Beloved.

Dissolv'd in more substantial Joys, the forward Lovers tread the conscious adjoining Groves, enlighten'd as their Charmer's
Eyes,

Eyes, with thousands of Lamps blazing an artificial Day, which checkered with the brown Shade beneath, cast from the lofty Trees, and mingling Branches, makes that sylvan Scene vie with the most glorious, most poetical *Elizium* for Delight, the perpetual falling Blossoms furnishing the fragrant Couch. Distant Musick, the best the East affords, is placed to Advantage, with Airs languishing, enchanting, melting, which ravishes the Ear, and fills the Vacancies of Mind (if any) that Love has left unemployed: Officious beauteous Boys, like *Cupids*, *Hylas's*, and *Ganimedes*, are placed in call to bring whatever you can imagine of Refreshing, as Wines or Collation; no Hour, no Obligation, but Inclination tempts you to depart from those Joys you are in possession of; 'tis there always the beginning of the Feast, a perpetual Supply makes no point of Time necessary to enjoy the Whole; you are not obliged to attend a supercilious Master of the Entertainment, at the unanimous Instant he expects, to hear his dull Harangue upon what he designs to treat you with; here none are at an uneasy Moment called, the Moment that perhaps confirms their Bliss; all are welcome, all are happy, and employed in those Delights, most grateful to their Taste.

You pass by an easie Ascent, through three Marble Portico's and find the first Apartment full of Bathing-Rooms, the Odours, the delicious Spikenard, and all Things

Things luxurious, as well as neat and proper, invite to the Bath when there is no Occasion; They are distinguished by those of the Ladies and the Gentlemen. In the first of these are young, charming, well-dress'd, airy Girls attending for Service; in the other, Boys with their flaxen curling Hair, as wanton and beautiful as little Cupids.

By Marble Steps next you ascend to the Grand-salle, which for height and largeness, may vie with any Dining-Chamber of the East, the noble Performances of *Zenxys*, *Protagenes*, *Apelles*, and *Phidias* are the Ornaments of it, supported with *Corinthian* Pillars, whose Foliage is admirable, as is the Painting and Carvings of the Roof that sustains this ample Building: The Beds and Furniture are such as well-chosen Magnificence could invent: Twenty noble Apartments open into the Grand-salle by Christal Doors, all those Apartments finished to such a Nicety, as to inspire Delicacy and Luxury into those that shall happen to be the Guests; the Gallery is adorned with modern Pieces of Painting, but the best in the kind, done by the most able Masters, and the Representatives of those that have been famous in the Sciences and Poetry; there are not only such of the Departed, who have been admirable, but the happy Living find themselves already secured of Immortality (in the Choice *Julius Sergius* has made) of which they are ascertain'd by
being

being placed in his Gallery : There you may behold old excellent *Cassius*, who in one Comedy has furnished out more Wit than could *Plantus* and *Terence* in their whole Compositions. *Corvino* lives in an Age unworthy of him, who in exalting the *Drama* to the Perfections of the Ancients, never considered his inimitable Performances were to be judged by the undistinguishing Moderns ; the Moderns, who have not only lost all good Taste with the very Knowledge of the true Beauties of Writing, but are grown doatingly fond of a Bad, preferring Farce, Noise, Sound and Buffoonry, before the nicest turn'd Wit, the genteelest Dialect, and even (which indeed is wonderful, because a Rustick is Judge of that) before the truest Representations of Nature, wherein *Corvino* is admirable, and in spite of their no Learning, no Breeding, and Stupidity, pleases even the Degenerate ; yet far from suffering himself to be enticed by the Applause of an ill-judging Audience, he is contented to depart and please the Many, who know not why they are pleased ; he confines all his Excellencies to the few Distinguishing, yet a Number suffers by that Partiality, who can't give an Account why his Writings gives them Pleasure, but as his Silence give them Pain, they think it hard that so excellent a Muse as *Corvino's* should upon any Terms disappear.

I, who

I, who can't be properly nam'd a Judge of the *Greek*, find yet such Inchantment in *Maro's* Strain, that feeling how I my self, a Foreigner, am ravish'd, must thence conclude his better Judges, the *Grecians*, entranc'd by him. I could not behold him in *Julius Sergius's* Gallery, without something of Ejaculation, an Oblation due to *Maro's* Shrine from all that can read him. O Pity! that Politicks and sordid Interest should have carry'd him out of the Road of *Helicon*, snatch'd him from the Embraces of the Muses, to throw him into an old withered artificial Statesman's Arms! Why did he prefer Gain to Glory? Why chuse to be an idle Spectator, rather than a Celebrator of those Actions he so well knows how to define and adorn? *Virgil* himself, nor *Virgil's* greater Master, *Homer*, could not boast of finer Qualifications than *Maro*: *Maro*! who alone, of all the Poets, truly inspir'd, could cease to be himself; could degenerate his godlike Soul, and prostitute that inborn Genius, all those noble Accomplishments of his, for Gold; could turn away his Eyes from the delicious Gardens of *Parnassus*, of which he was already in possession, to tread the wandring Maze of Business. Farewel *Maro*, 'till you abandon your artificial Patron, Fame must abandon you!

Can *Julius Sergius* with any Modesty, or indeed without Remorse, behold the Picture of *Gallus*: *Gallus*! whose easie natural Muse and early Friendship, has made both

both of them Immortal ! Where is Gratitude ? Where is Honour, in neglecting him, the first Step upon which he mounted from Obscurity ? O *Sergius* ! you learnt not all Things of *Gallus* : You did not effect it, else you had been acknowledging, you had been just ; you would have forbore being vindictive, or revengeful, and have distinguish'd between private Acts of Friendship, and a publick conscientious Dispensation ; you would never have forgot the Obligation to rest upon the Resentment : Yet shall *Gallus* live for ever in his peculiar Strain, his own immortal Numbers, and in the Reputation he has acquired to the Glory of the Empire abroad : When *Julius Sergius's* Ill-nature and Ingratitude shall be only spoken of, *Gallus* shall still be remembered with Esteem, with Pleasure, and Admiration : *Gallus* ! who in raising *Sergius's* Fame, has for ever established his own.

Julius Sergius is superficially gallant, as well as polite, and would be loth to leave the Ladies Room to complain of him, for not affording them a Place in his Gallery ; he has suffered *Sappho* the Younger to be exalted there, who tho' when living, was Owner of a Soul as amorous as the Elder, yet wanted much of that Delicacy, and all that nice, yet daring Spirit (of which here is but a faint Imitation) so applauded in *Phon's* Mistress.

Nor has another of the Sex forbore to intrude her self ; *Constantine* abounds in

Pre-

Pretenders of both Kinds, the Result of that Silence, which has invaded those who are truly Master of the Muses; but this Thing without a Name, is only known by the permission *Julius Sergius* gave her to invoke him as a Patron; if she had any other Art of pleasing him, he had best conceal it, lest he make himself the Laugh of those numerous Coxcombs by whom her Address and Adulations have been so often rejected: Much good may it do you, *Sergius*, with *Lais's* Charms, the Leavings of the Multitude.

The great Interest he had, commanding That which commands All, drew many to address to him: For one Season it was become an absolute Fashion, none thought themselves the Poet, if *Sergius* the *Mecenas*, were not the Patron. This Custom induc'd a certain Lady to present his Lordship with the Labours of her Brain, but she was so forbidding, or rather so shockingly ugly, that *Sergius* with all his good Nature and affected Gallantry, could not afford her a Place in his Gallery, deferring to ask the Favour of *Clarinda* to sit for her Picture, 'till he should have an occasion to make a Collection of the Furies, where she may assure her self of the Presence.

Delectable lazy *Lucretius*, are you to conclude, as you began, with *Phedra* alone? Are you contented to have outdone the Pattern *Euripides* set? Do you believe all that heavenly Bounty of the Muses was lavished upon

upon you to treasure up in your own Breast? That Strength and Perspicuity of Style, the Numerousness of your Verse; that easie Flow of Numbers, that enchanting happy Art of yours, in Metaphors and Similies, and all those ravishing Beauties that at once delight and astonish!

My Lords, I am far gone in the Gallery of Poets, and know not how to get out, not even to take part of *Sergius's* sumptuous Feast; imagine the Beds carv'd by the most exquisite Workmen, the Quilts and Pillows of finest Wool, the double *Phenician* Purple Dye, with Coverings of Embroidery in Gold, Scarlet and Pearls; the Tables either massy Silver, or more expensively inlaid; not *Apicius* himself was a greater Epicure than is *Sergius*: *Lucrin* Oysters, *British* Cockles adorn his Board, the stately Turbut and delicious *Sicilian* Mullet swim again in the rich Wines of *Calabria*, cramm'd Peacocks, the *African* Hen, and every Bird that wings the Air, pays Tribute to his Feast; the Lake of *Thrasimene*, and the Shore of *Liguria*, provides him Caviar and Sturgeon; in short, nothing is wanting, or rather, all Things are there; with huge *Corinthian* Vessels, massy Plate imboss'd; Earthen-ware double gilt; Christal Glasses: His Musicians are as admirable in their Art as are his Cooks: Then for Desert, after a Parade of Fruit and Sweetmeats, who can compare with *Sergius*? Who like him covers the Table, for the last Time, with something
more

more solid than Meat and Drink? There you may behold a vast Service of Perfumer, precious Ointments, sweet *Grecian* Oils and scented Waters, even Jewels and Gold in Specie are the produce of his Board, with enchanted Pieces of Sticks so artificially carv'd, that 'tis but delivering them to the Imperial Treasurer, and they shall straight at his Touch, be converted into Silver, so many Notches so many Talents; there are also Scripts of Paper, upon which are drawn Hieroglyphicks, intelligible to the Superintendants, who upon Sight exchange them for good Money: What is required here from the Ladies in return to *Sergius's* Generosity, is, only to follow their own Inclinations in pleasing the Men, from the Men to obey and please *Irene* and *Amilins*.

Julius Sergius was the only Person, when I was there, that seem'd unentertain'd at his own Festival; I observed a Cloud upon his Brow, which he, in vain, strove to drive away with Wine and Dice, which us'd to charm him. *Bacchus* is a Familiar of his, he carouzes every Night with that jolly God, 'till he sometimes loses the Remembrance of any other Deity: But I would have your Lordships to know, how awful soever he is at other times in Quality of Statesman, he is no wiser than other Men at his own Table, and his own midnight Diversions. My fair Introdutress, together with the Honour I had of being Favourite to Count *Martell*, *Charles* the King's Ambassador,

bassador, whom all made it their Business
 to oblige; rendered me off no mean Consi-
 deration to *Julius Sergius*; after he had long
 labour'd himself in doing the Honours of
 his House, running from Room to Room,
 drinking Bowl after Bowl, he at length
 found himself fatigu'd, and alone, in the
 Grand-salle; only myself who was as idle
 as he; no charming Fair making me blest;
 and as to deep play so many Things are to
 be said against that ungenerous, unfair Di-
 version; and nothing for it, that I never
 pursue it; tho' there were Numbers that
 bent themselves to it at *Sergius's* Palace; and
 vast Sums in every Corner of the House
 were won and lost: *Julius*, whose Genius
 that Night was turn'd another way, decli-
 ned the Dice and came to entertain me;
 which I was assur'd was an excessive Com-
 pliment and Self-Denial; I was surpriz'd
 at the Honour; the rich *Calabrian* and *Chios*
 Wines quickly made us Intimates; but I,
 who had more Curiosity than Desire of
 Drinking; meant only to introduce my self
 into his Confidence; that he might wander
 with me from Alcove to Alcove; and ex-
 plain the History of blissful Lovers; those
 Hieroglyphicks of the Happiness of his
 Palace.

Beginning to speak of himself to him-
 self; knowing his Character, that he was
 vain-glorious, affected Politeness and Ge-
 nerosity; endless Topicks, in which per-
 haps we might have consumed the Night
 before

Before I should be able to draw him thence, I hasted to his Amours. I think, my Lord *Julius Sergius*, continued I, addressing more closely to his Lordship, 'tis hard, that of all this heavenly Prospect of Happiness, your Lordship is the only solitary Lover: What is become of the charming *Bartica*? Can she live a Day, an Hour, without you? Sure she's indisposed, dying, or dead: You call the Tears into my Eyes, dear Count, answered the Heroe sobbing, she's a Traiteess, an inconstant proud Baggage, yet I love her dearly, and have lavished Myriads upon her, besides getting her worthy ancient Parent a good Post for Connivance. But, would you think it? She has other Things in her Head, and is grown so fantastick and high; she wants me to marry her, or else I shall have no more of her; truly! 'Twas ever a proud Slut; when she pretended most Kindness, when she was all over Coquet, and covered to engage me more and more; when our Intimacy was at the height, she us'd to make my Servants wait three Hours for an Answer to a How-d'-ye, or a Letter, which I sent every successive Morn. As to a Letter, interrupted I, there may be some Excuse for that, my Lord: For what Woman, or indeed Man, can dare to write to a Person of your Lordship's Character, the Quintessence of Wit and Politeness, without copy, and recopying, again? That's true, dear *St. Girrone*, answered his propitious Lordship, then kissing me close, and doing me

me the Favour of the Glass, to let me know he expected I should follow his Example, he drank deeply, and after cry'd out in an Extasie,

And Wit for ever Scarlet from this Vein shall flow!

Then asking my Excuse, 'twas a Flight of his own Poetry, he presented me the Wine, and continu'd his Indignation against *Bar-rica*. He told me, if he pin'd himself to Death, he was resolv'd not to marry her whilst she was so saucy. I don't brag, my dear Count, but methinks I have some Qualifications, besides my Wealth, and being of consular Dignity, that deserves as good a Wife; my Person is not contemptible, and as to my Wit and Sense, look into the Writings of all those Moderns who durst deliver their Opinion, who durst presume to dedicate to me; see There, what future Ages will think of me; Time was, a Man thought his Fortune made, if he could but invoke *Julius Sergius*; and as to State-Affairs, I'll say no more, let Things speak for themselves, every Body knows how Matters were reduced when I took them in hand. Had they a *Denary* but what was adulterated, and very few left of Them? Who retriev'd all? Who did such Wonders that amazed our Enemies, and set our very Friends at a Gaze? 'Tis true, I found my Account prodigiously in what I did, and have got a good Post for Life? What of that?

that? happen what will, they can do me no hurt: Few Governments, my Lord, are as grateful as they should be! If I had my Deserts, where would *Emilius* be? and yet he's the fortunate Man; and, tho' I say it, crouds into that Station which is my due; but I see the Petticoats governs all: 'Tis something indeed to have been able to please them, I know no other Merit, between Friends, that *Cajus Emilius* can pretend to. Come, my Lord the Count, pledge me in this sparkling Bowl of *Calabria*, let us not forget *Irene* that magnificent grateful Empress, who when a Man can please no more, still considers him for what he has done; so much for *Emilius*. I might have been as lucky, but the Destinies be hated for it, I could not take the Hint and improve my good Fortune; 'twas one Morning when a Piece of foreign News brought me to her Bed-side, she coqueted with her Eyes, and every Part about her, but I was an unintelligent Blockhead, and never reflected on't till I was going out of her Apartment: I had a good mind to have returned, and endeavoured to have atoned for my Omission, but the Court filled; and she never gave me another Opportunity; Fool and Beast as I was, I did not deserve it; but she has looked upon me since with quite another Air: And did I not do those Things you see, make these Feasts, and initiate all the Youth of any Consideration, so as to make them fit to bear whatever Impression the Party

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think

think fit, I suppose I might have been laid aside. He would have run on for ever, if the Waiters had not introduced *Euripbus* the Eunuch, and *Maria* the *Asian* Singer, with a whole Chorus of inferior Voices: Whilst *Sergius* was busying himself in receiving those Hirelings, who have more Respect shewed them at *Constantinople* than Persons of the first Merit and Distinction, I stole away, and resolved to wander thro' that Maze of Bliss by my self, since I found there was no Hopes of getting *Julius* along with me. Each Apartment was accessible, all yielding to the Sight by their Chrystal Lights, and an exact *Decorum* observed, not to intrude upon one anothers Pleasures; but as I was a Stranger, and not very solicitous of Fame, I made no scruple to pry about, and even to lean my Ears and Eyes to the magnificent Glass-Doors, that bestowed a clear and noble Prospect of that Happiness I was in search of, and could not forbear to envy.

Being a Stranger, and having none to explain to me the Names, Persons, or Adventures of those whom I beheld, I shall be able to give but an imperfect Relation.

The first that offered was a Lady, well-featured, of an excellent Complexion, with a great deal of Youth upon her Face, but mingled with an Air so enterprizing, that I could not forbear thinking she had Courage enough for an *Amazon*. The beautiful
Youth

Youth that had the Honour to please, seem'd all obsequious, and careful to oblige : Whatever had been the tender Moments, those I heard were filled with the Lady's Adventures, and her Conquests over her Husband : She walked about as if a robust restless Spirit were natural to her. Would you think it, *Narcissus*, said she, I am stronger than my Lord, and have got the better of him several times at Cuffs ? My Lord ! I shall never be reconciled to that hideous Name ! my Plague, my Fool. He is the ugliest Fellow in the Empire ! A whey-fac'd, wall-ey'd, water-gruel Wretch ! Had my Mother no Body else to pick out for me ? Ah ! odious Creature ! But I am bound, and must obey ; I know my Duty. How do you think we agree about the Point of Superiorship ? There's scarce a Night but we've a Trial of Skill. Our Diversion is Kicking, and which shall kick best is the Word, till one of us is kick'd out of Bed ; thump we fall upon the Floor. The Victory often remains on my Side. Let me speak it, my dear *Narcissus*, without boasting, I am a Soldier's Daughter, I was Conqueress last Night. The impertinent Fool wou'd know when I saw you ; but I made him pay for his Question. Here the Lady repeated the Motion with her Foot, at which she seem'd very expert, very much in her Element, and diverted even with the Repetition of her Heroick Exploits : And then, went she on : We observe Conditions most honourably ;

for the Vanquish'd, without a Murmur, is obliged to rise and depart to another Bed : And do not you think, that this Matrimonial Life is very heavenly.

The next I saw was a Scene of much more Softness, in an Alcove, where repos'd a Lady, under the Figure of *Ariadne*, almost naked, as she is represented by the Painters in the Embraces of *Bacchus*, for such appeared the Mien of the Person that was with her. This more lovely *Ariadne* had an Air of Desire and Sweetness infinitely engaging : She leaned upon the Bosom of her Deity, as if dissolved in Pleasure, and crown'd a Goblet that was in her Hand, full of Muscadine, to the Immortality of their Joys. *Lydia*, her Confidant, and Fashioner of her Wardrobe, drank deep ; then fill'd to *Philomela*, a Nymph agreeable for her Voice, and the Knock she had in pleasing *Ariadne*. *Bacchus* did not forbear to do Justice in his turn, when the Lady, whom he held embraced, playing with those Garlands of Vine-leaves that he wore, commanded *Philomela* to give them an amorous Air ; which when she had performed, she drew her to her, and kiss'd her Lips, with Eyes swimming in Delight and a peculiar Satisfaction : Let me die, my lovely Girl, said she, if thou hast not all the Deliciousness and Flavour in thy Breath, that one can imagine. My dear *Bacchus*, try the Pleasure of her moist Kisses ; I could wear away a Life upon her Lips, press me closer, thou

thou enchanting Girl: Not all Mankind can give me such *poignant* Joys! Here followed a very new and out-of-the-way Scene, but of what I can only imagine; for dexterous *Lydia* slipp'd a twisted Cord of Silk, which in a Moment left all in the Dark, the numerous Lamps being at one Instant not extinguished, but obscured and covered by Silver Machines artificially contriv'd. I heard tender Sighs and broken Murmurs succeed the Light, 'till after a convenient Season of Darkness, adroit *Lydia* pull'd the Cord, and all was Day again. The new fill'd sparkling Bowls grac'd their Hands afresh; they drank all together to the God of Love, and wished themselves, and one another, unintermitting Health, to taste for ever the Joys of Love and Wine in Perfection, as they did now!

I could not forbear laughing, when, in the next Apartment, I beheld that old luxurious Patrician *Cataline* with a young Girl of no extraordinary Beauty. She look'd wholesome, ungain, and country, those were all the Charms that appeared in her. He affected to cajole her with amorous Transports and Artifices so easily seen thro', as indeed are the best of his, that I am surprized, there are any so weak as still to be deceived by him; being but just enter'd before I had gain'd the transparent Door, I saw their Meeting, and with what pretended Ardour he left his first Kisses upon her Lips. Well, my dear *Corinna*, don't you find

And I am a Man of Honour? Tho' I deceive all the World, I'll never deceive thee? How dost thou like him? I promise he shall be thy Husband, if thou'lt accustom thy self to my Embraces. The Girl seemed coy, and he pursued her with his Kisses: Why, my Dear, what art thou afraid on? Let me but come to thee, I'll do thee no Hurt in the World. Ask that malicious Slut *Cloe*, my last Mistress, she'll tell thee I am a very civil Person. I thought I had Impudence enough, but she even out-does me. I remember my Wife was newly brought to Bed of a Son, no Matter how she came by him; there he was, that concerns no Body, as long as I am easie why should others be busie? I suppose they'll be now upon the same Enquiry. That bold *Cloe*, though she had but just before left me for a younger Spark, had the Confidence to send to me, as she said for the last time, for a good round Sum of Money, which if I should have refus'd, she threatned to tell all the Town, upon her Knowledge, that That Boy my Wife had, cou'd be none of mine. Therefore pretty *Corinna*, thou needest not be afraid of me; to Morrow thou shalt be marry'd: I have fixed all Things with thy Mother, and the young Booby Patrician; neither can his Father, with his covetous Tricks, disinherit him of all; there's a very good Estate settled upon him as eldest Son. I know sure what I do: If that old Curmudgeon, that wont afford Oil for his Lamps,

Lamps, nor Meat to his Board, is not reconcil'd, I'll take care of thee, thou shalt command all I have. In the mean time accept of these Jewels, and be sure to wear them as Nuptial Ornaments, that thy Husband may think they were given thee by thy Mother. The Diamonds seemed to make the Girl more complying; she grew fonder of them than of her old Lover. I did not stay to see how he succeeded, because the distance of their Age seemed so unnatural, I felt neither Sympathy nor Pleasure.

I was wandering to another Apartment, when I was met by *Julius Sergius*, who did me the Favour to tell me, He had been in search of me, and that the Tables were recovered with a thousand Delicacies. Since I had not a Mistress to employ me better, he would take no Denial; I must return to the Banquet with him. As we were traversing the Gallery, I was struck with the sight of so majestick a Beauty, that my Blood thrill'd, and ran to guard my Heart from the Surprise her Features gave me! Ha! *Sergius*! cry'd I out, as transported, What have we here? the *Idalian Queen Cибера* herself is descended in Honour of your Festival! Behold her conspicuous in that lovely, all commanding Form: I must make haste to worship her. Come away, Mad-man, cry'd *Julius Sergius* retaining me: Do you not see that Gentleman with her? He is her Lover, and a Man of Honour; your Adornations had better take another Turn, or you

must expect a Rencontre. And is she then a Mortal, interrupted I? Who? What? for Heaven's sake, dear *Julius* inform me: Let me have one View more of that inevitable Goddess. Let us walk silently, and in Admiration, by them. Heavens! what a Symmetry of Beauty! how graceful her Mien! how awful her Presence! what a Harmony is there in that glorious Face! how well-formed! what Glances she throws from her bewitching Eyes! how arched are her Eye-brows! how finely turn'd her Nose! I shall be distracted 'till I press the Rubies of those enchanting Lips; there's Incantation in her Smiles: Behold! she speaks, and shows a thousand new Beauties. Was ever any Teeth in the World to compare with her's? How white! how well-rang'd! how red her Gums! how fragrant must be that Breath which departs from so charming a Mouth! I shall run mad in gazing on her. What I can say is, That 'till this Moment I never beheld Perfection. All the Nations I have passed through, cou'd never shew me any Thing comparable to her. Is she not a Queen, an Empress? Had she her Deserts, as she is most Excellent, she should surely be the Greatest. Dear *Sergius*, keep me no longer upon the Rack, but let me know something of her who has inevitably wounded me. She is far from being what she deserves, reply'd *Sergius*: Her Name is *Alenia*, born of Parents of very good Repute; but dying whilst she was yet a Girl, they left her with little or no

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Fortune, to be ruin'd by those Charms which should have rais'd her; for if Beauty, as certainly it is, be a Woman's greatest Merit, *Alenia* ought to have been Empress of the East. Though her Mind is also nearly ally'd to her Form, she is just, she is generous, good-natur'd, universally complaisant, and taking even to her own Sex, who can't help admiring, though they envy her, which they have done to such a degree, that despairing by the Malice of their Tongues to lessen the Reputation of her Charms, they fall foul upon her Fame, and severely revenge themselves there; for if a Lady happens to be but once indiscreet, tho' seduc'd in an Age so early, that she knows not the Value of Discretion, she is at the Mercy of all Tongues for ever after, and becomes answerable for all they think fit to charge her with, though it be even for those Persons she never beheld.

But why does not some generous happy Man, answered I, atone for the Injustice of Fortune, and marry her, since she has Honour and Gratitude to set a Value upon the least Obligation? Who would not be proud of such a Wife? Because, reply'd *Sergius*, there are many that seek to ruin the Honour and Vertue of Women, few to repair them; all are fond of having a fine Creature upon their own Terms, scarce any on her's, if without a Dowry she raises her Petensions so high as Matrimony. The blessed Man that first possessed *Alenia*, if he

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did

did marry her, as some imagine, has thought fit to disown it. Was it possible, think you, that so bright a Charmer could live without Millions of Importunities? Amongst the Croud that adored and followed her Steps, she has declared in favour of that Person you beheld her with, who does every thing else to deserve the Blessing, and is envy'd for his good Fortunes by all that have Eyes, and know the Value of such miraculous Beauty: I may very well call hers so, because I never yet saw any who were not charm'd by her, the Eyes of the whole Amphitheatre and Cirque being directed, whenever she appears, to her alone: In the Imperial Gardens, or any other Walks, they divide and make a Lane, that she may pass triumphantly along. Oh! how unjust is Fortune! interrupted I, That that Form should be attended with any Unhappiness, that an early Fault, before Reason could be born, should make her future Character unfair. Can any Man pretend to love, who is in Circumstances to deserve her, and not retrieve her Fame? what does he fear? All Mankind in beholding her, must be of his Side: Is not so much Beauty an Excuse for any Indiscretion, granting it were one? But for my part I call it otherwise; I term it Virtue, and doing a meritorious Action, to redeem so lovely a Creature from the greatest of Misfortunes, the Aspersions of the World.

You

You are really charm'd, answer'd *Sergius*. So much, I continu'd, that I dare no more behold her, since only a Soldier of Fortune; 'twould be Temerity in me, to pretend to the least of her Favours. Were I a Monarch, you shou'd quickly see how much I ador'd and valu'd *Alenia*.

Hist, hist, cries *Julius Sergius*; do you observe nothing, pulling my Robe to make me attentive? Nothing new but an old Woman, I know her to be such by her Gate tho' her Vail be down; she that steals along. That's no such a Sight sure, answer'd I peevishly, to divert me from killing *Alenia's* Prospect! Follow her! follow her! reply'd he, I give you leave, and then bring me Word what you have seen through the Chrysal-Gates. I obey'd, and beheld an Alcove richly, lasciviously adorn'd, even superior to the rest, where a beauteous Woman was waiting; One, whose Face is very well known, and the better, because 'tis none of her own. The old Beldam (in appearance) threw up her Veil, and flew to the Charmer's Arms, who in receiving the Caress, threw her fair Face over the *Madona's* Shoulder, and put out her Tongue with a Mien of Scorn and Dislike; then turning short upon me, the Extasie seemed to require it, the reverend Matron confess'd the Figure, or Magical Representative of *Caius Amilius*; it could not surely be himself; I burst out into so excessive a Laughter, that I was forced to withdraw from my Chrysal Perspective.

spective. *Julius Sergius* attended me ; perceiving I had made the Discovery ; Come Count, cry'd he, sneering, the Entertainment waits us ; she was once mine ; Play and Money gave me an Opportunity of seeing her often at her Mother's, but we must not be always happy.

Whilst Monsieur *St. Gironne* was endeavouring to divert *Horatio*, one came from his Tent, to tell him, That Count *Alarick* was taken dangerously ill with a violent Fever, Lightness of the Head, and Pain of the Side ; that he had complain'd in the Morning, but would not have his Lordship disturbed 'till now, that there seem'd an absolute Necessity for the Advice of a Physician and a Person to bleed him : The Count received the Message with much good Nature and Concern, praying *Horatio* and Monsieur *le Envoy*, to permit him to wait upon the Sick. The Prior ordered his Physician should attend him ; they found *Alarick* very ill, but his Illness appeared not dangerous, because Bleeding and proper Remedies being apply'd (the Envoy's Pavilion affording all Things necessary) his Pain began to abate, and he fell into a Slumber, which when the Count *de St. Gironne* perceived, leaving proper Orders, he return'd to the engaging *Horatio* and the Envoy.

After having satisfy'd their Curiosity and Concern, about *Alarick's* Health, Fortune gives in to my Desires. My Lords, continued

tinued he, with a gallant Air, though I would not wish to have bought their Gratification at so great a Price as the Count's Danger, yet in the Inclination I have to possess the Conversation of two so polite, I can by no means quarrel with the Incident; apparently it will be some time (if the Count escapes with Life) before we shall be able to continue our Journey; I fear it was the late Precipitation with which we travell'd that occasioned his Illness. I have endeavour'd to obey in a long Relation about *Constantinople*: My Lords, shall not I be oblig'd in my turn? Will not *Horatio* give some Account of the *Iberian War*, and of those Adventures that have made him dear to Fame, or rather the only Man upon Earth that is truly in possession of her? *Charles the Frank*, and *Theodorick of the Vandals*, may be justly said to have done stupendious Things, but they had Armies to fight their Battles, and Money to pay their Men; whereas your Lordship has out-done even Knight Errantry, and took Towns and Kingdoms, as if by Enchantment, without Men or Money! Well may the coming Ages, as certainly they will, think it all Romance, since even those that were Spectators, scarcely believ'd what they saw, rubbing their Eyes, as if to awaken themselves from a Dream of Fairy-Land. I never was so curious of any Knowledge as what relates to the Actions that your Lordship has perform'd: In spite of Suppression, Misrepresentation, and En-

vy, they reached *Constantinople*, and with such *Eclat*, that made the Glory *Stauracius* had been labouring for, tremble from the Pinnacle upon which his Flatterers had hoisted her! All tarnished! pale! and quivering! She could no longer maintain her Station; she precipitately descended, or rather fell! She in a moment disappeared when *Horatio* the Immortal was mentioned: You were the Theme that amazed and delighted! *Irene* her self said he must be removed, to prevent the People returning to their old Heathen Worship; you would again incite Idolatry, and force them to believe there was more in it than Fiction, since neither *Mars* nor *Hercules* had performed Things so astonishing as had *Horatio*! Your Disgrace, my Lord, was owing to your self; you were in earnest, you meant to overcome, and you had doubtless succeeded. The World, under your inimitable Conduct had had Repose, the Conquest of *Iberia* would have been the finishing Stroke! that at once had shut the Gates of *Janus's* Temple, and restor'd Peace to the Empire of the East and West. But what then would have become of the invulnerable *Stauracius*? his Valour had been without Employment, nor had the good Intentions of Fortune avail'd him any thing; all those mighty Conquests he has since gain'd, would never have been; it does not suffice to say, these had been no Occasion for them; think you it is a small Thing to take a Heroe short in his Course

to Glory? No! No! Better a Million of vulgar Lives and Mines of Treasure should be sacrificed, be exhausted, than he abate the least Grain of that stupendious Reputation he has acquired. You must be contented, my Lord, at being removed as a foreseen unlucky Incident, that would have prevented, with an over-officious Valour and Conduct, those Matters of Triumph he has since met with; and which has concurred to make him an Object at once formidable and fortunate.

Indeed, Monsieur the Count, answer'd Horatio, with an obliging Air, I know how to take Things spoken in Gallantry. I do not pretend to merit any Part of what you have been pleas'd to attribute to me, yet I am sorry that I cannot obey your Commands; imagine how vain I must appear, in giving you my self the Detail of a War which was upheld by Miracle, and where Fortune doubtless deserved the Share which my Friends or Flatterers have made over to me. But because I must not wholly refuse you, be pleas'd to await the Return of one of my Servants, who is gone with two of Monsieur le Envoy's, and his *Passe-partout* to *Nova*; I hope they will come back with the most agreeable Person upon Earth: That City was appointed our Rendezvous, in parting with him I design'd thither, but the Siege has prevented me; you will find in that Gentleman an inevitable Charm; there

there is Strength, Sweetness, Perspicuity, Truth and Eloquence in all he writes and speaks; he is an *Excellent Advocate* for a *Declining General*; oppressed as I am by Fortune, do you not think I stand in need of such a one? my Friend, my Physician, and if the Term may be allow'd, my Lover, as all Mankind must be his; you will be charm'd with his Conversation, his Wit is so just, so bright, his immense Views have taken in all Things. If we consider him in his own Profession, there is none more learn'd, more diligent, more generous, or more lucky; his Philosophy and new Hypotheses, young as he is, is already quoted by the learned World, with the same Authority as *Hippocrates*; his *Latin* is that of the *Augustan Age*; he has done surprizing Things that and every way: Upon his Return to *Constantinople*, I do not doubt but to see him as Eminent as his Deserts, Great in all the Offices of Life. I can refer you to him with an Assurance of Satisfaction, since none is so fit to give an Account of the *Iberian War*, because he attended my Person, and was an Eye-Witness of all that pass'd. I need not fear in raising your Expectations to do him any Dis-service; for I can give no Character to his Advantage, that he will not answer; he is so much a Gentleman, so well-turn'd, so refin'd, his Modesty only is an Exception against him; for in meriting all Things, *Celsus* will hear of nothing; it puts

puts him in Pain even to have his Probity and good Principles commended, which all may own without a Blush, since Persons should rather blush to be without them, for when Truth and Honesty are departed, Conversation becomes intolerable.

You give us Pain, interrupted the Envoy, till we are so happy to see this Gentleman; if he be already arrived at *Nova*, we may expect the good Fortune to Morrow. One common Curiosity inspired us both, answer'd *Horatio*, the young King of the *Vandals*, we are come so far to behold him, his Glory has given us Desire. He is indeed an Original, pursu'd the Ambassador, a very new Character, so much a King in his Performances, so small a one in his Manner, I dare say your Lordship will agree you never saw any Thing like him, but himself; yet he's very handsome, I speak only of his Behaviour and Contempt of Grandour, he is as careless of his Person as he is diligent in War; so over-run with Neglect of himself, that there is something in That as extraordinary as in his Courage. 'Tis not his time to be polite, or rather young, tho' he be, he is already past it, and so much past it, as 'tis fear'd never to return to it again: That Coldness and Stiffness which he affects towards the fair Sex, and which the World thinks so unnatural, is a Disgust he took in a very early Age. Your Excellency, answer'd *Horatio*, is acquainted with every Thing:
Since

Since *Celsus* is not yet come, we must beg leave of Monsieur de *St. Girrone*, to suspend his Curiosity as to the Affairs of *Iberia*; the Count with a Bow seem'd to acquiesce, and *Horatio* addressing to him, continued thus. In expectation of my Friend's Arrival, whom it will be impossible for you to know and not love him as well as I do; If your Lordship permits, I will beg from Monsieur le *Envoy*, the Continuation of what has pass'd among the *Sarmata*: He began the Relation last Night, and it will be extreamly obliging, if he be pleas'd to continue it now.

My Lord Ambassador, answer'd the Count, with a Smile, How comes the heavy dull King of the *Almains* to have out-witted the refined Policy of the King our Master, and your Excellency? His procuring the Election of the Prince of the *Saci* unknown, unthought of, in Prejudice to Prince *Arminius*, was such a Master-piece, as will for ever retrieve his Character, and darken that of *Charles*. We did not expect a Storm from that Quarter, reply'd the Envoy a little confused, our Views were not so extensive, and I acknowledge, we were to blame: But who would have imagin'd that a christian Prince, how ambitious soever, would have renounc'd his Religion to worship Idols? But there was something more in it than That, Love and Disgust were at the bottom, the first for his Mistress, the second to his Princess; but

but if both your Lordships please, I will return to the Story where I left last Night.

Horatio and the Count assured his Excellency that there would be nothing more acceptable, which occasioned him to begin thus.

The

The Continuation of the History of SARMATIA.

WITH your Lordship's Leave, addressing to *Horatio*, I will sum up in a few Words, to the Count *de St. Girrone*, what I had the Honour to tell your Lordship last Night; which he having accordingly done, ending at the Lady *Honoria's* Death; his Excellency pursued his Narrative in this Manner.

Fond of any Occasion that could engage me with the Queen, (whom I desired might confide in me, tho' in vain, she was too crafty and distrustful) I one Day happen'd upon that which I imagin'd favourable; because all Women love to hear of their Power, an Opinion of their Charms can countervail Misfortunes. I found her Majesty in Tears: The Physicians had just told her, The King's Distemper puzzled all their Art, and they could form no advantagious Judgment of the Success. I did my Endeavour, by extolling the Happiness she might hereafter expect, to perswade her to bear the present Misfortune as became a Heroine, as she was: I know not whether I did not even go further, and assure her Majesty, that
I took

I took so great a Part in all her Concerns, that she could not be grieved but I must be infinitely disquieted, because that nothing upon Earth affected me in comparison to the Interests of her Majesty, whose Beauty had made so deep an Impression upon my Heart, that Time could not efface. I am not used to such Gallantries, my Lord Ambassador, she answered; neither do I believe that you so much as know what you are discoursing of. Would to Heaven, I reply'd, with something too great an Empressment, that I were so insensible of what your Majesty says; but to my Misfortune, I am much less than I dare tell your Majesty: Behold, my Lords, what a goodly Foundation here was for the Queen's Rage? Had her Beauty been in its first Bloom, the Anger and Ill-nature she assumed, would in a Moment have destroyed it! Her Brows purs'd, she wrinkled her Forehead, already very obedient and ready by time to run into that Tract, the Rays of her Eyes united in a Point, from whence they darted a Stream of Envy, Pride, and Desire of Revenge; her whole Countenance became furious and distorted, not flushed with a generous Red, but pale almost to Death, or worse, an ashy livid Hue, whence in a Moment succeeded a Purple that approached near to Black, and made her quivering Lips frightful; Disdain and Resentment had turn'd her Blood adust, the Veins of her Neck swelled, her Voice en-

enlarged, and with a shrill and furious Accent, she asked me, 'How I durst lose my Respect towards a Person of her Rank? Did I imagine my self in the Court of Orleans? yet even there, the Center of Foppery and *des Sorisse*, Crowned Heads were exempt from such insolent Attempts! That she had long observed my Folly, but had for her own sake forbore to take notice of it, till the Thing spoke it self too plainly; that however she had been born in the Country of Coquets and Fops, her Education had happened where true Virtue reigned, where Women were conscious that Merit sprang not alone from Beauty, 'twas Glory that composed their Coronet! not to be approached or sullied by Hands so prophane as mine:' So saying, her sacred Majesty, with the same Air, flounced into the next Apartment, and left me alone; and had I been really a Lover, as disconsolate as she could wish; but Heavens be praised, her Disdain not much tormenting me, I felt no great Remorse or Dissatisfaction, nay, was more disposed to laugh than to lament; so true it is that the affected Cruelties and Indignation of a mistaken Prude, ever affords matter of Diversion, rather than Mortification.

But as contemptible as this appeared in it self, the Consequences were considerable, since it excluded her vertuous Majesty, and her wise Off-spring from the second Vote, either

either of us, or our Confederates; for Prince *Armatus* not succeeding, we might have assisted Prince *Alexis*; she writ that Hour to the King of the *Franks*, complaining in obscure Terms, of my Insolence and want of Respect, desiring I might be recalled. The next Day, to make her Indignation more remarkable, she went to the Palace where I was lodged, knowing I was then engaged at Court, and search'd all the Apartments, till in my Bed-Chamber, she found her own Picture, which I had bought some Days before of a very good Limner at an excessive Price; her Majesty had been told it by some officious Person, and thinking me unworthy to have such a Jewel in my Possession, however dearly bought, came in Person to take it triumphantly away without any sort of Complement, Apology, or Consideration of the Money it had cost me.

Some few Days after, the King fell into a Lethargy, which in eighteen Hours carried him off: I went to condole with her Majesty, but was not admitted: I laughed at the Fantast, considering how very freely my Heart beat; it was particular, very particular, to be treated as a Criminal, when nothing could be more innocent; the Princes her Sons, except the eldest, were something less unreasonable, and received my Compliments of Condolance with a very good Grace, especially the Princess whom Prince *Alexis* had the Honour to marry; she knew the World,

World, and thought it could not at all disadvantage her to be civil to the Ambassador of so potent a King as *Charles*, in that particular She was much wiser than her Lord, who took so great a Part in the Queen's Resentments, that it was easie to see an Air of extream Coldness through that forced Civility, which for a while he thought himself obliged to pay me.

Prince *Honorius*, High Priest of the everlasting Fire, was proclaimed Regent, with all the Pomp and Acclamations due to their Kings: He came heartily into my Master's Interests; I was indefatigable, gave my self no Rest, buying and bribing, extolling Prince *Armutius*, and running down Prince *Alexis*, who seem'd the most formidable Candidate, though there were several more that put in. The late King left an immense Sum in Jewels and ready Money. The Queen still kept her Court in the Capital, where by her Address, Eloquence, and Generosity, she drew after her, Numbers of those term'd Noble, and by her Charity, attracted the Prayers and good Wishes of the Poor and Needy; her Coffers were however replenished at the Soldiers Cost, a vast Arrear being due to them; for the late King had, for a long time, made it his Business to pay as little as possible, to save Money for his Queen and Children, knowing that whenever he should happen to die, that would be the only Service to them; whereas what was due to

to the Army, would be look'd upon as a Debt of the Crown's, and generally to be paid by the next Successor. But the Number of Candidates increasing, they foresaw that it would be a long Time before the Election was likely to be determin'd, and 'till then, there was no Probability of their Arrears: To bring Things to a nearer Conclusion, I instigated the Lieutenant-General to a Confederacy among the Soldiers, by which they mounted on Horseback, got into the Field, and exacted Contributions, demanding a speedy Election. Then began the Troubles of the *Sarmatae*, but we foresee not when they can have an End. The Regent sat in daily Consultation how to raise Money to satisfy the Demands of the Mutineers, as knowing they had but too much Cause to complain. The Crown-General thought it was best to reduce them by Force; and eager to be reveng'd upon his Lieutenant, who had debauched so considerable a Part of the Army from their Duty and his Obedience, drew up the Soldiers that still remained under his Command, and gave the Rebels Battle, but was beaten with considerable Loss, which to all Purposes rather increas'd than diminished the Confusion of the Kingdom. The victorious Mutineers pursued their good Fortune, and took one of the richest and largest Cities, which having put under Con-

tribution, they establish'd their Winter-Quarters, and made a new Standard, the Figure of two Swords, with this Motto, which was inscribed under one of them, *For our Country*; under the other, *For us, the Defenders of our Country*. Then began War and Desolation to reign, they loudly demanded that the Queen should be made to retire from the Capital with the Children-Royal, which if she refus'd, they would force her to depart the Kingdom: The Regent went with seeming Regret, to tell her Majesty the unwelcome News; he could not forget the untimely Fate of *Honorio*, nor the Injustice of Prince *Alexis*; now was his time to revenge her Wrongs. The Queen received the Order with something more Weakness than he expected from a Soul so haughty, by which he guess'd that her Designs were proportionably disappointed; the Tears fill'd her Eyes when she told his Highness she would depart to a House of Pleasure she had some few Miles from *Marsovia*, but could not forbear making bitter Investives against my Proceedings, which she assured her self was not by the Orders of the King my Master.

This *Inter-regnum* began to wear as mischievous a Face as long Minorities; never was known more Divisions, more Confusions, and more Disorders in a Nation; the Rebel-

Rebel-Army committed as many Cruelties upon the Lands of the Republick as an Enemy could have done, and to add to their Misfortunes, the barbarous *Hans* taking an Advantage of these Calamities, made a Descent upon the Borders, robbing and spoiling where-ever they came, and putting all to Fire and Sword, sweeping the Inhabitants that were fit for Slavery, hauling them away into a deplorable and miserable Captivity.

The Regent, to put some End to these Misfortunes, sent to the Mutineers to assure them they should be paid all their Arrears, upon condition they would lay down their Arms, or return under the Obedience of their lawful General; but they refus'd, telling the Deputies, That tho' all their Demands were satisfied, they would not disunite till a new King was chosen. It was my Business to uphold these Sentiments, therefore I spared for neither Money, or Persuasion to keep them warm, and stedfast in their Resolution.

The Prince-Regent went yet further, and form'd an Association, which he obliged all to sign, where after having provided for their false Religion, they appointed a remote Day for the Election. Prince *Honorius*, as deserving as he was, car'd not to resign the Sovereignty, which during the *Inter-regnum*, was absolutely lodg'd in him;

but that which more gratify'd him, and by which he struck directly at Prince *Alexis*, they entered into a strict Obligation, not to Elect upon any Terms a Native of *Sarmatia*, they pronounced all those to be publick Enemies who should aspire to the Crown, and such to be Rebels who acknowledged any of the *Sarmata* for their King.

The late King had, during a long Reign, made it his Business to hinder the States from convening; they had almost forgot what was their Authority, till now in this *Inter-regnum*, where the first Thing proposed was to reduce the Monarchy to its former Limits, that whatever Prerogatives so great a Number of successive Kings had unjustly got by Incroachment, might be resumed before a new Election.

New Troubles broke out in the Dukedom of the *Alani*, subjected to the *Sarmata*; the Dutchy is govern'd by a *Dux*, interpreted among us a Viceroy; the General of the Army has a Power independent of the *Dux*; these two mighty Posts are Hereditary, and possess'd by Families who have long been Enemies, upon an Occasion, which, small as it was, has produced large and fatal Consequences.

There was a *Vicedux*, an Age or more since, who had a Daughter named *Amoria*, perfectly handsome, excessively good-natur'd, and devout almost to a fault, of a serious or rather

rather melancholy Temper: She was married at her own Request, by her Father, to the Great General's eldest Son called *Iagello*; the Youth was wild, young, amorous, and inconstant; but *Amoria* had made him her Choice, and was excessively charm'd with him: For some Years he lived in a good Correspondence with his Lady, whose Temper had too much Allay for his Fire, but perfectly understanding her Duty, and very much in Love, she made it her Business rather to force Nature than do any Thing that should be distasteful to her Lord, 'till the Viceroy with whom they lived being dead, and his Son succeeding, *Iagello* thought himself at more liberty to follow his Pleasures; the Coldness and native Vertue of the Women of the North, not answering to the Height of his Taste in Debauch, he resolved to try the warmer Southern Climates, and therefore unknown to all the World, he forsook the Court, and wandered into *Gallia, Lombardy, Ravenna, Rome*: In short, after a ten Years loose Pilgrimage, he felt some Remorse for having abandon'd *Amoria*, a doating Wife, to weep away her Beauties Bloom; his whole Family and all the Friends and Acquaintance he had lamenting his Absence, for he never took care to let them know any thing of his Rambles but when he wanted Supplies. He had left his Lady possessed of two beauteous Boys,

which now he felt some natural Returns, some Sentiments of Tenderneſs for, after ſo long an Abſence. When he was come as far as the Frontiers, he writ a Letter to *Amoria*, wherein he conjur'd her, 'To forget all that was paſt, to receive him as a Husband who would henceforth bound all his Deſires in her alone, and by doing her Merit future Juſtice he would endeavour to atone for his former Neglect; he prayed her to receive him without any of thoſe Frowns he deſerved, but to forget, if poſſible, the very Remembrance of his Fault; begg'd her Arms might be open to him, though he confeſſed, he was unworthy of ſo much Happineſs, but to leave no Thought upon either of their Minds that might diſturb that Delight and Tranquillity he expected, he required her, by the Duty of a Wife, that their Meeting might be without Reproach.'

Amoria, us'd to Melancholy and Miſfortune, knew not how to believe that flattering Proſpect of Happineſs which her Lord gave her in his Letter; ſhe read it over and over, ſuffering the kindling Joy to enlarge to Transports; ſhe returned him an Answer all kind and forgiving! He received it with proportionate Satisfaction, and ſent her another, 'That the next Night he would be ſo happy (if the Deſtinies permitted him) to reſtore to her a Wanderer, who deſired nothing

‘ nothing with more Impatience than the
 ‘ Happiness she could give him; but be-
 ‘ cause he would avoid the idle Congratula-
 ‘ tions of his Friends, till he had first been
 ‘ blest in her’s, he begg’d her to conceal
 ‘ his Return, and to suffer him to pass the
 ‘ Night alone with her, unknown to any
 ‘ but their dear Children, and the Woman
 ‘ of her Bed-Chamber.’

The indulgent tender Wife, resolved to comply in all Things with his Inclinations; but the Misfortune was, *Amoria* had been one of those Beauties that fade without the Help of Time; her Grief and Melancholy had so totally destroyed her Charms, that tho’ she was not Old, there did not remain the least Tincture or Air of that Beauty which had formerly been so conquering; the fair Hue of her Complexion was degenerated to a pale sickly Yellow, the Roses upon her Cheeks so perfectly faded, that there was not the least Blush of their native Vermilion; her Lips were grown thin and livid, the Largeness of her Eyes still remained, but so as to make her more frightful, because they were forsaken by her Cheeks, and seemed staring and hollow: Her Nose, once so well turned, and white, look’d red and large, her Face appear’d fallen, lean, and flat; in a Word, she was no longer that *Amoria*, whom *Iagello* her Lord had known.

She was conscious of some Change, tho' she could not believe it so great. We are least acquainted with our selves, and will but with Difficulty admit that even Time makes an Alteration to our Disadvantage; 'tis the very last Thing our Vanity suffers us to be convinced of, and which we with Unwillingness acknowledge though convinced. *Amoria* knew well her Lord was nice of Taste, even before he had seen the Southern Beauties; therefore to prepare him for that Alteration she would have him expect, she sent him a Letter, a Copy of which is still extant in their Histories, and is counted one of the Master-pieces of that Time.

' She begg'd him first to believe, That
' the Joy she felt for his Return, was equal
' to that Love he knew she had ever had for
' him, as her dearest Lord and Husband, and
' which had possibly only displeased by the
' Excess; she had learnt by melancholy
' Proofs that a Wife might be thought to
' love too much, though a Mistress never
' enough; that her present Pleasure equal'd
' the Sorrow, which had incessantly prey'd
' upon her Mind and Form since his fatal
' Absence, and which she needed take no
' Pains to represent to him, it spoke too
' fatally, too significantly for it self; the
' Moment he should cast his Eyes upon her
' Face, he would be able to guess at what
' had

' had been her Sufferings, he would think
 ' it impossible a Woman could bear so much
 ' as he wou'd see she had done; she there-
 ' fore conjured him to put the Merit of her
 ' Woes in the Place of her once commend-
 ' ed Beauty, and when he no more beheld
 ' that Air which had formerly distinguish'd
 ' her, he should ask himself what this poor
 ' Mourner had endur'd? She that had made
 ' a voluntary Sacrifice of that which all Wo-
 ' men so eagerly desire and study to preserve;
 ' when he no longer beheld her Eyes spark-
 ' ling with their native Lustre, he should
 ' consider she had wept enough to extin-
 ' guish not only theirs, but all the Splen-
 ' dor in the World; nor could Lillies and
 ' Roses, ever sustain their Bloom against
 ' incessant falling Showers, or rather Storms,
 ' for such had been the Tempest of her Sor-
 ' rows! the Night affording no Intermissi-
 ' on or Repose, nor the Sun any Refresh-
 ' ment to her, who no longer counted Sea-
 ' sons, the Periods of Time, the Alternative
 ' of Day and Night, because all her Mo-
 ' ments were devoted to his Absence, and
 ' to bewail the Remembrance of his Un-
 ' kindness!

Amoria's Letter, instead of giving him
 any frightful Idea's of her Change, filled
 him only with Tenderness and new Desire
 to behold her; he thought it a little Arti-
 fice of the Sex, to indear her Beauty the-

more, and prepare him for some small Alteration, which he allow'd was inevitable, since ten Years is Time even in the youngest Face, especially when once made a Wife, and in these cold Climates they never marry very soon: But good Heaven! how was *Iagello* surprized when he was brought to *Amoria's* Arms, and knew her not; when he ask'd his Wife for his Wife; when her very Voice was so alter'd, as to become strange to him; when he was shock'd at her sight; when his Blood curdled with Aversion; when he ran over her Form to recollect in vain some Lineaments of what she had been, his Heart no longer confess'd the Charmer that once could draw the Eyes and Wishes of all Beholders. Himself was still in full Strength and Vigour of manly Bloom, his Beauty ceasing to be so effeminate as before, had gain'd a glowing Vigour that mantl'd upon his Cheeks; there was a daring, strenuous, lofty Air, added by Time and the Converse of the World; he had liv'd luxuriously, but not to destroy his Health, he was too great a Self-Lover, for in that he center'd every Thing. *Amoria* beheld him with new Reinforcements of Love and Delight; but when she saw that he repelled her Embraces, that he even threw her from him and walked off, folding his Arms, and hanging his Head, telling her he could not bear her Sight, she was so very, very ugly!

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He would, he must be gone again, and never see her more; she gave a Burst to that Woe that had never had an entire Vent before; that Woe which languishingly enfeebled her, and by slow degrees had consum'd, but never united as now in a fatal Point fit for Ruin and Destruction! She stamp'd! she beat her Breast! there was the Anguish! She tore her Dressings and her Hair! but could not weep; she sigh'd! she burst herself with sighing, and fell down upon the Floor in a deadly Swoon, as if her Heart-strings had that Moment crack'd; her Grief was so excessive, that she had not Power to speak one Word to ease her self; her two Children who were there to receive their Father, ran to her Assistance, the youngest, a Boy about twelve Years of Age, was frightened and fell a screaming, which brought the Women; the eldest Son now near Sixteen, the most beautiful Youth of his Time, drew his Sword, and came up to *Jagello*, animated even to Rage, by that Tenderness he had for his Mother, whose Vertue and good Temper made her ador'd and lov'd by her Children, and valu'd by all the World: 'My-Lord, says the bold Youth, they tell 'me you are my Father, but I can't believe 'it, whilst I see you use my Mother so in- 'humanly; either with your kind Endeavours try to restore, and afford her a Re- 'ception worthy of her, or prepare to give
me

'me Satisfaction for her Wrongs.' *Iagello*, whose Passions were naturally violent, never stay'd to answer the lovely Boy any further than by some base, hot, injurious Names and Reproaches, drawing his Sword, with his Height, Rage, and Strength, he presently got within him, throwing him down, he set his Foot upon his Body, and run him into the Heart, bidding him take the Reward of Presumption and Parricide.

By this time the Viceroy was alarmed, whose Apartment being upon the same Floor, the Women ran immediately to tell him his Sister was dead, and *Iagello* was about to murder her Children; he had heard from *Amoria* of his intended Return, but to oblige both, he would not disturb their Meeting with Ceremony 'till Morning; he entered just as *Iagello*, that inhuman Monster, had killed his lovely Son, without being able to disengage his Sword from the Body, the Viceroy ran upon him finding him disarm'd, and with reiterated Stabs immediately laid that *Libyan* Tyger dead at his Feet.

Amoria was more happy than to recover to a Sense of Knowledge, or she had dy'd again, beholding that Scene of Horror, her Son murder'd by her Husband! her Husband by her Brother! Her Understanding never return'd, she languish'd three Days
in

in a lethargick Fit, which in carrying her from the World, sent her Shade to reproach that unnatural Father, and most abominable Husband.

Iagello's Brother, by his Absence officiating as General of the Army of the *Alans*, made the Viceroy dissemble his Return, he conceal'd his Death as long as he could; when it was discovered, there happened a long and inveterate War, which ended not but with the Death of the Principals: Since that, an immortal and hereditary Hatred seems fix'd between the *Iagello's* and the *Amorii*; upon every Opportunity they break out into fresh Flames, the *Inter-regnum* afforded them Liberty to prosecute their ever-enduring Malice, which together with a new Incident that happen'd amongst them, set all the Dutchy, and even *Sarmatia*, in a new Combustion.

The present Viceroy is a Man in the Decline of his Age, he wedded in second Marriage an imperious Princess, taken from among the barbarous *Hans*; not to disgrace her Country, *Goneril* was as savage as the rest, her brutal Soul scorn'd to degenerate. The Viceroy had one Daughter before he marry'd her, call'd *Ismena*, now growing to be a Woman, her Beauty was a perpetual Eye-sore to her imperious Step-Dame; she caus'd her Lord to send her to the Frontier that borders upon the Empire of the *Goths*, there

there to languish away her Prime with an old ill-natured Aunt, whose uneasie Temper would never permit her to see a happy Hour. *Ismena* is indeed a killing Beauty. I beheld her in her Misfortunes, and yet nothing was so proper to infuse Delight; her beautiful Eyes, though weighed down by a load of Tears and Grief, seem'd like the two contending Elements, but the Fire overcame, and shot Flames thro' all the watry Woe. She gives one Concern and Pain, 'till one can relieve her; one can't behold *Ismena* distress'd, without accusing the Destinies that did not proportionate her Happiness to her Charms.

Brutal and splenetick as her old Aunt was, *Ismena's* Form and Sweetness of Temper, won so far upon her, that when she was to depart (for the Viceroy apprehending lest the *Goths* taking Advantage of the *Inter-regnum*, and the new begun Troubles in *Sarmatia*, should, as usual, upon any Prospect of Advantage, plunder the Borders, and carry away his beloved *Ismena* into Captivity, notwithstanding the Vice-Queen's Displeasure, sent a Party of Horse to convoy her to Court;) the Aunt at least regretted, that she was losing an Object upon which she us'd to whet her Spleen and Ill-nature, without any Returns but Softness on *Ismena's* Part, who wou'd fain have persuaded her to have secur'd her self at the Viceroy's with
her,

her, tho' in all probability she was still to be with her. The old Lady in Love with her own Abode, and trusting Destiny, wou'd not forsake it, so that *Ismena* departed without her disagreeable Presence and Conversation.

The Viceroy had not judg'd amiss; that very time *Ismena* was upon the Road, a Party of the *Goths* and wild *Russes* came down to seek for Booty; they immediately surrounded her Chariot, and began to encounter with the Horse-men that guarded it; their Numbers were so unequal, that they soon became Conquerors, killing to the last Man; they were just carrying the beautiful Maid into a perpetual Slavery, when a new Troop appeared on the Part of the *Alani*, with a graceful Youth at the Head, who seem'd by his martial Air, as if he went in Search of Adventures, and desir'd nothing so much; he set upon the savage *Goths*, who seeing themselves out-number'd durst not stand the Attack of regular Troops, but abandoning all the Booty they had elsewhere plunder'd, and the Prisoners they had taken, ran for their Lives; being very dextrous at Retreat (mounted upon small swift hardy Horses) they immediately disappeared, and left the Commander of the *Alani* to approach *Ismena*, and make her his Compliment upon her Deliverance.

'Tis hard to see two Persons more handsome than the young General and *Ismena*, they immediately exchanged Eyes, and if it be permitted me to say, Souls. There happen'd an inevitable Sympathy; but alas! their Love was born in Sorrow, no sooner did they know they were worthy each others Admiration, but they began to mourn their mutual Sensibility; no sooner did they feel that their Heart by strong Impulse carry'd them to Friendship, but they knew their Houses were mortal Enemies to each other; *Ismena* being the only remaining Branch of the *Amorii*, of the Viceroy's Side, and *Juvius* the darling Son of the General *Iagello*, between whose Families there had till then been an unextinguishable Hatred! This young *Iagello* had been sent that Morning by his Father, with a Detachment to secure the Borders; he had chanced to rescue the Daughter of his Enemy from Slavery, the Fears of which had made so terrible an Impression upon her Mind, that her Joy and Gratitude smoooth'd the Way, assisted by *Juvius's* Graceful Form, so that Love found an unforbidden Entrance; her Charms were sufficient of themselves; there needed no Prepossession but what departed from them, to gain a Conquest over any Heart that was not already ingaged. *Iagello* was vanquish'd! and being born with a lofty Soul, and Height of Courage, he did not
hesitate

hesitate at the Prospect of Danger and Difficulty, but resolved to prosecute his Wishes, till they were crown'd in *Ismena's* Arms, It appeared meritorious to him, and the Work of Heaven thus to extinguish that long Hatred and Barbarity of Families by a Reconciliation of their Animosities, immersing the rougher Passions in the more tender. As Indifferency had begun the fatal Disunion, *Jurinus* told himself, his induring Perseverance should end it. *Ismena* bred to no Dissimulation, and who for a long time had beheld, at her Aunt's, only Objects disagreeable, was struck by his Beauty and good Mien: Young and sensible as she was, untaught to refuse in Affectation and Cruelty, Habits acquired in the Sex by mistaken Pride, she would have thought it criminal to begin the Artifice here to her Benefactor and her Lover, for such he immediately declar'd himself; and having a Soul as sensible as Great, a vast Capacity and sound Judgment, he foresaw all they were like to suffer from their unlucky Stars, and the implacable Hatred of their Families: Therefore after some Hours Conversation, he endeavour'd to dissuade the Maid from returning to her Father's Court, since the cruel *Gonneril*, whose Ill-nature and Dishonesty was the publick Discourse, would certainly prepossess the Viceroy to their Disadvantage: She was known an Enemy to
 Vertue,

Vertue, and the Quiet of Persons less wicked than her self; nor could he expect more Tenderneſs from *Iagello*, who was implacable in his Temper, and not to be mollified or influenc'd, but by thoſe more mighty than himſelf; therefore this ardent Lover, full of his new-born Paſſion propoſed, that they ſhould proceed no farther on their intended Journey; but leaving the Road that led to the Capital of the *Alani*, take the Rout of *Sarmatia*, where throwing themſelves at the Regent's Feet, as he was High-Prieſt and Prince, he would make it Matter of Conſcience to compoſe the Enmity between their Families, which was of ſuch Offence both to Heaven and Earth, and might afford them a ſafe and honourable Retreat and Protection. Happy had it been for the lovely Pair if *Iſmena* had been influenc'd by this Advice, but our Deſtinies are perhaps inevitable: Sometimes I think that were we to know the Evil that is to befall us, and acquainted with even the Methods by which we might avoid it, yet it would not be in our Power to diſappoint the Deſignments of Fate, which upon any Terms muſt be accompliſh'd.

Iſmena could by no means take ſuch a Reſolution, all that was thrown into her Composition was ſoft and tender; ſhe had never dar'd to diſoblige thoſe with whom ſhe liv'd, nor had ſhe any ſuch Inclination.

Love.

Love was not yet strong enough to teach her Resolution and Fortitude ; she had already done too much in esteeming, as she did, the Enemy of her House ; but that Fault seem'd so amiable, it was no longer in her Power to reject it ; her Consent was not at all necessary in that Point ; Love would have her to take part with him, spite of her self she was wounded in favour of the young *Iagello*.

Who when he saw he could not prevail with her, as to their Flight, he prepared himself to attend her to the Viceroy's Palace ; incessantly importuned by her, that no Time might be lost, lest her Glory should suffer by the Delay ; ' Courage, my Heart, ' cry'd the youthful Lover, prepare thy self ' to suffer. I see ! I see, by way of advance, ' the Extremity of ill Fortune that attends ' us ; this is perhaps the only smiling Moment of our Lives, by which it is now ' in our Power to evade our Destiny ; we ' are suffering it to glide away unpossess'd, ' and perhaps it never will return : But ' however, let us still remember, that as we ' began to love in the Instant we began to ' know each other, we never cease so to do, ' till we have no longer a Part in the Knowledge of any Thing.

To make short the Entertainment, be pleas'd to imagine all that could be said by a young Lover who knew the Value of Time, the

the Difficulty of gaining another Opportunity, and full of Desire effectually to engage her to be his Wife; but *Ismena*, like most of her Sex, was first to suffer Persecution, by which their Lovers are generally endeared to them. Many are brought by ill Usage and Contradiction, to do Favours they had never consented to, if they had been left free and without Persecution. *Ismena* knew not yet the Progress her Lover had made in her Heart, nor could imagine, till she was separated from him, how touching would be his Loss.

The Viceroy was taking the Air on Horseback with *Gonneril*, and a full Court of both Sexes, when *Juvius* and *Ismena* with the Detachment under his Command, surrounded them. Had he still been an Enemy and not a Lover, he would have pursued the Custom between the Families, (when it was not open Enmity) to avoid one another, but alighting, he went to take the Princess from her Chariot, who threw her self at her Father's Feet; she wept with Joy at embracing him, and thinking of the Happiness of her late Deliverance; she began to recount the Obligation she had to the young *Iagello*, who had redeemed her from a miserable Captivity. The Viceroy stop'd her short, and asked her, ' Why she was so poor-spirited to receive a Favour of that Consequence from the Hand of a mortal
' Ene-

Enemy? That better it were to die ten thousand times over, or be led away into perpetual Slavery, than have been obliged to a Race, whom when the Good of the State did not require the contrary, he should always meet as mortal Foes, and never with less than deadly Enmity.

Iagello, possessed by his new and Virgin-Passion, was unwilling to say any Thing that might widen the Breach, but getting on Horse-back, he desired the Viceroy not to believe himself at all obliged to him for having rescued the fair *Ismena*; he had done nothing but his Duty, as she was of that Country, and with a Number of other Persons made, by the Chance of War, unfortunate; he did not pretend upon that Score, that he should at all lessen his Aversion, however irreligious and unjust such Enmities were: So saying he departed, bowing very low to the Vice-Queen, who never took her Eyes from his Face since the Moment he appeared, and with equal Respect and more Tenderness, saluting the lovely *Ismena*, who could only tell him with hers, that she repented of not Following his Advice, and that That was the first Moment wherein she began to be unhappy, since it was the Beginning of their Separation.

Were one to know all the Circumstances of their Amour, it could not be unenter-
taining

aining, the Assiduity and Pains the young *Iagello* must take to endeavour to get undiscovered Opportunities to address the fair *Ismena*. I happened upon none that were Confidants, and therefore go along with the publick Reports and open Matter of Fact; the next Time we hear of him, is in the Princess *Ismena's* Bed-chamber at Mid-night. *Gonneril*, that imperious Step-Mother and dishonest Wife, had often beheld the well-made *Juvius* with desiring Eyes, but had never been so near him as the Day of *Ismena's* Return, when with wanton Glances she had devoured his Looks, and resolved him for her peculiar Pleasures, tho' she knew not which way to compass what she had resolved. The Women among the *Huns* are by no means tenacious of their Honour, as are the *Sarmatae*, nor set any other Price upon Vertue, but what may be bought off by Inclination. The Vice-Queen had already given Proofs that she did not intend to confine her self to the Arms of her decaying Lord: She was handsome, tho' with something barbarous in her Air, and very powerful, which gave her Opportunity of gratifying her Pleasures to whatever Object directed. She hated the Merit and Beauty of her Daughter-in-law, and therefore did all she could to impair the Credit of both; she had perpetual Spies and Agents of Mischief, with whom she had often, in vain,

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consulted how to get the young *Iagello*, should she write to him to tell him her Pains, as an Enemy, (forgetting the Gentleman) he might expose and ridicule her Letter; but if he were disposed to a mutual Gallantry, she doubted he would hardly confide himself to any Rendezvous that she should appoint, because she had the Reputation of being his mortal Foe, as she was Wife to the Vice-Roy. At last, she determined to send an Agent in secret Services, who without any Credentials from under her Hand, should discreetly make the first Discovery of her Passion to the lovely Youth that had raised it.

Iagello, who had in vain waited an Opportunity to see *Ismena*, would have said and done all Things to have procured that Happiness: They had had a long and lucky Intercourse of Letters, in which he had fruitlessly endeavoured to infuse Courage enough into her, to make her abandon that Court and *Gonneril's* cruel Usage; but no happy Means was found to introduce him to her Sight. The Vice-Queen's Agent and Proposals he heard, as he writ to the Princess, with Horror; for he not only adored *Ismena*, but was a Lover of Vertue; yet dissembling his Dislike, he told the Person who spoke to him, that not being naturally vain, he could not tell how to flatter himself, that so great and beautiful a Lady had any Passion for him, more especially considering

sidering the Family into which she was married, was at mortal Variance with his; but if it were true that Destiny had reserved so great a Portion of Happiness for him, he begg'd the Favour of seeing it under the Vice-Queen's own Hands; together with the Key of the inaccessible Garden, where he would wait upon her at any Hour she should please to appoint, and put his Person and his Life wholly in her Power.

Forgetting to tell your Lordships that the Women in that Nation are kept much more strictly than among the *Sarmatae*, where there is not the least Shadow of Restraint, you have doubtless wonder'd why, before this, *Iagello* found not an Opportunity to discourse *Ismena*: The greatest Obstacle was the hereditary Hatred of their Families, whence he durst not attempt the Vice-Roy's Palace; for should he be seen there, it would hazard his Life, there was no other Way for him to hope an Introduction, than by *Gonneril's* Means, thro' the Gardens called *Inaccessible*, because it was sacred to the Vice-Queen's, and the Princess's Lodgings, where no Men, but the Gardners ever presumed to enter: There was a Back-door that opened into the Country, of which the Vice-Roy and Queen only kept the Keys; the Walls were of a prodigious Height, so guarded with tall Spikes of Iron that it was impossible for any one to attempt an Entrance that way. The

The Vice-Queen, whose amorous Desires for the young *Juvins* were impetuous and impatient, no sooner heard how bold and brave a Lover she had found, but she hastened to give him those Proofs of her Love which he expected: She writ him a Billet in a tender melting Strain, sent him the Key which he demanded, and appointed him exactly at Midnight, to come into the Garden, where, at the Door which open'd from the Back-Stairs, she would her self attend his coming, that he might, from her Presence and her Mouth, assure himself of all manner of Happiness and Security,

Iagello no sooner saw himself Master of that Key, but he caus'd another to be made by it; had he rested there, and not have gone to the guilty Rendezvous, but upon pretence of Fear or Remorse, have return'd the Original to the Vice-Queen, he had been much less guilty, tho' I will not pretend to judge of the Extent of his Crime. All we know is, that he was introduced into her Apartment. The Excuse he made to *Ismena* was, that he had an Occasion to learn the way, by which from that Garden, one was to get into the Lodgings; however it were, he staid some Hours with *Gonneril*, where I guess, Cruelty was not his Business; she her self, in his Return, attended him to the Back-gate, and as he had foreseen would not leave the Key

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with

Fortune would permit him in a short time to meet her. He took his Sword in his Hand, and expected the Croud of Enemies that burst in upon him. *Ismena* not being their design'd Prey, and full of Dread of her Father's Anger, in that Fright made her Escape, without staying to see what became of her unhappy Husband, who no sooner saw *Gonneril*, (animating, with Rage and Fire in her Eyes, those that were come to destroy him) but he knew his Fate was inevitable; neither had he leisure for Reflection, they fell upon him all at once, he defended himself for some time, but over-powered by Numbers, was murder'd! mangled! with as much Barbarity, and as many Wounds, as there were Swords, every one of the Soldiers pressing forwards, to shew themselves the officious Ministers of *Gonneril's* Cruelty.

Inhuman and vindictive Monster! Poor *Iagello* lost his Life for his weak Compliance with her base Desires, tho' done in order to a lawful Happiness. Heaven did not approve the Deceit, however vertuous was the Cause, but punished him for the guilty Effects.

Neither did she escape: The Hand of Vengeance was not slow in punishing her Adultery! Murder! and Cruelty! The Vice-Roy commanded his Daughter's Cabinet

binet should be seized; that he might judge from her Papers of what length had been her criminal Correspondence with *Iagello*; much to his Surprize and Joy, he not only found they were married, and so the Honour of his Child preserved, but as an Allay to that Satisfaction, saw the Letter cruel *Gonneril* had sent *Iagello* with the Key, and which he had sacrificed in one of his to *Ismena*, giving her an Account, in Railery, how he had pass'd the Night with the Vice-Queen, and what Pennance he had undergone in hopes of Happiness, the Blessing of seeing her, which he now assured himself of, since he was become Master of the *inaccessible* Key.

The Vice-Roy thoroughly convinced, ordered his Wife should be seized and kept for her Trial; he caused several of her Servants, and those that were suspected to be Agents in her secret Pleasures, to be racked; a Cloud of Witnesses informed against her, she was convicted of notorious Adulteries, and condemned to the Trial Ordeal. A Pile was raised of all manner of combustible Fewel, with vast Quantities of *Bitumen* and other Gums; the Vice-Queen was brought forth, covered by a large Veil of white Taffaty that reach'd down to her Feet, and trailed upon the Ground; she ascended the Pile with assured Steps, Indignation mixed with a

haughty Air, robb'd her of the Pity of the Spectators, for as yet her Face was uncover'd: The Herald read the Charge of Adultery against her, and demanded whether she would put her Chastity to the Trial of Fire? She answered Yes; Give me the burning Scepter; at which the Executioner took out of the Fire (that was there prepared) with proper Instruments, a red hot Bolt of Iron, made in the Form of a Scepter, and presented it to *Gonneril*; having first veiled her self, she took it with both her Hands, from whence, at the first Touch, she drop'd it upon the Pile; the Miracle was not for Her, an Adulterers could not expect to touch Fire unharmed, though they say, she had invoked her false Gods, and the Priests had assured her, they had charmed the Scepter, so that she should be able to endure the Trial; but she was convinced too late, the Pile took instant Flame, and in few Moments reduced her to Ashes: A Punishment due to her Crimes, and an Atonement to *Iagello's* Ghost.

Now War and Desolation, *Bellona* in all the dreadful Attire of Horror and Destruction invaded the *Alani*, not a Quarter was free, all were interested in the Common Cause, either revenging *Juvius Iagello's* Death, or defending them that had commanded it. Then ensu'd a terrible Slaughter and Mafacre

sacre of the Inhabitants that dwelt upon both their Lands; all were filled with Horror! War, Cruelty, and Amasement! *Ismena* alone was so happy, by means of her Husband's Servants, to secure her self among the *Sarmata*: I saw the lovely Mourner, when she was introduced to the Regent, demanding Vengeance on *Gonneril*, (for as yet her Fate had not reach'd us) and Compassion for her Father, who had been misled by the wicked Artifices of his Wife. It was with a World of Difficulty that they could bring her on the Journey, her Sorrows, her Despair, at hearing the Murder of her Lord, had very near occasion'd her Death: Nothing but the Hopes of Revenge upon her cruel Step-Mother, could have maintain'd Life in her. She cast her self at the Regent's Feet, bewailing that hard Fate which had made her Happiness so short, her Miseries so lasting; the Audience participated her Woe; we condole, and in Consort with her, conjured the Regent to endeavour to see Justice done upon that cruel Woman. He received *Ismena* into his Protection, and dispatched away Orders to the Vice-Roy to come and give an account to him of *Iagello's* Death; but, alas! all was Blood and Confusion in that Dukedom, the Furies were enter'd among them, and they were under no Regiment. *Iagello's* Father and Brother, carried.

ried Death and Destruction wherever they went: On the other Hand, *Amorinus*, the Vice-Roy's Nephew, put himself at the Head of their Troops to defend his Uncle, and offend the Enemy: they not only ravag'd and plunder'd the Lands belonging to one another, but became formidable by the Inroads they made upon the *Sarmatae*; the Regent could only pity, not relieve, the miserable Condition of his Country; this lawless Hour of Plunder and Mis-Rule seem'd to have no Prospect of a Cure but the Election of a King. Prince *Armutius*, my Prince, ought to have appeared, tho' *Incognito*, to have shown and acquainted the People with his Beauty and Merit; I insinuated how good, how brave, how generous he was; so that it would be found to be their own Interest to assist *Armutius*, who, by the Confession of all the World, was worthy the Throne, not only for his personal Merit, but the Glory he had acquired in War. I ask'd what they sought after in an Election? Was it not Power, Valour, Wisdom, Magnanimity, Liberality, Modesty, Affability? They were all united in *Armutius*, without any Allay, or the least Cloud to darken so much Brightness. From my Prince, the Republick might assure themselves of the Restoration of their former Happiness and first Splendor, the forgotten

gotten Art of triumphing over their Enemies abroad, uniting domestick Divisions, and teaching their Neighbours how to observe the Alliances contracted with them: From him they might expect a Monarch, who would rather chuse to govern his People by Example than Authority, and be with the first in Action as well as Council, and in the Goodness of his Manners, prove a Model for the Conduct of others, swaying the Scepter by the Standard of true Glory, which was to be obtained not by Succession and Custom, but Vertue: And should he ever go about to violate the Laws, or impose a Yoke upon his People, he would find neither Neighbours nor Princes to support him, or who could afford him any Sanctuary; *Gallia* being at too great a distance, and the *Almains* and *Illyrians* his Enemies too near him.

During these Negotiations, and that I left nothing undone to procure his Election, instead of seeing him in Person as I expected, I received this long Letter from his Highness.

My Lord Ambassador,

THE Esteem which your Excellency has formerly made appear for my Person, the Affection and Acknowledgment I always had for yours, by which I have been happily carry'd to do your Excellency many Services, engages me to write this Letter, though of such a Nature, that nothing but the extreme Confidence I have in your Gratitude and Discretion, and by which I give you the utmost Proof of my good Opinion of both, could have drawn me to address your Excellency, with a Freedom and Assurance beyond Precedent.

I am not, my Lord Ambassador, as perhaps you may expect, soliciting you for a Crown: I do not incite you to Affiduities and Politicks; I alarm none of those Hours, Nature has destin'd for Repose; I do not even thank you for your Vigilance, your unwearied Industry, and that indefatigable, but cruel Zeal, with which you have set *Sarmatia* on a Blaze, till even the Goddess of Discord, and her attendant Furies, are glutted with the Effects of your Artifices; these are Vertues extremely laudable, as you are Ambassador from the King of the *Franks*, and pursue his Intents, his In-

‘ Interests to the height ; but as you are
 ‘ Agent for Prince *Armutius*, they are
 ‘ wounding, they are destructive of his
 ‘ Happiness, fatal to his very Life, since
 ‘ he cannot succeed amongst the *Sarmatae*,
 ‘ but he must die for that Success.

‘ I conjure you, dear *Merovius*, to re-
 ‘ member if ever you were a Lover (as
 ‘ something I have heard whisper’d of
 ‘ that kind) I conjure you not to for-
 ‘ get, that a Heart truly touch’d, va-
 ‘ lues nothing in comparison with the
 ‘ Toucher.

‘ Your Excellency knows what is due
 ‘ from Persons of my Rank to their So-
 ‘ vereign, I dare not seem to dispute the
 ‘ Commands of the King, who is more
 ‘ absolute over us by the Dignity of his
 ‘ Merit, than that of his Kindred or
 ‘ Crown ; he will have me to reign,
 ‘ his Interests require it, and I dare not
 ‘ object that he can’t bestow a Scepter, but
 ‘ by destroying his Nephew’s Repose, and
 ‘ even taking away his Life.

‘ Already he has been too fatally obey-
 ‘ ed, I am married by his appointment ;
 ‘ and though there be no Vertue want-
 ‘ ing in the Princess, whose Beauty and
 ‘ good Humour are capable of ingaging
 ‘ the most insensible Heart ; yet mine,
 ‘ my Lord, prepossess’d before, leaves me
 ‘ nothing but perpetual Remorse for not
 ‘ being

‘ being able to do Justice to so much
 ‘ Merit.

‘ Oh! my Lord Ambassador, I shudder
 ‘ at the Resolution I have taken, bold
 ‘ in my Midnight wakeful Hours, where
 ‘ I first determin’d to unbosom my self
 ‘ to you; yet Weakness and Inconsist-
 ‘ encies attend the Execution. Regard
 ‘ me———— with these aguish Breaks
 ‘ ———— these Interruptions ————

‘ Regard me as a Lover, regard me as
 ‘ a Sacrifice to Love———— Regard me
 ‘ once more, by a Return of Courage, as
 ‘ a Person proud of the Infamy, the Cha-
 ‘ racter that attends such, who desire to
 ‘ triumph in no other Name, but that of
 ‘ Lover.

‘ ‘Tis impossible to have any pleasing
 ‘ Ideas, but what arises from the Person I
 ‘ adore. Be pleas’d to think as I do, pre-
 ‘ possess your self as much as Man can
 ‘ be prepossessed; yet before you com-
 ‘ prehend a Part of what *Lucasia* deserves,
 ‘ you must elevate your Imagination; you
 ‘ must recollect your Remembrance as
 ‘ to whatever you have seen most ad-
 ‘ mirable, either in Life or Painting;
 ‘ imagine a Beauty whose Rays are so
 ‘ pointed, that at the first Glance she
 ‘ darts you through and through; raise
 ‘ your Conceptions beyond Mortality,
 ‘ such as we form of those *Ethereal Be-*
 ‘ ings,

' ings, whose transcendant Make first
 ' taught the World Idolatry! By these
 ' Helps you may attain to some small
 ' Conception of the admirable *Lucasia's*
 ' Person! but no Imagination can touch
 ' the Merit of her Mind! her Good-
 ' nefs! that soft Compassion which makes
 ' her deplore, even the Extent of her
 ' own Charms, and gives her Pain for
 ' creating Pain to others; survey the un-
 ' equal'd Beauty of her Face, her nice
 ' gentile Person, that inexpressible Air,
 ' a Manner that infuses Delight and Love,
 ' the Symmetry of her Limbs, her well-
 ' turn'd Hands, Arms, Neck, and what
 ' besides is left to the Imagination:
 ' *Praxiteles* could never give his *Ve-*
 ' *nus* any thing so exact; for not seeing
 ' *Lucasia*, he wrought but after Fancy,
 ' which never rising higher than what
 ' the Ideas are, he never could rise to
 ' her, because there never before was
 ' form'd so visible an Excellence, so fi-
 ' nished a Master-piece, so much a Pefecti-
 ' on as *Lucasia*.

' Satisfied in so Goddeffs-like a Form,
 ' who would not believe that she should
 ' rest with Pleasure upon so bright an
 ' Out-side? But *Lucasia* leaves no Be-
 ' nefit of Heaven unimprov'd; she has
 ' Art, she has Reading to better Nature;
 ' she has Application to perfect both;
 ' she

‘ she has a faithful Memory, and every
 ‘ Ornament of the Mind that can adorn
 ‘ and compleat the Courtier ; she is dear to
 ‘ the Queen ; the Queen is beloved and
 ‘ revered by her.

‘ Who could not wear away an Age
 ‘ in hearing *Lucasia* speak ? With what
 ‘ Application does she turn her self to
 ‘ Business ? How well fitted for what she
 ‘ undertakes ? How sound and decisive
 ‘ her Judgment ? How deserving to be
 ‘ a Favourite ? Are any in Pain ? Let
 ‘ none fear being distressed by the over-
 ‘ weening Pride of others whilst *Lucas-*
 ‘ *sia* is her self, whilst she has Justice,
 ‘ Compassion, Tenderness, Generosity, and
 ‘ indefatigable Zeal ; will she not espouse
 ‘ the Cause of the Unfortunate ? Will
 ‘ she not represent the Distresses of the
 ‘ Suppliant, to her gracious Sovereign with
 ‘ Success ?

‘ How does she persevere in, and a-
 ‘ dorn the Holy Religion ? What an ad-
 ‘ mirable Wife ? (Jealousie forbids me to
 ‘ recount the Merits of her Lord) how
 ‘ does she reverence his Father ? Could
 ‘ that Godlike Man have ever been blef-
 ‘ sed in a Daughter-in-Law as he is in
 ‘ her ? Must one not acknowledge that he
 ‘ has instructed *Lucasia* in his Arts of Go-
 ‘ vernment, his just Conception of Things,
 ‘ his extensive Capacity, and all those
 ‘ Ac-

Accomplishments that have made him dear to the deserving Part of his Country, as his Country is to him?

Lucasia being such, or more than I can represent, Do you believe the Lustre of a Crown can tempt me from losing the Sight of a brighter Lustre, her Eyes? Can there be half the Pleasure in reigning over the World, as there is in being her Slave? O no! Though she permit me only to adore, not hope! Yet in losing the Prospect of her Beauty, my Life will be inevitably lost.

Further, if a Crown could buy me to depart from where *Lucasia* reigns, should I not be undeserving of her Pity? I who even tremble with Delight at the bare Apprehension of being one Day able to excite Compassion, a Pleasure that thrills my Blood, gives convulsive Throbs and Pantings to my Heart, my Hand unable to support the Pen, drops in perspective Extasies, thinking of that *Elisium* *Lucasia's* Goodness can bestow.

Would I shut out my self from all that Heaven of Bliss, lose the Merit of a long-suffering Passion, and those early Adorations I paid to *Lucasia's* Eyes; for no sooner could they begin to charm but I was subdu'd; quit the Delicacies
of

' of tender Friendship, those nameless Plea-
 ' sures, for black Despair and rugged Dis-
 ' content ! But even if I would, it is not
 ' in my Choice, I cannot reign over the
 ' *Sarmata*, whilst *Lucasia* reigns over me ;
 ' I have no Power ! no Will ! no Wish !
 ' no Capacity but what centers alone in
 ' Love : There I can be wise, be vigilant,
 ' brave, be just, be honest, be bold, be
 ' humble and ambitious ! There I can with
 ' Pleasure lose even my Life, if it were
 ' in Vindication of, or in Obedience to
 ' what I love.

' Let those who never knew what it
 ' was to love, be amus'd with Crowns
 ' and Scepters ; solicit, my Lord Amba-
 ' sador, for some less happy more grovel-
 ' ling Wretch, who can stoop to a Throne ;
 ' I rise to more substantial Glories, in pro-
 ' spect of being by this Sacrifice not unac-
 ' ceptable to *Lucasia*.

' Destiny will have me depart ; the
 ' King has commanded I should make
 ' this cruel Voyage ; I am hastning to
 ' you, but if you would have me to sur-
 ' vive the Meeting, order it so that my
 ' Pretensions may inevitably miscarry ; put
 ' the Crown on some other Head, Me it
 ' will oppress ! I shall be much more
 ' acknowledging for the Disappointment,
 ' than another for the Accession : In a
 ' Word, I perish if I succeed ! You only
 ' can

' can cause Things to take the Turn
 ' which my Inclinations direct. How glo-
 ' rious it will be for me to be disap-
 ' pointed, baffled, and what the World
 ' calls disgraced; neither shall you need to
 ' fear the King's Displeasure, since I as-
 ' sure you of dividing my Patrimony with
 ' you, and sacrificing with Joy to him,
 ' who preserves me. Adieu! my Lord
 ' Ambassador, as you succeed, I am the
 ' blest or lost

Armatus.

The Eve of the Election a Courier
 brought us certain News, that *Beraldu*,
 Prince of the *Saci* was upon the Frontiers,
 at the Head of twice five thousand regu-
 lar Troops, who pretended he led them
 only to assist the King of the *Almaines*,
 with whom he had an Interview. In a
 Word, it was known in the Morning,
 that his Highness was not only a Can-
 didate, but had voluntarily renounced the
 Christian Religion, and made Profession
 of the Idolatry practised among the *Sar-
matae*; all the World wondered at his Apo-
 stacy, it intirely indeared him to those
 he hoped were to be his Subjects. The
 Prince Regent, not to be amused by such
 Pretences, continued fast to Prince *Armu-
tus's*

mutius's Interests ; he knew that the Motive which induc'd the Prince of the *Saci*, were neither Religion nor Ambition, he already reigned with absolute Sovereignty over a People that revered him, and where he had enough of Dominion to make him a considerable Prince ; but he was so unfortunate to love the beautiful *Ethelinda* better than his Princess, who was a Lady extreme devout, and so tenacious of her Religion, he foresaw she would never depart from That, to follow him into *Sarmatia*, where he might undoubtedly have the Pleasure to reign alone, or at least to divide his Power with *Ethelinda*, created by him Princess of *Marsovia*. This is the private Reason of a Change that has surprized all the World, known only to a few. *Beraldu*s departing from the true Religion, and his more civiliz'd People, to go to steep himself in Idolatry, among a Nation too fond of Liberty, barbarous, avaritious, and ungrateful, in view of marrying *Ethelinda* after the manner of the *Illyrians* with the Left-hand. This attractive Princess was also the Source of *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals's* early Disgust and Aversion to the Sex : But as that is a History by it self, I will conclude with the *Sarmata* : Who when the Election came to a Scrutiny, the Majority of the Voices were found on Prince *Armutius's*

Armutius's Side, who was immediately declared King by the Regent; which when those of *Alexis's* Party observed, to exclude my Prince, and disappoint King *Charles* of the *Franks*, they went over to the Prince of the *Saci*. Their two Interests being join'd, they out-numbered us, and that Prince was saluted King, by the unanimous Consent of those who had not voted for Prince *Armutius*: They dispatched a Messenger to present him with the Crown, together with the Articles he was to swear to; the Regent and my self, with those of our Party protested against the Election, and withdrew our selves; but that did not hinder *Beraldus* Prince of the *Saci*, to be proclaimed King of the *Sarmatæ* and *Alani*; he brought his own Troops with him, and since that Hour, Heaven, as it were in Indignation for his Apostacy, has punished his People for his Crimes, and never left them a breathing space from Misfortunes; one continued Scene of War, Famine, Desolation, Blood, Destruction, and Division, overwhelming the *Sarmatians*, in which *Beraldus* himself has been so deeply involved, that we may very well say, in obtaining the Crown, he has ceas'd to be innocent and happy, perpetually harrassed by a foreign War, and home-bred Faction, divided in Interest, Religion, Duty, and Inclination, his Wife abhorred by him, his
Mistress

Mistress abhorring him ! yet leading him on to Breach of Alliances, and the Invasion of the Territories of the young *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals* to whom she was born a Subject ; in the midst of a profound Peace, and full Security, no Provocation given, no War declared, invading his Dominions with War, Fire, Sword, and most tremendous Horror !

As the Envoy was pursuing his Relation, a Gentleman came to tell him, That Madam the Princess of *Marsovia*, the beauteous accomplished *Ethelinda*, of whom he had just then been speaking, was returned from her Embassy to *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals's* Camp, where she had been sent by King *Beraldu*, and was now in her Tent at some little distance from his Excellency ; and hearing of his being so near her, she had sent to desire the Honour of his Company at Supper : The Count *de St. Girrone* immediately put in his Claim that Monsieur *le Envoy* would be pleased to carry him with him, since it was to see that miraculous Lady, who had divided and inflamed the North : *Horatio* was owner of but little Curiosity, and would willingly have been excus'd, but the Ambassador would not depart without him, and sent to her Highness to beg permission for two Men of Quality, to kiss her Hand : After he had received *Ethelinda's* Compliment, upon the Honour his
Ex-

Excellency and those Lords designed her, he told them that however prepossess'd they were, one by Sorrow, the other by Indifference, he was going to shew them a Beauty that would not fail to establish her self in the midst of ten thousand Difficulties; a victorious, an universal Charmer, who yet never met with any that durst make Opposition to her Sway, and an undisputed Charter she had in her Eyes, of subduing all that durst gaze on such an obtaining, such authentick Brightness.

The End of the Third Volume.

O Fortune ! Golden Deity ! once thought so propitious to the *Roman* Empire, hast thou a real, or an imaginary Existence ? Art thou indeed what some did of Old pretend ? Art thou more than a Name ? A Name ! which the unenlightened World had a Pretence to worship, when they saw thee caress'd, adored, made the conscious Witness of imperial Cares and Pleasures ! Emblem of the World's Dominion ! lodg'd in the Royal Bed-chamber, and never transferr'd but with the Empire ; as if, where thou wert placed, universal Sway was fixed : When the expiring Emperor could no longer defer Immortality, when he felt himself *hastning to be a God*, by his dying Orders (tho' even then, not without Reluctance) thy Statue was translated to the Apartment of the Successor ; thy Presence included all other Ensigns of Sovereignty, imperial Purple, Rods and Axes, the Diadem of the Earth ! waving Crouds thronging the Progression, thy Altars were invaded, Clouds of Incense rouling from the kneeling World, to beg of Fortune long Life for their new *Augustus* !

Thus situated, thy Appearance was awful, all Men acknowledged and invoked thee ;
 what

whatever befall of Great, whether of Good, or Ill, of Wonderful, or Improsperous, was still ascribed to Thee; the Rise and Fall of every *Sejanus* was the Work of Fortune: This built and adorned thy numerous Temples and Altars, consecrated thy wavering Image, and set it aloft for Adoration; taught the Value of thy indearing fleeting Minutes, how to pursue and catch at an Embrace when thou didst but offer a Piece of thy enchanting Face, the least of thy alluring Glances; as also to dread, to tremble, to despair, when Fortune turned her Front: Mankind thus constituted (by the Extremity of Hopes and Fears) for willing Slavery, no wonder thy Dominion became absolute, and thy Divinity the most formidable to the Universe.

But when the ancient Worship was exploded, their Gods no longer obtaining, Altars demolished, Idols prostrated with Contempt, Temples translated, and their *Arcana* exposed to the Scorn, nay Abhorrence, of those who had but yesterday paid them Homage; How didst thou survive the Opinion had of thy contemporary Divinities? Is it not marvellous, a Result, a Proof of thy real Existence, that thou alone of all those numerous Objects, the inventive Heart of Man had formed to himself for Adoration, shou'dst still subsist, still maintain despotick Sway, preside over our secret Thoughts, our Hopes and Fears, and of the Croud of thy Votaries art perpetually invoc'd with.

with inward Homage, who undertake nothing of moment without first imploring the Benignity of thy Smiles? Art thou a Ray, an Emanation from the eternal Mind? Is it warrantable to regard thee, not only as a Cause, but a divine Cause? As *Juvenal* seems to be of Opinion, when he tells us with a Contempt I cannot approve,

*Fortune was never worship'd by the Wise,
But set aloft by Fools; usurps the Skies.*

Wonderful as thou art, continue still to dart a Ray in Continuation of our *European* Memoirs; we bring to the Foot of thy awful Throne That which has been said to be meritorious in thy Empire, the Brave and the Presumptuous are known the Favourites of Fortune: May he not assuredly be term'd brave, who in this degenerate Age dares trace the Windings, the Deformity of Faction? who does not tremble at the great Man's vicious Frown, and the mighty Lady's Revenge? and can embrace the Demon of Poverty, rather than that of Diffimulation; who with never ending Aversion pursues Ingratitude, Wrestling of royal Favour, Avarice, and lawless Love; who reveres the beautiful Goddess Vertue, embellished by herself, and adorned with transcendent Charms! Smile as before, O *Fortune*! upon the gliding Ink, conduct the Meanders of our Pen, so shall my Reader be charm'd at the auspicious Emanation which

which departs from thee; so shall he be warmed at the Pleasure thou wilt enable us to bestow; so shall all be Sun shine, flow'ry Lawns, and flowing Vintage; so shall I be secure of an immortal graceful Laurel, and the World delighted to bestow it.

Monfieur *L' Envoy* of *Charles* King of the *Franks*, *Horatio* that immortal *Roman*, and the Count de *St. Girrone* rendered themselves at the Pavilion of the beautiful *Ethelinda*; she had notice of their Arrival, and sent a Gentleman of the Ceremonies to introduce them; they had already been preposited by the Prior of *Orleanse* in favour of her Charms, and had raised their Ideas to something very lovely; but found themselves obliged to acknowledge she out-did the most luxurious Imagination: This Princess had introduced the Manners of the *Greek* and *Roman* Empire, into her Court; neither was it defective, as to Behaviour, Ornaments, Modes of Living, Eating, or any other Superfluities, Vices that had degenerated the Rulers of the World; Vices which they were now become fonder of than Liberty; Vices! which had deservedly made them a Prey to the Inundation of those *Barbarians*, who had so often overwhelmed them.

Ethelinda was resting upon a Bed (according to the manner of the *Romans*, who lay down whilst they eat their Meals;) at the Head or Canopy the Painter showed us *Venus*, ascending from the Sea in a Carr of Mo-

Mother of Pearl, her new-born naked trembling Beauties seem'd animated with so divine a Blush, so lovely a Confusion, that she never fail'd of giving Part of it to her Gazers. Large Shells of Tortoise inlaid with huge oriental Pearls, and Blendings of Ivory, grac'd the Royal Couch; the Length was an entire Piece of Painting by the best Hand, a *Leda* in the Embraces of *Jupiter*, under the Milk-white Down of a beautiful Swan; these were Objects capable of warming the most Insensible, as if particularly designed in favour of her who appeared more than Representation, the shining *Ezbelinda* her self, who lay beneath this heavenly Scene of Love, all warm, amiable and young; her large black darting Eyes, full of that Fluctation of Mind and Desire she gave to others; her Hair of the same jetty Shine was tuck'd under Lockets of Rubies, as if to suppress the swelling Curls from falling to obscure her Forehead. A Veil, the Colour of Junquills, was tack'd to a waving Plume of Carnation-Feathers, and fell carelessly upon her Shoulders, and sometimes plaid upon her Cheeks, but was too artificially disposed (notwithstanding the Carelessness of its Air) to cover too much of any of her Beauties, either the glowing Cheek, or well-turn'd Neck, or swelling-Breasts. A loose Mantle of Gold Stuff embroidered with Scarlet and Pearls, and lin'd with Ermin, seem'd as a Defence from the Coldness of the Season, but did
neither

neither cumber nor conceal the slender taper Waist, habited in a close Robe of plain white Sattin, genteely made, and admirably becoming. She was leaning with her Head upon her Hand which rested upon an Embroidery of Gold and Green Pillows; her other Hand was employed in holding a Paper, that she seemed to think contain'd something worth her Regard; yet a swimming Languishment, an agreeable dying Air, gave us to see this fair Princess found not all Things within her self; that that Mine of Beauty she was possess'd of, was not sufficient to her own Happiness; in a Word, she appeared not sullen nor discontented, but uneasy, as if desiring that which moves the tenderest Desires; nor bold, nor angry, nor vexatious, but full of warming, soft tumultuous Inclinations.

Her Age was that wherein Beauty is the strongest, nor wanted it the Blue of fifteen, to the ripe sweet Perfection of eighteen! Could I trace her every Charm, my Pen would out-do the Pencil; for as yet there had never been any Painter (tho' many had attempted) that could come up to Nature in the Divine *Ethelinda's* Form: For to a marvellous Regularity and Harmony of Features, there was added, an Air so bewitching and inexpressible, that Art could never catch; many faint Representations had been made, many painful Essays, but this inimitable Charmer had the Picture

sure and Grief to see nothing could equal her whilst she was living, nor preserve the true Representations of her Beauty, when her Beauty nor her self should be no longer living.

O Heavens! cry'd out the mourning gallant *Horatio*, as soon as he beheld the Princess, is it into a Corner of the North that you have brought me to behold Perfection? after compassing the World, I am forc'd to acknowledge that I have never seen nothing but *Ethelinda*; that no other Objects compar'd are worthy of Sight, or to be term'd beautiful; and that this Princess must command us to treat her as mortal, before we are able to put off our Apprehension that such Charms are more than Mortal. *Ethelinda* had a short Whisper from the Prior to tell her who *Horatio* was, so that not seeming as if the Discovery was new to her, she received him with an Air that expressed not less Satisfaction. If in me, my Lord, she immediately answer'd, your Lordship is pleas'd to say you find what Beauty is, without warring with your Sincerity; I will receive and be proud of Praises, that depart from so great a Man, a Man whom I count my self fortunate to behold, and whom the universal World admires. The Love of Glory was never conspicuous in any but *Horatio*. *Alexander*, and *Cesar*, whom all Pens and Tongues have been ready to bring in as glorious Parallels, when they would compliment their
greatest.

greatest Heroes, attempted it, but could not succeed, because the Fame they acquired had not Vertue for its Foundation: *Horatio* was born for the Benefit of Mankind, they for Plagues and Punishments. Nor can your former Worthies, *Cincinnatus, Fabricius, Curius*, (wanting a sufficient Temptation to Vice) be said to come up to you; they worshipped only the Goddess of Poverty, and thought they did all Things, if they but preserved themselves free from Avarice and Riches: The *Romans* were then young in Luxury, or rather it was not so much as thought on among them: But alas! how are they degenerated from that renowned Simplicity? They have, for some Ages, only been distinguished by the Elegancy of their Vices, and shewn the World how many monstrous Appetites the Heart of Man can entertain. *Horatio* dares be vertuous for the sake of Vertue, and has done stupendous Things for the Love of his Country, for the true valuable Love of Fame, abstracted from any other Regards. What your Highness has said, reply'd *Horatio*, gives us new Subject of Admiration, that a Lady so young, so beautiful, so delicate, should know our History, and that of the World so much better than many of our Senators: It shews, indeed, that Nature in you was resolved upon a thorough Miracle, to accomplish your Mind with the same Prodigality of Perfections as she has done your Body: Methinks I am, indeed, a Heroe whilst praised by

by *Eshelinda*. The Princess wai'd her Return to this Gallantry, because she would receive the Count *St. Gironne*, whom the Envoy presented to her under a very advantageous Character; whilst *Horatio* begg'd her Highness's Permission to embrace the young *Roman Albinus*, who was then in the presence. My Lord, said this Patrician to *Horatio*, drawing him a little a-part, I am surprized and transported at meeting you here: I am sent by the Emperor, as Ambassador to King *Beraldus*, and therefore you need not wonder to find me making my Court in this Pavilion; but what I have to say concerning your Lordship is, That *Constantine* needs your Presence: He has profited of your Letters and Advice! They have encouraged and directed *Herminius*, all Things move as you could desire. It is generally believed he designs you should take upon you the Command of his Forces; several are sent in search of you; his Imperial Majesty gave me strict Orders to enquire for you, which I have done thro' every Place where I have pass'd. When you have finished here, I will acquaint your Lordship with the present Disposition of the *Constantinopolitan* Court, and the Changes that have happened. They could say no more because Supper was served, the Princess re-assumed her Couch; and tho' there was nothing of Splendor or Delicacy wanting to provoke her Guests to eat with a good Appetite, yet we may truly say, that she

she fasted their Eyes more than any other Sense, and they would rather have chose to hear her speak than eat themselves. *Ethelinda* seem'd, by her Charms, her Wit, polite Conversation, Elegancy of Living, to intend her self a Pattern of *Queen Cleopatra*, of whom the Historians have said, *That never any Woman had that exquisite Art of refining and heightning Pleasures, by the Charms of Novelty, that she had; so that the most inconsiderable Trifles, when managed by her Skill, received such an Air, as made them the most agreeable Diversions.* As *Ethelinda's* Beauty was intoxicating, her Wit was enchanting: An irresistible Softness in her Manner, drew in the most desponding Heart, and subdued the Boldest. She could inspire Courage into the one, and Respect into the other. Nature designed her for an universal Charmer. *Horatio* forgot his Grief, the Envoy his lovely Idiot, the Count *St. Girzone* his Indifferency, or the slight Inclination he had for the *Sicilian Beauty*: *Albinus* no more remember'd his *Camilla* or the Business of the Empire: Before Supper was half over, *Ethelinda* was an absolute Conqueress, and they could for ever have wish'd to live as now, or rather to die, than depart from her charming Manner of Living.

Monsieur *l'Envoy* ask'd the Princess in what State She had left his *Vandal* Majesty, for he understood her Highness was returning from her Embassy to that victorious Monarch?

March? Ah, your Excellency! Name him not, reply'd she; a dirty rude insensible Wretch; one would rather chuse to be *Hortatio's* Dwarf, than that unaccountable King. 'Tis true, his Courage is indisputable, or rather brutish; he fights as he eats, by instinct, and has scarce Cleanliness, no Delicacy in either. Yet the World has renown'd him for Truth, for Justice, for Mercy; answered *Hortatio*: Virtue's natural to him; and but with Difficulty and long Study of Philosophy, attain'd in others! Ay, the Brits, cries *Eibellinda*, speaks and acts as he thinks! He does not pretend to Management, Dexterity, or Amusing an Enemy, but by downright Fighting. He'll never make a Politician. And then for his Justice, he lives in common with the Rest of his Monsters of the Army; to hurt them, he thinks would be hurting himself: His Mercy will come under the same Head: He wears, he eats, he thinks, he sleeps, he lives promiscuously with his Soldiers: This might have been a Merit before the World understood Politicians; or even now were his Army reduced to unnumber'd Difficulties, and in want of all Things, then I should think it meritorious to lay by the Monarch for the common Soldier; but not to know how to assume him; never to be a King in the midst of so many Conquests, can any Thing be more despicable? When your Lordship arrives at his Court, you will find your self in the dirtiest Place that ever
you

you were in, in your Life; it does not at all discompose his Majesty, that the Avenues either to his Pavilion, or whatever House he shall please to take up his Residence in, (for he commonly chuses one of the worst, I speak of him out of his own Dominions,) are up to his Horse's Girths in Filth. This Monarch loves the State of Nature so much better than that of Art, that his Steeds have as little of Improvement as himself; their long switch Tails, and full-grown Mains, guileless of the Scizzars, or any other Decency, are as worthy Admiration as their Master, only not in their Kind so handsome. His rustick Majesty is not at all solicitous of the Beauty of his Beasts, he only values their Strength and Service; nay, I believe he so little loves Amiability in any Thing, that were it in his Power, he would make himself ugly. I assure your Lordship 'tis not his Fault, that he has not brought this to pass. But though he can't distort his well-turn'd Limbs, nor corrupt his nice-made Shape and Height, yet the hideous Clothes he wears are sufficient to disguise them: His greasy Buff-Jacket, and Robe of coarse Serge, the same with his Soldiers, are no mighty Ornaments. Then for Linnen, he is at mortal Enmity with it, nor can his fine Face or Hands boast of common Cleanliness. He never uses the Bath, odoriferous Oils and Gums are not so much as named near *Theodorick*. As to his Hair, it is under no other Discipline but that of his own
 Royal

Royal Fingers, you may guess at the fierce martial Air of his unkemb'd Locks. Buskins, in which, after the manner of the *Romans*, the World is become so neat and nice, are never worn by his Majesty; he lies down in his Boots cover'd with Dust and Dirt, and the Royal Bed, or rather Sty, is of a Piece with the rest. Had this Monarch always liv'd, and had the Dominion of the World, there had possibly never been any of those Arts that we have seen invented. A plain Piece of slit Fir unpolish'd, serves him for a Table, Scrutore, Burreau, or what you please; the whole Apartment is without Ornament or Cleanliness. Then for Wine, his abstemious Majesty never drinks any: when he eats, Thumbs and Fingers are of excellent use to him, he stands in need of no Auxiliaries: Teeth and Claws were the first invented Machines. He says the rest are all superfluous, and however to be endured in a Palace, ought never to approach a Camp. When he beheld the Luxury and Profuseness practis'd about the Person of one of the *Roman* Generals, his temperate Majesty shrunk up his Shoulders, and said, No wonder they were so often overcome by the hardy *Barbarians*, since effeminated with Vice and Delicacy, and before the Fight, half conquered by enervating Luxury.

Yet your Highness finds, reply'd *Horatio*, that this young Conqueror is already so formidable, that not only the North trembles

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bles at his Arms, but he influences the Affairs of all *Europe*; so unsusceptible of Pleasures, so regardless of Pain, so fond of War, and so indefatigable in it. The Potentates fear the Lengths he may go, when there is nothing to influence or restrain him in his Love of Conquests and Glory. Ah; my Lord! cry'd *Ethelinda*, name not Glory and *Theodorick* together, he knows not so much as the Meaning of the Word, scarce ever hears the Sound, or when he does, he understands it not; like some Beauties, they conquer they can't tell how, and pass over a charming Youth, without heeding or knowing the Merit of it. Whence then, with your Highness's Leave, answered *Horatio*, is it that his *Vandal* Majesty performs such glorious Things? From a brutish Obstinacy, reply'd the Princess; and I am much mistaken if he do not, one Day, fall by it: Success cannot always attend a Man that moves upon no surer Principle, than his own headstrong Will. The Gods defend your Highness from a prophetick Spirit, cry'd the Envoy, the King of the *Vandals* is a good and faithful Ally of the King of the *Franks*; and one who is known to be Master of so much Truth, Honour and Sincerity, that all he says and promises, may be depended upon. Yet that does not forbid, interrupted *Ethelinda* in some Warmth, with your Excellency's Leave, but that all that Truth, Honour and Sincerity you boast of, may have only the Spirit
of

of Obstinacy for its Foundation. I could give you several Instances of it. When they once put a Thing in his Head, it is never to be got out; or when he once forms a Resolution, no political Considerations can shake it; he knows nothing of Devoir or Decency, you may judge of it by his refusing to see me, though I came with a publick Character from King *Beraldu*, and that I was formerly Attendant upon the Queen his Mother, and born his Subject; whatever his chief Minister and Favourite could urge, what I by my Letters could intreat, signify'd nothing, I was a Woman, and he would not discourse with me. Ah, happy Monarch! cry'd out *St. Girrone*, thou art something more than a Mortal who can'st thus command thy Passions; he is not only, Madam, a great King, but the wisest Man, who knew there was no trusting himself near your Highness; the Fight was unequal, he could conquer only by flying, such Eyes as yours would disarm the Universe. He had no longer been a formidable Monarch at the Head of a conquering Army: *Beraldu* had triumph'd in the Person of *Ethelinda*, and *Theodorick* had been the vanquish'd. This is only Gallantry, my Lord, (reply'd the Princess, with a bewitching Smile,) or a genteeler Way to commend the *Vandal* King for his Rudeness, in refusing Audience to one who came with advantageous Proposals of Peace; but it was my Sex, not my Business that he ob-

jected against, he hates a Woman. When he once found himself oblig'd, by the indispensable Laws of Decency, to pay a Visit to King *Beraldu's* Queen; after he had entertain'd her Majesty for a Moment, he spent the rest of the Time in talking to her Dwarf. I am fond enough of Poetry to amuse my self sometimes in endeavouring at an Imitation of Verse; the Essays of our Sex may be pardoned, because we have only Nature to assist us, we know nothing of the Schools. When I was going upon this Embassy, I was not quite so out of Humour with the King of the *Vandals* as at present; I had a Mind to make my Court to him in Heroicks; this is the Paper; I had it in my Hand when your Lordships entered; see if any Thing could be pushed farther to the Advantage of this Monarch; but the unread Thing sent me Word, he did not know what to make of it: When I writ next, he desired me to use Terms that his Majesty might understand. *Horatio* intreated the Paper, which the Princess having gracefully delivered, he read aloud; for it was in the *Roman* Language, which he found thus:

*At a Cœlestial Banquet, Mercury
Extolling loud our Heroe, sung
The great Exploits and early Victory,
Which the young Monarch of the North had won.
Mars cry'd his Laurels were more fair
Than what had e'er been gain'd in War.*

Jove

Jove prais'd his Temperance, Mercy, Piety ;
 Vertues, which seldom with a Camp agree.
 Minerva turn'd his Wisdom, Truth Divine :
 Momus his Prudence, which in Counsels shine.
 In Fame's high Temple, each according God
 Assign him an immortal blest Abode ;
 But Venus and Bacchus offer'd not a Word. }

Would one believe, pursu'd *Ethelinda*, that any Man could have been so insensible of the Praises given by a Lady? One would be sure another time, before one troubled one's self with Things of this kind, that they should be well received where they were offered ; if I had sent him some Texts of his Bible, he had perhaps understood them, for he reads nothing else ; he has a large gilt One always by his Bed-side, and 'tis the only Piece of Finery that is in the Lodgings. 'Tis true, answered *Horatio*, that 'tis a Question, which is most wonderful, the Greatness of his Piety, or Sincerity : That admirable Discipline and true Spirit of Devotion that is seen throughout his whole Army, are all owing to his Majesty's glorious Examples. There's no Debauchery in Practice, no licentious Drinking, Gaming, Blasphemy, Inseparables from the military Life ; twice a Day they meet at publick Worship, and the King never fails of being present ; as also before and after a Victory, they implore Success, and return Praise and Thanksgiving. Ay, the ignorant Bigots, said *Ethelinda*, they

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blindly

blindly follow their Leader; and when the Spirit of Enthusiasm seizes upon him, they must fall down and pray, though in the midst of a Puddle; the King, as if he were not dirty enough before, is their Example. In short, he is an Original, nor in the least worthy of any of those mighty Praises that the World bestows, because he is incited by a blind Revenge, and a precipitate Obstinacy; he has Courage, so has a Lyon; he loves War, because he loves nothing else; and the most stupid are fond of something: But it is not the Art that he is fond of (than which nothing can be more fine or praise-worthy to be like *Horatio* the undoubted Master of it) only the fighting Part, and there indeed he is intrepid: As to his Temperance, he is yet young, Owner of a very good Appetite, the Air and his Diversions sharpens it; he can eat any Thing, and loves the Plain rather than the Compound; so that what the World calls Abstemiousness, is no Merit in him, because it is his Taste. And here I must not forget to acquaint your Lordship, the Way he takes to get this good Stomach; some one or more of his Steeds always stands equip'd, ready for mounting; the Monarch uses Abundance of pretty witty Stratagems to get rid of his People; when he has dispersed them, or can give them the Slip, he thinks himself very happy; such Dexterity passes for a great Jest; then he steals to the Stables, bestrides the first Courser, and so away

away with Whip and Spur, thro' a dirty Country, and watty Lanes all alone, till he is cover'd as well as his Horse: He'll ride thirty Miles out-right, and then back again upon the full Trot: This is the chief of the royal Diversions, especially when he has been told how many of his Guards and Attendants have rode after and miss'd him: And I can assure you, he often amuses himself thus, and in an Enemy's Country. 'Tis true, there's nothing in his Garb, or the Furniture of his Horse, that distinguishes him from a common Horseman, or else he might be met with; his royal Person would be good Bounty to whoever should be so fortunate to seize him.

Were I less acquainted than I am, reply'd Monsieur *l'Envoy* with a Smile, with what has pass'd near your Highness, in relation to that Monarch, I should wonder a little at the Turn you endeavour to give to all the Actions of the young and most promising Prince of the Age. Ah Madam! will your Sex never learn to be sincere? I despair of it for ever, since so much good Sense as *Ethelinda* is Mistress of cannot induce her to it. Is it that you are bred up in a perpetual Distrust of Mankind, that you dare not make use of that irresistible Vertue, Sincerity, near us? Ah Madam! we are not ignorant, that your Eyes have done more than all the Terrors of War, and have caused that young Heroe to tremble; nor was it believed that the discerning *Ethelinda*

could be indifferent, where a young, amorous, handsome Monarch address'd. In the Name of God, ridicule no more those Extraordinaries, that your self have occasion'd. Is *Theodorick* vindictive, revengeful, implacable? thank *Esbelinda's* Eyes, and her Inconstancy. Is he become cold, unnatural, unpolite towards the fair Sex? *Esbelinda* be reproached, for whom he once burnt and languished, was all Fire and Softness? Is he rude and negligent in his Garb and Manner? For whom should he dress and preserve his Delicacy, when *Esbelinda* has forsook him? But no Distress, no Disaster can rob him of his Truth, his Courage, his Piety, Mercy and Justice. Ah! how hard is it for a young Monarch, at the Head of a many-times conquering Army, entire Master of his own Conduct and Dominions, to preserve his Temperance as *Theodorick* has done; his Vigour in full Strength of manly Force, all his Passions waiting to be indulged, none to controul them, his Flatterers ever at hand to recommend their Excess, and applaud his Gratification of them; in the mean time he shews no Softness but towards those Enemies he conquers, there he is Mercy Herself in her most beautiful Attire; when he has been freezing with northern Snow and Frosts upon a victorious Field, and a little Fewel has been lighted to warm the shaking Monarch, has he been found to indulge himself only? No, he has resign'd his Place, and the very Robe that covered him, to some poor

poor benumb'd Soldier that has suffer'd from the Extremity of War and Weather.

Because, interrupted *Estbelinda*, I will have no Disputes, at least in my own Pavilion; if your Excellency pleases, we will wave any farther Discourse of King *Theodorick*, for I find we shall but little agree about him; neither do I believe we stand in need of his *Vandal* Majesty to furnish Conversation among such Persons as I have the Honour to entertain. Will then your Highness be pleased to give us a new Theam, reply'd the Envoy smiling? Answered the Princess, I would know your Lordship's Opinion, as to the perpetual Success one Man has found in all his Enterprizes: A Man, who at present, and for some time past, has seen himself the greatest Subject upon Earth, who never undertook any Adventure that he did not perform to his Satisfaction; whether it were to subdue a Mistress, to win a Battle, to take a Town, or to secure to himself such and such Heaps of Money, Employment, Grant or Contributions. 'Tis *Stauracius* the *Thracian*, your Highness must mean, concluded the Envoy; these *Romans* can give your Highness a satisfactory Account, and will doubtless be proud of your Commands. The same answer'd *Estbelinda*: I would fain know how that Man performs so many great Things, yet is so far from being esteem'd; wins so many Battles yet is so little consider'd, unless it be by those whose Interest it is to flatter

ter him; he never gains a Field, but his Conquest serves for a new Theam of Wonder how he came to make it, and gives occasional Remembrance of his young and cooler Days, when he lay more open, and had not learnt the Art of disguising his native Temper; nor had he then Fortune, Interest and Empire at command, which creates Parasites to gild Defects, miscalling Phlegm and Tardiness, Conduct and Sedateness; the cold stagnating Impressions of Fear, an Alloy of Wisdom and Experience; a careful Preservation of his own Person, Love and Regard to the Soldier; tho' 'tis truly thought, that Avarice is the Groundwork of all his Exploits: But were he to conquer the World, and do as many Miracles as has *Horatio*; he could never enter into my Esteem, or obtain Forgiveness for his early Ingratitude and Treachery. Good Heaven! what are thy Dispensations? 'Tis so lately since our Country is become Christian, a Benefit Monsieur *L'Envoy* which we owe to your Monarch, that I may be permitted some small Remains of our *Pagan* Superstition; thence to argue with Providence, how this Man should rise upon the Ruins of his Sovereign: Is it not because he is sent as a Plague and Scourge to the falling *Persian*, that Heaven would make the Punishment of their Pride, Persecution, Oppression, arbitrary Rule and Luxury, more notorious, coming from so despicable a Hand? Or is there in reality any Truth
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in that Report, that he has Success, not from Heaven, but is in Terms with a Dæmon, to procure him the good Fortune that has astonish'd the World? I can say more of that than can another, perhaps Madam, answer'd *Albinus*; and I am proud of my Knowledge, since it may serve to gratify your Highness's Curiosity. I must agree with you in an immortal Hatred of *Stannarius's* Principles and Practices; and were I to live ten thousand Years, would for ever pursue him for his Treachery and Ingratitude to his first Sovereign, and lately to the Emperor, who had lifted him up to so preposterous a Height, as to bear his Sight and Memory above the Hand that rais'd him; from thence he not only disput'd all Commands, despis'd all Obedience, but impos'd Terms of Restriction, nay, Slavery, upon his Master, who took him from the servile Condition of a Servant, as he must have been to others; making *Cæsar's* Goodness of Temper his Engine, wherewith to batter down, not only the Constitution, but even *Augustus* himself. Nor has he any one Vertue but Success, to atone for his Vices; nor even that Bravery of Soul, that Fire and martial Ardor, often attained by Conquest, and conspicuous on a conquering Field, if no where else. Whom has he rais'd, that were not his immediate Creatures? Whom advanced, but his Engines of Mischief and Plunder, unless they had Money to recommend them? Could one repeat the individu-

al Complaints and Distresses of so many brave Officers and Soldiers, upon whose Shoulders he has mounted to Victory, thotow whose Blood he has so often waded to conquest, one would detest, despise, and loath that abominable, sordid, despicable Vice, which makes him more the Hatred of his own Army, than their Bravery has made him the Dread of his Enemies. Yet his *Damon* may perhaps deceive him, reply'd *Ethelinda*; he may not always be so fortunate; I have heard very good Politicians bid him beware the Fate of *Regulus*: Since he cannot be brought to Terms of an advantageous Peace, as long as there is a *Denary* to be got by the *Barbarian War*, let him take heed, Success may not always reside with him: Did he truly love the Empire, were he in reality that great Man he desires to be thought, and which his Army's gaining so many Victories, has caused him among the Ignorant to be esteemed, would he not be proud and pleas'd to relieve his Country from the Hardships of an expensive War? a War! that gives their Trade and Commerce to a rival Nation; a War! which yearly expends the Empire so many Millions of Treasure, levy'd upon her suffering People; and in return, repays them in nothing but empty Glory? Who speaks so well as *Ethelinda*, reply'd the Envoy, observing the Pause she made; we can but inlarge upon the Notions and Hints which your Highness gives us: For did *Stauracius* truly love his
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Country, before the Pride of being thus for ever at the Head of an Army, would he refuse the advantageous Offers that were made him? Would he drive his Enemy into Despair? who finding no Refuge but in their Swords, and more than human Defence, may be brought to resolve upon a decisive Battle, urged by the Necessity of either dying or conquering, all the Hopes that is left them, to preserve their Rest of Country, their deplorable Monarch, their suffering Wives, and little Ones! These Incentives may carry them above Mortals in Courage; while relenting Heaven, (that perhaps is pleased to humble, but not totally destroy) will in Pity think they have endured enough, will give the Check to all *Straucius's* Glory, and send him home that despicable Thing, which the Loss of one Battle is certain to make him: If it be possible, that commanding so brave, so veteran an Army, where every Captain is an *Alexander*, every Soldier a Captain, he can be suppos'd to lose a Battle, tho' even his own good Fortune should forsake him, and that of the *Persians* Return.

Your Highness has help'd me with one Example by way of Comparison. *Attilius Regulus* had been a fortunate Commander in the Roman War against the *Carthaginians*, twice Consul, and carry'd in Triumph: Yet, as *Diodorus Siculus* asks his Readers, 'Who will not disapprove the Pride and Vain-Glory of *Regulus*, who being not able
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' to support himself under so great Prospe-
 ' rity, which seemed to him as an heavy
 ' Burthen, depriv'd himself of the Advan-
 ' tages of a general Applause, and brought
 ' his own Country into imminent Danger &
 ' For when he might have concluded an ho-
 ' nourable and advantageous Peace to the
 ' People of *Rome*, and obtain'd the Glory
 ' of a remarkable Clemency and Renown,
 ' he proudly insulted over the Afflicted,
 ' and required such harsh and unreasonable
 ' Terms of Peace, that he not only drew
 ' upon him the Gods Displeasure, but
 ' mov'd the Conquered to an implacable
 ' Hatred and Height of Despair, by which
 ' they renewed their dying Courage, and
 ' ventured to fight a-fresh. By his Fault
 ' the Affairs were changed in such a man-
 ' ner, that he and his whole Army were
 ' routed, thirty thousand of them slain in
 ' the Field, and fifteen thousand taken Pri-
 ' soners with him, &c. An undoubted
 ' Sign, says *Polybins* the *Greek* Historian, of
 ' Fortune's Inconstancy, and of the little
 ' Trust we are to put in her flattering
 ' Smiles; seeing that he, who but a little
 ' before could not be moved to Pity, and
 ' had no Compassion of the Afflicted, was
 ' soon after obliged to cast himself at their
 ' Feet, and to beg his Life.

But whence is it that the *Greeks* pursued
Eubelinda, who have been renowned for
 Weariness of all Things that spun out into
 length, are not tir'd with the *Persian* War?
 They

They; the most changeable People of the Universe; nor are their new and dangerous Allies, the *Saracens*, whose growing Power ought to be more formidable to the Empire, than even the *Persian*; any other but deep and conceal'd Enemies. How do they agree so long in one Design of humbling, or rather ruining the *Persian*? The whole seems a Piece of Management, answer'd *Horatio*, that has lull'd the Court of *Constantinople*; but they may awake when it is too late, when the *Saracens* are grown too big to be oppress'd. They are at present *Stauracius's* best Friends, whether they are the Empire's or no. My Opinion is, that we shall have no sooner concluded the *Persian* War, but the *Saracen* will begin another with us. They have the Spirit of Monopoly; they want our Trade, our Havens, our Islands and Colonies; and are an incroaching People, who from poor and despicable Beginnings, will, I fear, in time, overgrow all their Neighbours. They are good at any Design that may enlarge their Dominion; indefatigable in the Pursuit; and know how to apply to *Stauracius's* Foible: They flatter his Vain-Glory with ostentatious Harangues and Congratulations, for which he pays them back in good Towns; whatever is taken from the Enemy, he consents should be put into their Hands 'till the End of the War. They suffer him to get, as a General; and he them, as a Nation. Are they, by their
Treaty

Treaty of Alliance, to furnish thirty thousand Auxiliaries? Do they send Fifteen? 'Tis very well: *Stauracius* sees not the Defect, lest they should see too far into his Conduct. Are they to equip a Fleet of thirty Sail to join the *Grecians*, with a Design to fall down into the *Persian* Gulph, to secure the Seas against Rovers or Pirates, that ruin and take the Merchants? Do they send Twelve? No matter how furnished, nor how long after the appointed time; *Stauracius* does not complain, lest they shoud clap up a separate Peace; nor does he want any Thing but the Umbrage of their Assistance, as long as *Cajus Amilius* is Super-Questor, and the Empire be worth an Asper: *Constantine* himself must indure any Inconvenience, rather than *Stauracius*, who sees himself the most happily circumstanc'd for Success, of any that was ever at the Head of the *Roman* Forces, because his fortunate Star is predominant; independant of all Things but *Amilius*, who is dependant upon none but *Stauracius*'s Wife. Thus by a lucky Revolution, the Power comes round to him again.

Your Lordship will pardon me for my Interruption, said *Albinus*, since 'tis to impart a Ray of Joy to you, which, as you are a good Man, you must necessarily feel, at the Removal of an ill one. I find you are yet ignorant that *Cajus Amilius* is no longer Questor; the brave, the wise, the honest *Herminius* fills his Post with Glory!

The

The Genius of the Empire revives; native Warmth and glowing Vigour returns to him under *Herminius's* auspicious Conduct: He stretches out his Wings, he expends his Force, and confesses his former Energy; no longer oppress'd by crafty *Emilius*, haughty *Irene*, nor persecuting *Cethegus*. *Stauracius*, 'tis true, is yet at the Head of the *Thracian* Legions, but with that Esteem which his Contempt of *Caesar* has justly drawn upon him. When he was commanded into Exile, he went no further than *Eleutherium*; whence, with *Emilius's* crafty Management, and his scattering Gold in the Senate-House, he was recalled by a Petition to *Constantine* from the *Patricians*, that *Stauracius* might be immediately sent against the *Persians*, lest the *Saracens* and the rest of the *Auxiliaries*, might desert; so considerable was he represented to *Caesar*, and of such Importance to the War, that lest any Accident should happen, by which the Good of the Empire might be endanger'd, gracious *Constantine* gave way to their Request, and obliged them, by complying with the Effects of it: But those who esteem *Stauracius* so necessary, do not reflect, that it is not him, as the invincible Commander of an Army, that performs these Exploits, but an invincible Army that needs no Commander, though they were even to conquer the World. Was it *Stauracius* that made them what they are, taught them the glorious Art of War? Was it not all done to his Hand? Had he
any

any other Fatigue than to march to inevitable Conquest, in a Path mark'd out and made easy to him by his immortal Predecessor? the Success attributed to him, was the Consequence of a better Reign, advancing upon a noble and artful Foundation; he must be an ill Architect that can so early deform the Building: Things pass not quickly from Good to Bad; nor, on the contrary, grow to sudden Strength, from immediate Weakness. *Stauracius* had the Advantage of succeeding *Leo IV.* the greatest Genius, in War of his Age. Immense were his Views, and plausible his Undertakings; but still betray'd and travers'd as he was, by a Faction at home, what mighty Success could he expect abroad? The Senate, jealous of his Glory, and that Spirit of Empire conspicuous in him, retarded his Supplies, which were either perpetually anticipated, or so loaded with Delays, that the Season of the Field was generally past, before they would send him the Indispensibles for taking it. Yet with all these Inconveniencies, what did he not do? Or rather, what has *Stauracius* done, but built upon his sure Foundation? Who model'd and gave Examples to *Stauracius's* Legions? Who made them *Veterans*, and taught them the Trade of War, but the wise and great *Leo*? Who reduced the *Persian* and his Country, broke his Councils, expended his Treasure, stript him bare, and was the first and only General that put a Stop to his

rapacious Conquests, but *Leo* the Invincible? Then was that King great, opulent and fortunate, draining the Riches of his People as long as they had any for him to take, and which he perpetually employ'd in corrupting *Leo's* Council, his very Senate and Army. 'Tis notoriously known, the *Persian* has been more successful by the Force of Gold dexterously apply'd, than either by War, or any other Strain of Politicks. *Leo* saw and could not prevent the Treachery; he had no other Measures to take, but to raise so many Enemies against his Enemy (showing his Friends that their true Interest was to arm, whilst yet they had Power to arm; for should they stay till he were vanquished, 'twould be too late to hope a Defence against a Tyrant, who, one after another, would devour them all, and separately certainly destroy, what firmly united, might very well hope to destroy him) by combining their Forces, that in a short time he was drained by that prodigious Expence they occasioned him to make; so that when *Stauracius* came into the Field, the *Persian* was no longer the Monarch that was able to buy and bribe, or else doubtless he had not been his Enemy; for as *Jugurtha* once said of the Senate of *Rome*, upon a Sense of their Corruption; 'O *Rome!* thou wouldst have sold thy self, were there but a Chapman for Thee!' Had that King been still able to have bought, *Stauracius* must have sold; but as he could not

not come up to his Price, that is to say, not give him so much for becoming his Friend; as *Stauracius* got by being his Enemy, *Stauracius* still continued so, and very much longer than he had occasion to do; for though there were prodigious Battles fought, and Millions of Lives and Money sacrificed, yet never in the right Place; one Tenth of that Treasure and Blood in the Hands' of *Moratio*, at the Head of the *Iberian* Legions, had determined the War; though indeed *Stauracius's* Army, moulded by *Leo* was invincible. The *Greeks*, when encouraged, are more than Men, we may very well say, that in Battle they put off both Fear and Humanity; they fight like Furies, rather than Mortals; when flush'd in Blood they dare any Opposition, and know no Satiety; nothing can stand before them, neither could a General, though he were twice five times as cold again as *Stauracius*, withhold their Thirst of Death and Desolation; they esteem no Conquest that is not bought at the extreamest Danger, and when their Ranks are often broke through and through, then do these Demons of the Field rally again, and again repel the Charge beyond the Power of mortal Resistance, so that 'tis become an usual Excuse for the *Persian* Generals after every Defeat, we brought our Soldiers to fight with Men, they cry, and did not expect to encounter Devils.

Then

Then it is not, my Lord, interrupted *Isbelinda*, *Stauracius* that has taught his Legions to conquer, but his Legions that have made a Conqueror of him? The Definition is certainly just and nice, reply'd *Albinus*. Yet-how hard is it, answered she, that *Stauracius* must have all the Glory? methinks I am concerned at the unequal Distribution: Pray tell me, Is his Birth so mean as they report him? His Father Madam, was of the *Equestrian* Order, pursued *Alpinus*; your Highness knows too much to need the Explanation. Well, but he must be pretty poor, went she on, for I have been well informed, that he was offered to *Ancus Tullius* (who, they say, derives himself from the old *Roman* King of that Name) for an attendant Boy or Page, and that he was refused by him: And yet this prodigious Darling of Fortune, has since had the Presumption, to try to match his Lees of Blood into the only truly Royal Family of *Rome*; he had the Arrogance to offer his Daughter for a Wife to *Ancus Tullius's* Heir, with such Advantages, that would have tempted any other, that had a less Sense of native Glory and hereditary Worth, than our young Patrician: He heard with Scorn, and a just Sentiment of Indignation, a Proposal of Allying himself by Marriage with him, whom his Grandfather had not thought worthy the Honour of being received into his Family, though but as a Domestick. 'Tis *Fortune* then that is
only

only conscious of *Stauracius's* Rise, nor do any of the Vertues pretend a Rival's Share in the Composition and Advancement of this Her adorable Minion.

'Twas *Fortune* indeed, reply'd *Albinus*; and if your Highness will believe *Damareta*, *Irene* the Empress's Mother, she shed her propitious Influence on him at his Birth. Was not that *Damareta* a Witch or Sorceress, cry'd the Princess? She had the Reputation of it, answer'd the *Roman*. I can speak something significant to the Point, because a Slave of hers, that was Coadjutor with her in all her Conjurations, was afterwards received into my Father's Family, and trusted me with the Secret, which had it been publicly known, would have perhaps expell'd him thence. When his Mistress dy'd she enfranchis'd him, and left him a Legacy to enable him to live free; but *Irene* was too covetous and unjust to fulfil the Decrees of the Dead; whether she interpreted after *Damareta's* Will, or her own, or both, but the Wretch was defrauded and without Prospect of Redress, unless it were suing the Empress, and your Highness may imagine what was to be got by that. He was forced once more to enter into a voluntary Slavery for his Subsistence; ours was the Family he chose; he was order'd an immediate Attendant upon my Person; I indulg'd his Inclinations to Study, and from thence received several Advantages to my own.

Curiosity drew me to enquire nicely into the Occasion of that Report, concerning *Damareta's* Knowledge in Sorcery; Monsieur the *Envoy*, your Excellence is an Ornament to the Church, let me beg your Opinion of *Demons*, Angels, Spirits, and what Religion will have us believe of their Existence. the *Pagan* System was full of their Effects. I must own my Incredulity; and whether it is that my Temper inclines me to the *Epicturean* Philosophy, or my Understanding, I can hardly imagine that immortal Beings can find their Account in concerning themselves so far with the Mortal. And yet, answered the Prior of *Orleans*, We are taught to believe it, not only from *Plato* and the Schools, but from the holy Scripture. Does not the old Bible assure us often of ministring Angels, good and bad, of Satan's tempting *Job*? The Power which Witches have is shown us by a memorable Example in the Woman of *Endor*. Neither did Jesus say any Thing to contradict the receiv'd Opinion of *Demons* or Spirits; on the contrary, he only endeavours to inform and convince his Disciples of the Difference between Him and those Beings, by showing what he was, and defining what they were. Can any one that looks with due Faith into Church-History, doubt of the Power of Magick? We are told in the *Acts* of one *Simon*, who used Sorcery, and bewitch'd the People of *Samaria*, giving out that himself was some great One, And to him, says the holy Text,

they

they had regard, because of a long time he had bewitch'd them with Sorceries. At Paphos, Elymas the Sorcerer withstood Barnabas and Paul. They told him, 'He was full of all
 ' Subtilty and all Mischief, a Child of the
 ' Devil, an Enemy of all Righteousness :
 ' Seeking to turn the Deputy from the
 ' Faith; they inflicted Blindness upon him,
 ' that he should not see the Sun for a Season.' St. Luke says, *A certain Damsel was possess'd with a Spirit of Divination, which brought her Master much Gain by Soothsaying.* Not to instance in several others of them,
 ' Who used curious Arts, brought their
 ' Books together and burn'd them before all
 ' Men, and they counted the Price of them,
 ' and found them fifty pieces of Silver. An Angel came evidently to Cornelius, a Centurion of the Italian Band at Casarea. Except you will renounce your Religion, you cannot deny the Ministry of Angels, or the Opinion of Witchcraft, since we have the same Foundation, the holy Writ, for their Existence, as for any Article of our Faith. The learned Fathers of the Church hold, That God has ordain'd particular Angels to watch for the Preservation of divers Kinds of Beings, of several sorts of Animals and Plants, &c. and judge there is no Absurdity that there should be sometimes in the Air Dæmons or Spirits, who by the Permission or Command of God, do wonderful Things; as to cause Showers of Blood, Thunder and Storms, or extraordinary Earth-
 quakes;

quakes; tho' by some Philosophers, these are attributed to natural Causes only. *Philo* is of Opinion, That such whom the Philosophers called *Demons*, are the same with those whom *Moses* names Angels; Souls that fly about the Air; that the Air might have its Creatures, as well as the Earth the Water and the Fire have theirs: Besides in holy Writ, we read of certain Powers of the Air. Nay, some use Incantments against *Demons*, who are thought to mix themselves in the black and thick Clouds, from whence we usually apprehend the coming of Thunder, Hail, and Storms.

Nor does Religion only, but Reason assure us of their Existence, as it did really persuade the Philosophers, principally *Thales*, *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, the *Stoicks*, *Empedocles*, and others, who affirm'd, that there were *Demons*, living Substances and Souls of Heroes, either Good or Evil, freed from their Bodies; tho' they have err'd as well in relation to their Substance, as to the Qualities that they attributed to them; however, they judged aright when they believed, that there were such. These *Gehii* were reputed to be of a divine Nature, or of a Nature little lower than the Divine. *Aristotle* called them separated Substances, because not corporeal; and because they have Understanding he names them Intelligences. *Pythagorus*, according to his System of the Soul of the World, fancied these *Demons* were small Particles, struck from the divine Nature,

his

his Soul of the Universe being no other than God; this Notion was embraced by some Hereticks in the Infancy of Christianity, who taught from thence, that the Angels were taken out of the divine Substance.

These Souls chiefly were supposed to reside in the upper Region among the Stars, and in the Sun; they believed when the celestial Bodies spread abroad their Influences to revive and entertain the earthly Beings, that they proceeded from Heaven as so many Beams from that Soul which revives all Things, and that they incorporate or become Bodies in a differing Manner in their Passage, clothing themselves with a kind of airy Habit, and remaining afterwards, some in the Air, and others proceeding as far as the Earth: So that they have thought that these Kind of Substances which are thus composed of a thin Body, such as is the Air, and of a Particle of the Soul of the World, are the *Demons* and the Souls. *Demons*, when they continue free from any Mixture of the grosser Bodies of this Earth; and if the thin Body with which the Particles of the Soul of the World is clothed be found to be of a sweet Kind and favourable Composure, then they happen to be good *Demons* and *Spirits*; but Evil when it is sharp and malicious. When Souls departed out of their Bodies, they became again *Demons*, not immediately, nor equally, because retaining some Relicks of the

the human Body; for till they were entirely stript, they could not be *Demons*, but only Heroes or Demi-gods.

Apuleius explain'd this Opinion of *Demons*, being of a middle Nature between the Gods and Men, between Immortals and Mortals; for he has said, that it is by their Means and Mediation, that there is Correspondence between the Gods and Men; and as the other Regions of the World have their Beings to inhabit and live there, the superior Region hath the Stars; the Sea, Fish; the Earth, all our terrestrial Animals; so the Air ought not to be without its Inhabitants, which are the *Demons*. In this manner he explains himself: The Bodies of the *Demons* have very little Weight; which hinders them from ascending to the highest Regions; nor are they so light as to fall down to the lowest; they are Creatures of a third Nature; suitable to the middle Region where they dwell; they are between the Gods and Men, being immortal as the Gods, but subject to Passions as Men; for as they are as we, subject to Anger and to Mercy, and like us suffer themselves to be overcome by Prayers and Intreaties, by Gifts and Honours; so they are like us stir'd up to Wrath, by Injuries and Contempt. In his own Words, *Demonēs sunt genere animalia, ingenio rationalia, animo passiva, corpore aëria, tempore aeterna.*

The Reason that induced ancient Philosophers to believe that there were *Demons* seem-

seems to be from a Notion they had of divine Providence; for tho' they believed that God takes care of all Things, yet they fancied that it did not become his glorious Majesty to extend his Care to every particular Person by himself, and without some Ministers that might execute his Orders. They therefore imagin'd that God keeps his Court in Heaven, is attended by Ministers and Servants always ready to obey him, by whose means he provides for the Universe, but especially for this inferior World. They called these Ministers (whom they acknowledged to be very nimble and active Beings) *Demons*; but they assign'd the Name of *Genii* to those whose chief Office it is to take care of Man, according to the Poet, who brings in a Criminal with these Reflexions,

*Sure there are Hours of Ill that wait us all,
And Fate has made us subject to their Call.
Tho' some be blacker stain'd than others are,
There's none can say their Lives were ever fair.
Then on our Guardian Gods be all the fault,
Not having watch'd our Frailty as they ought:
Back to themselves I do retort the Blame,
Who carelessly resign our trusted Fame.*

What these Philosophers speak of the *Genii*, that there is one Chief that governs a whole Nation, and a particular *Genius* for every Man, is also agreeable to what Religion calls the *Protecting Angel* of a whole Na-

Nation, and the guardian Angel of every private and particular Person. *Epictetus* and *Plato* tell us, We can conceal nothing from this constant Witness, whether it be Good or Evil ; to whom they advise us to have particular Respect. Now that God suffers evil Angels to be the Enemies of Men, and to endeavour to destroy them, relates to the general Providence of God, who has done nothing but for just and reasonable Ends, though not known or discoverable to Men.

The *Dæmons* being prov'd to have Passions like us, may be drawn to assist Mankind with their Intelligence or intuitive Knowledge. The way I conceive (if any) by which those Immortals may be mov'd, is by Prayer, Fumigation, Incantation, and certain cabalistical Ceremonies or Compacts, which as they are appertaining to a particular Study, cannot be treated of with any certainty in the general.

Monsieur *L'Envoy* having deliver'd his Opinion, had the Pleasure to see it agreeably received by that illustrious Audience ; in consequence of which, the Princess press'd Lord *Albinus* to favour her with what he knew of *Damareta's* Skill in Magick : Upon which he pursued his Discourse, still addressing to her Highness.

At *Athens* there was a Person named *Timias*, whose Father had left him a large Inheritance, and little Ambition ; averse to the Marriage-State, and yet a Votary to *Venus*. He

was naturally a Chymist; lov'd mysterious Studies, judicial Astrology, and conversing with the *Philosophers* of the *Greeks*; or as they are generally term'd, *Magicians*: So intent was he upon improving himself in that dangerous Art, that he seem'd to be secluded from all Conversation but those of that Sect: He gave his Days and Nights wholly to the Pursuit; he subjected his Cares, his Fortune, and his Time, to improve himself in that diabolical Knowledge. He had travell'd into *Egypt*, and there attain'd the Interpretation of their *Hieroglyphicks*; was instructed from the *Gymnosophists* and *Indian Brachmans*, from the *Magi* of the *Persians*, in the Secrets of Philosophy and the cabalistical Art; so that when he returned into *Greece*, it was a general received Opinion, he knew much more than a Mortal; and, That he had subdued two *Demons* to be obedient to his Charms; one of the bitter or evil Composition, the other more sweet and benign; yet he made no other Use of his Power but to satisfy his own Thirst of Knowledge, to divert his Friends, and to procure him the Embraces of those Beauties, whose Eyes had greater Fascinations than his Art. *Damareta* was then newly married to a Gentleman his Neighbour: Her Youth and Gaiety put her among the Number of those who had the good Fortune to please *Timias*. The particular Inclination he felt for this new Bride, made him nice as to the Point of gaining hers; which from her own
Tem-

Temper, and the several Opportunities he had to converse, flatter'd him in his hopes of subduing her, without having recourse to the Assistance of his *Demons*: The Reputation he had that way, gave his Addressees a favourable Reception. *Damareta* was angry with a young *Athenian* Lady, for having rob'd her of a Lover, for whom she had a greater Inclination than for him she married; she would have given every Thing but Life to have been reveng'd upon that successful Beauty; had *Timias* asked her to stake her Soul, she had readily comply'd; therefore 'tis not to be doubted but she thought the Composition he made for her Body very reasonable, and that she bought her Satisfaction upon easie Terms: In short, by his Art he caus'd that Lady to be forsaken, and *Damareta* triumph'd in her Rival's Despair; which was attended with so disgraceful a Circumstance, that the Lady who had lately yielded her Honour, depending upon that of her Lover's, seduced by a Promise of becoming his Wife, carry'd about her ocular Proof of her being no longer a Maid.

Timias, in compliance with his new Mistress, who had Fire and Youth enough to enchant the Enchanter, caus'd this unhappy Lady's Disgrace to be made publick: She was forced to withdraw from *Athens*, and lament for the Remainder of her Days, her Indiscretion in a Cloister. *Damareta* having received this Proof of her Lover's Art, left no Address, no Blandishment unessay'd, to

come into his Heart and Confidence, as well as his Arms. The wisest Men are oftentimes guilty of the greatest Weaknesses, especially in relation to Love. *Damareta* had a happy Run, and she carry'd it so far, as to cure him of his Desire of Change; in short, she continued in his Favour till his Death, and to such a Degree, that after a Million of Importunities, he made her Successor to his Art, with this Limitation, (as well knowing her audacious, irreligious, and revengeful Temper) That she should only have the Command of the milder *Demon*, who should assist her with proper Intelligence in her Pleasures; but he for ever enfranchis'd the evil Spirit who had been subservient to him, and destroyed the cabalistical Characters and Charms, that had an influence over him; then dy'd well satisfy'd, that he left his Mistress the Power of doing Mischief to none but her self, and that too but by the Consent of her self.

Damareta quickly let the gentle *Demon* know that he was not to expect much Rest in his new Service: She refin'd upon *Timias's* Scheme, turn'd Chymist in her Pleasure, extracted the Spirits of Delight, and found the Art of improving the Lovers Moment to a Height unknown before. The Reputation of her Art brought the Addressees of all the noble Youth at *Constantinople*, for thither she had brought the fair *Irene*, *Timias's* supposed Daughter, as to an auspicious Market, where her Beauty might expect the highest

highest Price. How dissolute ! how abandoned she proved is a Theme, Madam, unfit for your sacred Ears. In her old Age she was communicative of her Talent to others, and assisted the despairing Lover to gain his cruel Mistress, but upon condition that she was to be Witness of their Happiness, in a manner too indecent to repeat : In a word, Madam, she was all that was scandalous, impious, and detestable !

When (the now great) *Stauracius* was born, *Damareta* was in the Chamber, and having a Friendship for his Mother, summon'd her *Demon* to shed auspicious Influences on his Birth ; but was inform'd that *Fortune* had already adopted him, and that nothing shou'd prevent him from being the greatest Subject of the East. As he grew up, she recommended him to *Irene's* Consideration ; she told her that her own Grandour could never be secure but in allying her self with *Stauracius*, which was his first Step to the Favour of that imperious Empress ; but she farther imparted to himself ; that if he received the last Honours of the Empire, they would be fatal to him. She also taught him how to overcome ; gave him Power to summon the *Demon* to his Aid, upon any Exigence of Battle : For by the help of soporiferous Druggs, Fumigations, and certain necromantick Rites, he makes a narcotick Suppository, which being apply'd some Hours before the intended Fight, casts him into a deep Sleep, where he

is perswaded he is not only render'd invulnerable, the first necessary Step towards becoming courageous, but gains a Foresight of the Event, and is instructed in the Manner of overcoming.

Thus is the Immortal *Stauracius* render'd invincible. He also received a Present from *Damareta* of a Ring, which the Emperor *Constantine* innocently accepted from him; the Diamond is enchanted; there's more than Fascination in the Lustre; it has Power to make the Wearer do all Things in Favour of the Giver, to be blind upon his Errors, and persisting in their own. Ah! cry'd Princess *Ethelinda*! Why is not *Cesar* uninchanted? I am in Pain for his Infatuation, and it wants but little of my becoming so impertinent as to endeavour his Deliverance. 'Tis already performed, Madam, reply'd *Albinus*, *Herminius* has the Secret; he has deliver'd the Emperor from the Force of that fatal Magick; the Ring and all its pernicious Effects are buried, never, I hope, to rise again. We see *Augustus*, since freed from the Danger of *Stauracius's* Art, new-born to Courage, Resolution, and Conversation; whilst under that dangerous Operation, Indolence, Discontent, an Apathy to all the Pleasures of Life invaded him; he even knew not his nearest Relations, those whom Blood and Merit recommended; nothing could be seen but through their enchanted Glass; there was neither Vertue, Affection, nor Assiduity out of that Family.

In-

Infidel, as I am, in the Power of Magick, when I behold the wonderful Change in *Cæsar*, I dare no longer be a Misbeliever: He moves not, speaks not, lives not with the same Air and Manner: We now behold our august and gracious Sovereign, mild indeed by the Goodness of his own Temper, but not that easie *Constantine*, infatuated by *Stauracius's* Necromancy: The Magician stands confess'd, the falling Empire, inverted Constitution, and sinking *Cæsar*, are no longer the Objects of Terror, with which every noble *Roman* has been so thoroughly mortify'd. *Herminius* has had Courage to end the Adventure, not affrighted by the Prophecy affix'd to it; *That whoever should attempt to dispossess Cæsar of that fatal Ring, to pluck the enchanted Diamond from his Finger, should be lost in the Undertaking.* 'Tis done, Madam, and *Herminius* still unharm'd; 'tis finish'd! and *Herminius* flourishing and intrepid; the guardian Angel of the Empire, long preserve him to uphold the Glories of *That* and *Cæsar*.

Stauracius, Madam, has been so strict an Observer of *Damareta's* Ceremonies, that he has never been known to fight a Battle without this magical Preparation. She even warn'd him from attempting it, or from accepting the highest Honour of the Empire: The *Hag*, as she gave the Charge, grew more hideous, her Speech enormous, her Execrations more direful, and prophane; She curst the Hour, the Moment, he should

venture to fight at random; bid him beware! and not upon the greatest Advantage to ingage an Enemy, without the forementioned Preparatives ——— she foresaw ——— eternal Destiny! ——— the Tears of his desolate Family ——— the Anguish of *Irene* ——— Horror and Amazement ——— her Daughter involved ——— Desolation usurping upon their former Glory. Lost *Stauracius* ——— despis'd ——— execrated *Stauracius* ——— fatal House! ——— The Witch would explain no more, but left him to the Horrors of Divination and Uncertainty.

His own Inclinations would have made him take Advantage of the Prophecy, and not attempt the War any further, they had always led him rather to the Court than Army; but encompass'd as he is by *Damaretta's* Magick, he concludes himself invulnerable; and that he need never put an end to a War, that is so fruitful of golden Laurels, and so barren of Dangers.

You give me Horror, reply'd the Princess, seeing *Albinus* had done, at the very Name of *Stauracius*! The Course of his good Fortune is such, that wou'd indeed incline us to believe the Witch had imparted her Sorcery to him. But ah! who wou'd overcome at that Price? Is it not despicable? Is it not abominable? Yet if I do not mistake, he has not precisely follow'd the Advice of the Sorceress: Is he not call'd Father of the
Em-

Empire? Yes, Madam, answer'd *Albinus*, but so much to the Dissatisfaction of the illustrious *Damareta's* Off-spring, that *Irene* and her Children were two Days and Nights upon their Knees incessantly imploring with Cries and Tears, the overgrown Patrician not to be greater than he was, lest he shou'd meet prognosticated Fate! The whole Court was a good deal diverted at this Scene of redundant Woe, when they look'd back upon the Son of an *Equestrian*; ballancing whether he should receive the second Dignity of the Empire; Ambition and Superstition filling the doubtful Scales; but at last they inclin'd to the Side of Glory rather than Security, and in spite of his Wife's and Daughters Tears, he would be term'd Father of the Empire, that is to say, the Disposer of its Honours and Revenues, which like a careful Parent he industriously treasured up in his own Coffers, against any Extremity his Children, the People, may happen to be reduced to: Tho' there are others that tell us the best Use that Mass can be put to; without asking *Stauracius's* Opinion whether it be yet a convenient Season, upon the next Exigency of State, is to squeeze the illustrious Sponge into the royal Treasury, till it have return'd Part of those immense Riches it has so long been soaking from the Empire.

Lord *Albinus*; answer'd the Princess, I return your Excellency Thanks for your agreeable Relation; and if you are not tir'd, wou'd

would farther engage you, in honour of the Company I entertain, to give us now that Discourse, which before their Entrance, you promised me for to morrow; I mean an Account of the Turns in the Great Court; all the World is surpris'd and charm'd at the Change found in the Emperor; that Regard of Religion, that Courage, Perseverance, and Resolution to adhere stedfastly to the Orthodox, after having suffer'd the Idolaters to hope all Things from his Lenity. I see not any Person in this Pavilion but who wears upon his Face a distinguishing Character; they can both commend and smile in the right Place, and therefore must be entertain'd by those sensible Things which your Excellency speaks; who wou'd not dwell for ever upon what proceeds from a Man of Wisdom, especially one of the well educated World? Can any here prefer Sleep, or perhaps Waking, in a cold lonely Bed, to Lord *Albinus's* sprightly Conversation? Thus we break the Rigor of the Season, despise the falling Snow, congealing Air, and hanging Isicles; 'tis all verdant and agreeable amongst Objects so sensible and delicate. *Ethelinda* is *Flora* in all her Pride of Beauty, answer'd *Horatio*; where-ever she appears there's an Impossibility of feeling Inclemency from any Season, or rather there is nothing but Delights and glowing Wishes near her lovely Person. The *Zephyrs* in her Train drive far away the northern Blasts; nay, even downy Sleep with all its healing Balm,

Balm, loses his Charm when *Eubelinda* speaks; he well knows she has an Army of Graces destructive to his Empire, and therefore does not presume to invade her Votaries; we not only desie his Approach, but have forgot that there is any other Power but *Eubelinda's*.

Without answering such Hyperboly, sweetly smil'd the Princess, My Lords, I take it that you are disposed to pass Part of this Evening in Conversation; may I not intrude a little with my Woman's Curiosity to enquire first what is become of your Patrician *Cicero's* Amours? This Summer I went for my Health to the hot Baths at *Prusa*, where *Thais* his Mistress was, sure never were such ancient Lovers; what does he see in her, unless it be for Contradiction, because she is another's? Habit is no small Matter, reply'd *Albinus*, the good Patrician one wou'd believe needed any Thing rather than a Mistress, especially at this time of Day; but yet he is so bewitch'd to *Thais*, that in Consideration of what Joys her Palace produces, he has kept himself unmarried. He is, as Fame reports, a leading Card, says the Princess, amongst the Idol-worshippers at *Constantinople*; very warm, very devout for the Cause of Religion, no less zealous and intent upon that of lawless Love, these Discords must make admirable Harmony. Tell me something of his Story: But before you begin, be pleas'd, this freezing Night, to take part of these warming

ing enliv'ning Wines, that we may afterwards, without Interruption, attend to what your Excellency shall tell us.

Cicero, Madam, is by Birth a *Plebeian*, of the Classis of *Quirini*, one of the last two Tribes, which completed the Number thirty five, into which the *Roman* People were long since cast. Fortune had given his Father a Head as crafty as inventive; but because the Course of his Practices mov'd in a vulgar Orb, I shall think too vilely of them to entertain your Highness; tho' there is a Design of introducing them into the World, to teach his Brother *Plebeians* what Steps may be taken towards raising so vast a Structure as this, his Son, from so despicable a Foundation.

I guess your Highness's Inclinations and Converse lead you not to low Comedy, or rather Farce, such were *Cicero's* first Performances; the Morning of his Life was wasted in scandalous obscure Adventures; so indigent a Strain of Debauchery, that to repeat wou'd prejudice one too much against the Expectation of his meridian Glories, as believing such a notorious Course of Trick-ing, such a paltry Run of little Conversation, could never produce any Thing out of the Road of deserved Aversion and Scorn: Yet thro' this Heap of Rubbish, this Dung-hil of Obscurity, he could work his Way, and had the Art of abstracting Matter for Observation, and learning what he called to live in the World. 'Tis certain, from
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the mean Education and unworthy Precepts his Father gave him, from the abandon'd Company he kept, and his own pregnant Inclinations to Evil, *Cicero* learnt to have Principles in no Estimation, and even to despise those who had any; to study the Corruption of the *Roman* Law, and not so much as to wear the Habit of Religion; to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the very Inside of Knavery, Deceit, Politicks, Pretences, Dissimulation, Craft, Hypocrisy, and Zeal, and what well prepar'd him for becoming a Master in unwarrantable Practices, a strong Inclination rather to rise by Vice than Virtue, a secret lurking Propensity to the Dishonest rather than the Honest; he laugh'd at Fate and Destiny, at Heaven and Futurity! His prodigious natural Parts were quickly better'd by acquir'd; his Soul had a Thirst of Knowledge, he enquired into both Good and Evil, tho' he only worship'd the latter: Vast was his Memory and Vivacity, bold and ardent his Ambition, if yet in his little Vortex, where scarce he had room to move, the Term be just; his Passions, which were extream violent, did not often precipitate him beyond the Relief of his Judgment, which was so clear, so piercing, and so strong, that it seldom ever deceived him; and when he was yet a wretched unknown despicable *Plebeian*, he resolv'd to leave nothing undone that could advance him to the Degree of a *Patrician*. How many Genius's, born great, do
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set in Obscurity for want of what we may name a happy Call, a favourable Oecasion, a lucky Moment, to distinguish and exert themselves? This *Cicero* knew, and fought nothing with so much Diligence as an Opportunity to display the Compounds, the Particles of which his extensive Mind was formed; to break with a Burst of Applause full in the Eyes of those who had Power to raise him, to dazzle the Emperor and Senate with his Knowledge and Wisdom, to show a Capacity fit to administer in any Elevation.

To bless him to his Wish, the Goddess of Discord declar'd on his side, as if by secret Instinct, or by *Cicero* himself directed to distinguish *Cicero*. The reigning Emperor was become obnoxious, he was growing into Tyranny, he oppress'd some of those Patricians who would not come into his unlawful Measures, imprison'd others, and resolving to have them found guilty, set a Day that they might make their Defence: *Cicero* rang'd himself on the Party of the Malecontents, who then had the Majority. Those eminent Orators who were appointed (amongst whom *Cicero* was one, tho' till then unknown to the Learned) defended their Clients with so much Force, that the World was incens'd against the Emperor for the Breach of those Laws, which, with a fatal persuasive Eloquence, they convinc'd the Empire that *Augustus* had departed from; the Consequence of which was deposing that

Caesar

Cæsar, and electing another in his Place, who happened to be a Successor of finish'd Knowledge and Ambition, what he had acquir'd by Address he would preserve by Conduct: He knew admirably to put every Man with whom he conversed to his proper Use. *Cicero* now got into the Senate-House, and being very busie there, was not unremarked by the new Emperor. It had been the utmost of *Cicero's* Hopes, that a Person of Wisdom might be rais'd to the imperial Purple, for a Man of Sense has little to expect from a weak Prince, so he made his Court to *Cæsar* with extreme Diligence and Perseverance; he had Fire and Sedateness, Spirit and Condescension, and an Extent of Wit, whose diffusive Tracts of Light leads you on to solid Judgment; but then he was as loose as the Winds that promiscuously ruffle all Things in their stormy Course, and full as wrathful. *Cicero* like them dispersed Principles, Honesty, Religion, Loyalty, Conscience with a Puff, whenever they chanced to interveen or obstruct his new Master the Emperor's Interest, or his own. He presently made himself acquainted with Affairs of State abroad and at home, whatever he pleased was in his Power, a little Application gave him the Possession of all Things that were necessary to form a great Minister; *Cæsar* advanc'd him from a *Plebeian* to be one of the *Equites*, put the Helm of Government into his Hand; and whilst himself was abroad at the Head of his

his Armies, gave *Cicero* the Conduct of the State at home.

His Birth, his Education being easily forgot, those Passions, which, if he had not the entire Command of before his Rise, (their Consequences were so obscure that they were unknown, unless to the little wretched Company he had formerly kept) began now to command him : In the Face of Day he grew angry, lustful, proud and inexorable; bigotted to the Schismatics, not because they had more Religion than the Orthodox, but because he had a great deal less; not enough to hinder him from playing with the most solemn Parts of it with a solemn Face and Air to advance his Purposes, which were to curb the Church, and defile her Purity with Schismatics. These were the Reformers who pretended to so vast a Perfection in Principles, that when Revenge, Persecution, Lust of Power, or Hatred of the Orthodox was in question, united to a Point which was the Destruction of all Principles. *Cæsar* was warlike and ambitious, and had little more of Religion than great Soldiers generally have, Honour; and therefore interposed but seldom between the warring Animosities of the two opposing Parties. But influenc'd by his Favourite *Cicero*, whose Judgment, upon solid Observations, he began to reverence; much was done to give the Idolaters their first Footing in the State, little to secure the Orthodox theirs in the Church. *Cicero* saw the Emperor was Childless,

less, and doubting whether he could acquire for himself an Interest in the next Successor, debated with that fawning artful Patrician *Cataline*, whether it were possible for them to rouse the old Spirit of Liberty in the *Roman* People, so long since buried in the imperial State, and so conspicuous in the Consular. If this were once brought to pass, they did not suppose the Commonwealth durst boast of any bigger than themselves, nor who had a greater Air of Probability to govern the Whole; whether they should see it most for their Advantage to make the Monarchy elective, or once more to abolish it; but because these Views were very remote amidst a People fond of their Allegiance, and whose Principles and Religion taught them to obey that Form of Government establish'd; *Cataline* was sent to poison the Country by degrees, *Julius Sergius* the gay Part of the Court, and *Cicero* the busie with Principles repugnant to Monarchy. Liberty was every where asserted, all Orders of Men, the apostate Clergyman and Soldier, the needy Poet, the busie Newswriter, the wanting Scribbler, prostrate Profligates were encourag'd, sustain'd, nay rewarded with Money and Preferments to lodge the Power in the People, to shew a reigning Populace, and an obeying Emperor. *Cesar*, they cry'd, was elected for common Benefit, of which They, the People, were the only Judges. Scandalous mercenary Pens started up to the utter Destruction of
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all Principles, who quickly poisoned the unwary Multitude ; new Notions were propagated to the Confusion of good Sense, Allegiance, and Religion. Liberty ! Liberty ! was the Clamour : No *Cæsar*, or such a *Cæsar* over whom the People might reign. Arguments innumerable were produced ! Libels dispers'd ! and whoever wanted an Office, let him dedicate for Liberty and Anarchy to *Cicero* or *Sergius*, an Employment or other Reward was sure to be the Consequence : Not that this Desire of Liberty produced, or rous'd the glorious Spirit of Emulation, or any Thing of that ancient Ardour, and true Taste of Liberty, which for so many Years had kept *Rome* the eternal City, and Queen of Nations : An enthusiastick, wild, lawless Spirit of Mis-rule took place ; something so coarse and degenerate, as could only be produced by those absurd Positions, with which these Patriots debauched and misled the People.

And because the Orthodox held Opinions contrary to the Schismaticks, and according to the Commands of their unerring Master, *Rtender'd unto Cæsar the Things that were Cæsar's*, they must be discourag'd and trampled upon : Libels were shot, not only against them, but Religion in general ! bold impious Spirits, who had the imperial Libraries at pleasure, to assist their prophane Study, who succeeded best against ecclesiastical Community deserv'd best of *Cicero*. Swarms of atheistical Arguments were immediately produced ;

duc'd; bold plausible Notions, calling the Entity of the Godhead into Dispute, making the tremendous awful Mysteries of our Religion but holy Juggles, the Art of Priestcraft, and a Gin to catch unwary Fools: Thus by destroying the Dread and Necessity of Conscience, fitting the People to act without any.

Diligent *Cicero*, held twice five hundred Hands in constant Support and Pay, to transcribe whatever Libels should be produc'd and approv'd; nor did himself disdain in so great, so glorious a Cause, as Liberty, sometimes to give an illustrious Dash, a finishing Stroke from his own immortal Pen, to adorn and complete the Whole. Thus conceived, form'd and finish'd, these Productions, full of complicated Falsehoods, were delivered *gratis* into the Hands of proper Persons, to be dispers'd throughout the whole Empire *gratis*. Not a Village was without vast Numbers, with Appointment that they should be read to the unlearn'd, that those that could not read might hear. By capacitated Agents things were explain'd and refin'd upon, till the World became sullied by their Pollutions; a Dislike succeeded, of not only the Priests who officiated, but even our very Religion; the Church was defil'd, new Articles, new Manners, new Forms crept among the People; that pure and primitive Worship deliver'd by our Lord and Saviour, and propagated by the holy Apostles, witness'd by the Saints and Fathers, and sealed by

by the Blood of suffering Martyrs, was made the Sport of Crouds; its very Being made a Question, and her unspotted Professors the Ridicule of a State Party. Whilst the common People, debauch'd in Taste and Principles, generally fell from the Practice of all Religion; their Wives and little Ones being no longer, as of Matter of Conscience, instructed by their Husbands and Parents, were suffer'd to live without Thoughts of any. Never was seen so deplorable a Remission and growing Ignorance since Christianity began; and if a Miracle had not interveen'd, in the next Age, there would scarce have been the least Remembrance, no Knowledge remaining of our most holy Faith among the Vulgar.

I will once more ask some witty unmercenary Pens, who might possibly be free from the wicked Designs of that Party which rose by Anarchy and Confusion, what Advantage it is to them to propagate such lawless Tenets and irreligious Notions? Why do they expend their prodigious Store of Learning to seduce Mankind from their Duty and Innocence? Why will they awake them from the pleasing political Trance of Religion, granting it were a Trance? Can they not be contented to hug themselves with their scholastick Notions, and envenom'd Ridicule of what they call Priest-craft, shown in their Tracts of the natural Mortality of the Soul, and other deadly Productions: Lamented Effects of their enquiring Hours! But they must
give

givethe weak World, unprepar'd of Antidotes
 againſt ſuch learned ſubtle Poifons, Part of
 their Malignity? Oh Vanity of Study! Ill-
 plac'd Boaft of Knowledge! Do you not ſee
 what you diſſuſe abroad? Do you not be-
 hold a Deluge ruſhing upon you? For when
 Religion, the ſacred Barrier, ſhall be once
 removed, we muſt neceſſarily be born down:
 Flouds of Intemperance! Murder! Defola-
 tion! lawleſs Love! Avarice! and a Com-
 plication of the greateſt Evils, will certainly
 overwhelm us!

- Immortal *Cicero* be renown'd for that Spi-
 rit of Reſtleſſneſs, Sedition, and Apoſtacy,
 which his Emiſſaries, in obſcene Libels, have
 ſown throughout the whole Empire: Let a
 Statue be rais'd to obſcene Glory, for his af-
 fiſting, encouraging, and by an Effect of
 prodigious Humility, clubbing his Wit and
 Underſtanding with a Race of Men, who
 would have wanted all Things had they not
 his Favour: Diligent Mercenaries, bold and
 invidious! Your miſchievous, capacious
 Souls, do indeed qualify ſome few of you
 for *Cicero's* Regard: But what ſhall we ſay
 of others that have not even Grammar,
 common Senſe and good Manners enough,
 to fit them for the Converſation of *Cicero's*
 meanest Bondman? Is only a bare good
 Will towards Diſſention, Untruths, Miſ-
 chief and Confuſion, ſufficient Merit to re-
 commend you to the Protection and Re-
 ward of ſo diſtinguiſhing, ſo impartial a
 Judge, as *Cicero*?

Remembering, Madam; that your Highness requires something of the Amours of the mighty *Cicero*; I must look back to his Friendship with *Clodius*, ere he was call'd to Court. *Clodius* was of the same Tribe and Profession as *Cicero*, but different were their Abilities and Composition; you have heard what was *Cicero*, Insincere in his Friendships, False in his Professions, unless to a Man whom he thought necessary to him; then he was as lavish as artful, and would leave nothing undone to fix him in his Interests. *Clodius* was unthinking, free-minded, sincere, generous, without Design, faithful, true to Friendship, but remiss to himself; he indulg'd his Pleasures too far to mind his Advancement. He was marry'd very young to a Maid, whose Father was of the *Equestrian* Rank; he imagin'd her charming, and from thence doated upon the Idol his Fancy had rais'd; but as your Highness has seen her so lately, I will not give a Description of *Thais*, because I am certain nothing can be added to your own Observation. Ah, my Lord I replied the Princess, what we see of her now, is nothing but an old, flatteringly ungain Thing, one that has drawn on the Demon of old Age, sooner than he could have come, by her Excesses and Cosmetics; Tell me what she was when she was young, if you have heard, for upon your own Knowledge, 'tis impossible you should speak of one long since capable of being your Excellencies Mother.

Thais,

Tbais, as I have been informed, was always what she is now, pursu'd *Albinus*, as to her Air *degagée*, though your Highness is pleased to give it another Term. Her Father, or rather Mother, had been Embassador in *Iberia*; the Lady's Spirit of Government and *Cæsar's* Favour, had lodged the Power in her. Among the Croud of Beauties that used to ply about *Cæsar* and the Court, this Lady had a Taste of imperial Joys. *Cæsar*, diffusive like the Sun! took all Women into his Embraces, at least for once. *Tbais's* Mother happening to be more impertinent than charming, *Cæsar* became disgusted; but because he was infinitely grateful and good-natur'd, he would not tell a Lady so who had obliged him, but suffered her to torment and follow him as she did in Expectation of another enchanting Moment: Her affected Learning, eternal Tattle, insipid Gaiety, and false Taste of Wit, could not but be tiresome to *Cæsar*, who had the truest in the World. To rid himself of her and her offered Favours with a good Air, he proposed sending her to give Laws, as he obligingly called it, Laws of Gallantry and Things delicate, to the *Iberian* Court. She took it as her Hemisphere of Glory, where she shone for some Years, but returned with ten times more Impertinence than before; Impertinence acquired by Travel, Misapplication, and as bad Construction of Things. *Cæsar* used to shroud himself whenever she appeared by the Pretence of Business.

ness, or amongst what Company was next him, which very often proved no Sanctuary, for resting upon the Merits of what had once passed between them, she would invade his Ear and Closet, and force Access; so that when she dyed, as she did not long after her Return, *Caesar* said, *'Twas well for him she was gone, or she had certainly killed him in staying.*

A Lady made up of such nice Compounds, could not be supposed to mind what she called the Drudgery of the Sex, Duty to her Husband! Education of Children, the Oeconomy of the Family! The first obeyed her, the second were left to themselves, and the last so wholly neglected by her, that when she dyed, all Things were in Disorder or rather Despair; so little remained to the Daughters through her Negligence and Excesses, that they could never hope to marry to any of their own Rank: The eldest had Sense and Vertue enough to confine her Expences to her narrow Fortune, and remained a Virgin; the second ingaged with a Gentleman upon Terms of Honour, and taking one anothers Word, she was never to say she was married, nor he to say he was not; so living together in all the Forms of the Happy, she was esteemed his Wife, till the *Demon* of Satiety entered into his Breast: He departed, and left her a Daughter, the Fruit of their mutual Joys, with liberty to report what she pleased to save her the Reputation of Honour to the Town.

Thais's Mind had quite another Turn; she neither valued Vertue, nor the Appearance of it; her Desire was to live at Ease in the World, at what Rate soever purchas'd; let the World report what it would of her, she was too much a Philosopher vainly to put her self in Pain for Things meerly outward. She play'd away That which is most valuable in her Sex to an old Quality-Courtier and Relation, for five hundred Pieces, which being a considerable Addition to her Fortune, she told him she had a mind to screen her Conduct under the Umbrage of a Husband, for fear of those ill Accidents that are generally Consequences of Irregularity. The Courtier influenced good-natur'd *Clo-dius*, who with some Estate, and the Business he was brought up to, (it was observ'd that few besides Lawyers and Orators rais'd themselves in that Empire by Learning,) had the Prospect of making a Wife live very easie: He might have expected a larger Fortune among those of his own Degree, but *Thais's* Quality being so much above his, the Charms he fancy'd in her Person, and her artful Management, made him think himself happy in her Acceptance: She was in her Bloom, her Complexion then unsullied by Art, her Eyes tender and sparkling, her Stature tall, but her Manner was never genteel, What pass'd upon the Wedding Night, will let you into her Character: I hope your Highness will not find fault with the Liberty of the Expression: I should blush my self

in making a Lady blush; but in only repeating the Words of one of your own Sex, I ought not to be much afraid of offending.

Good Nature, and Love of Pleasure, usually the Attendant of good Nature, made the Bridegroom comply with the old Courtier's Kindness, who had procur'd him so great a Blessing as *Thais*; and therefore *Clodius* thought he could not in Gratitude and Manners, decline the Honour that was shewn by a Person to whom he was so much obliged, and of a Rank so much above his own; he gave in to the Patrician's Design, and drank as much as he would have him; they say the Courtier had Reason for what he did; perhaps he had Cause, for his Mistresses sake, to wish that *Clodius* might carry as little Understanding as possible to bed with his Wife; but they over-dos'd him; he was no sooner laid by the Bride, but he fell fast asleep, and so continued till Morning. She was very angry at the Neglect of her Charms: When he wak'd, he remembered something of the Matter; it came into his Head that he was marry'd; he turned, and found himself not mistaken, there was his lovely *Thais*, but in what Humours you may guess from her Words! *How do you, my Dear?* (says the Bridegroom, pretty much out of Countenance to see it Day, and that he had so negligently slept by her side) *How do you feel yourself? Are you well, my Dear? I did not give a Thousand Pieces,* she briskly answer'd, *to feel myself! Pray your Highness, forgive me this*
 Liberty;

Liberty ; 'twas but a little gay Resentment from a disappointed Lady ; I will lead you to something more serious.

Cicero soon after wanted Money to help his Appearance at Court ; his Funds were not extraordinary no more than his Credit ; so that he found it difficult to take up what he wanted : He remembered his Friend *Clodius* was just marry'd , and had possibly his Wife's Dowry by him : He went to him , and with a thousand Vows of sharing with him whatever Fortune he should arrive at , borrow'd a very considerable Sum. *Clodius* was pleas'd that he had it in his Power to oblige him ; and like those good-natured Husbands who are in Love with their Wives , and fond of the Happiness they find , he imparted his to *Cicero* ; told him all the concealed Beauties of his Bride , and invited him to be himself a Judge of her Charms , at least of as many as were reveal'd.

It was at a splendid Supper which *Clodius* made for his Friend , that *Cicero* first beheld *Thais* : She put on all the Graces and good Humour she was Mistress of. Whether she had then any Design but that general one of pleasing in common to all Women , is uncertain ; but her Coquet Airs forc'd a thousand Gallantries from the Statesman : He congratulated *Clodius*'s good Fortune , celebrated the Charms of his Wife , and went so far , that *Thais* did not dispute but she had made a Conquest of that illustrious Heart ; and was perplex'd and displeas'd when she saw he did

did not return to assure her of it: So excessively was she disappointed, that *Clodius* could never hear her mention *Cicero* without Resentment, and something that was a lessening of his Character; tho' the Husband pretended not to be so great a Master as to find out the Secret of her Dissatisfaction.

More weighty Affairs at that time call'd upon *Cicero*; he had then his Fortune to make; *Clodius's* Money supported him till *Cesar's* Bounty, (which soon after follow'd) and his own Management enriched him. *Clodius* devoted himself to *Thais's* Charms, and was so little inclin'd to Ambition, that he did not pursue *Cicero* to Court, where, when he sometimes went, he grew disgusted at the Change of Behaviour in his Friend: That Openness of Manner, those Professions, those Vows of sharing all Things with him, were degenerated into a stiff Formality, an outside Plausibility, Invitations to Court, Excuses that the Affairs of State and weighty Avocations call'd him from his Arms and Conversation ——— but he would find a Time ——— begg'd him to be no Stranger ——— there was nothing he would not do to serve him ——— something must be thought on ——— desired to be put in a Way ——— at more leisure they would discourse further ——— he was always so unhappy to be torn from him by Business ——— but the Affairs of the Empire ——— *Cesar* this moment expected him ——— pray come to Morrow ——— and to Morrow

row — they should not for ever be interrupted — he was his most assur'd faithful and obedient Servant — and shou'd be proud to be commafid to the utmost.

Thais could not forget her Birth and extravagant Education; all Things about her were gay and magnificent; her Expences answer'd better to a Patrician than a *Plebeian's* Wife: But if ever *Clodius* interpos'd — Little Fellow — What did he mean? — Creature born among the People — Should he pretend to reduce her? — She who knew the World by living in it, and not only in Prospect, as such Miserables as he did! — 'Twas in vain to tell her, That their Circumstances not being agreeable to her Manner of Life, her Husband must necessarily sink under her Conduct, if she did not reform it. She bid him be gone to Court, and in *Cicero's* Friendship seek for what might make them happy: *Cicero* to whom he had thought fit to lend Part of her Dowry, which, as yet, remained unpaid; That those Excuses he continually gave him, would not pass upon her: Either he was too remiss in his Attendance and Solicitations, or *Cicero* did not think him capacitated for an Employment; tho' there were many in his Gift that did not require more Brains, or greater Strength of Parts than appear'd in him, for he was not the first Fool by twenty in very good Offices. She therefore charged him to succeed, or see her Face no more.

Behold here the miserable Condition of this doating Husband! he would not, durst not disoblige his Wife, and therefore prevented the Day in Attendance upon *Cicero*, each successive Morn saw him endeavouring to redeem his former Neglects ——— But alas! Who? Who did he follow? Who play away his Time after? A tender Friend that had been oblig'd by him, and ought doubtless to be grateful! No! No! A haughty politick Statesman, that never advanced any but for the Good he might expect from them! *Clodius* had Principles and good Nature, was sincere and conscientious, Talents unfit to work with, in such a Court, and under such a Government as *Cicero's*. *Cicero* and his Party had dark deep Designs, long sighted Projects of Futurity; the plain, the honest Way, would leave them but as they were; whereas every Machination was now upon the stretch to raise him to a Height, from which he might securely laugh, and despise the little Malice and Envy of the Croud beneath him.

Cicero, tho' he resolv'd not to advance *Clodius*, yet he was too wise to tell him so, unless his Delays spoke for him: Their former Friendship forbade *Clodius* to make such an invidious Interpretation, and his own grateful Temper did not easily conclude *Cicero* could be ungrateful; therefore early awak'd, and teiz'd by his Wife, he sought *Cicero's* obdurate Gate, where in all Obsequiousness and dutious Silence, he attended with the Croud

Croud of Clients and early Petitioners that came to make their Court to him; but was seldom admitted further than the Anti-Chamber, where he used to wait whole Mornings to take him at his going forth, but so encompass'd, that very rarely could he urge his Suit to him, which was not only one Request, but many; for no sooner had *Clodius* found a Vacancy, and implored *Cicero's* Grant, but it was unhappily disposed of to another; either his Word was unfortunately pre-engaged, or it was a Trifle not worth his Acceptance; something would fall equal to his Deserts, something fit for such Friends to bestow and receive; ~~or~~ *Cæsar* had given this away; but the next, upon the Faith and Honour of a Friend, should indisputably be his.

Mean time *Thais's* Extravagancies at home, and *Clodius's* Neglect of all Business abroad, but attending upon *Cicero*, made their little Affairs run to ruin in the World: The mighty Hopes his Friend so artfully fed him with, caused him to neglect the Duty of his Calling, he used no Means to get Supplies: *Thais* exhausted upon the publick Stock, and *Clodius* himself, by Court-Attendance, contracted a Habit of Idleness! above half the Day wasted at *Cicero's* Apartment, the other was consequently lavished among such as he found Fellow-dependants, in comforting themselves for Delays, and encouraging one anothers fantastick Hopes, with the generous God; so that these deceitful

Promises were every way the Ruin of unhappy *Clodius*; his Wife at home big with Expectation of Court-Preferment, disdain'd to do any Thing discordant to those Hopes, especially when they so intimately agreed with the Profuseness of her own Temper: Mean time the Remains of her Dowry flew off, the Land was next mortgag'd, then forfeited and seized: *Clodius* by *Thais's* Advice, durst not ask *Cicero* for the Money he had obliged him with, lest it should make him cold in his Services, or give him any Disgust.

Clodius could not in his Heart forbear resenting those unkind Delays of his Friend; but he was in, and there was no retreating, 'twas now too late to apply himself to other Business, that Time he had suffer'd to glide away could not be retrieved, and nothing remain'd to save him from Ruin but the expeditious Performance of *Cicero's* Promise; which whilst he was urging with more than ordinary Importunity, frightful Poverty staring native Modesty out of his Face, the poor, the wretched deceived *Clodius* was seized by his merciless Creditors, and carry'd to a common Prison. He immediately sent to desire his Wife to come to him; Women are naturally tender over the Miserable, and at first redouble their Cares and Caresses in any Misfortunes. *Thais* was not yet so abandoned, so out of her Sex, but that she felt the Tenderneſs that another would at so deplorable a Sight; she wept, she exclaim'd, she embraced her suffering

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Husband, she accused her own Extravagance, *Clodius's* Credulity, but above all ingrateful *Cicero's* Breach of Friendship and deluding Promises; 'twas a long time before she could be brought to hear any Advice, till her Sorrows having pretty well tir'd themselves, she endured what her Husband could say, and with a seeming Return of Reason, heard his Advice, which was to go to *Cicero* in Person, who had never seen her since that Night when he had appeared so charm'd by her Wit and Beauty, and there implore his Goodness to have Compassion upon the miserable lost State of an ancient faithful Friend. Tell him, says *Clodius*, That all his Grandour cannot present him with one Heart so sincerely his as mine; a Heart he was truly in possession of before his Quality and Fortune attracted others: I would have dy'd for him, and did share with him the little I was Master of; beg him instantly to make the Payment of the Money I lent him, which will go a great way towards taking me out of this detested Place; else one Demand will come upon another, and I shall end my Days in loathsome Confinement. Tell him as he has ruin'd, 'tis now his time to retrieve; shou'd I remain here, my Thoughts, my Reflexions and Tenderness for thee, would distract me; Must I live, must I sleep, without my dearest *Thais*? I who have never had her a Moment out of my Mind since I first beheld her, must I be condemned to this cruel Separation, or what

is more cruel, see her a Partner in my Wants and Miseries, to share the Fatigues and Necessities of a nauseous Prison? her Limbs extended for Rest upon a Bed so detestable, 'twould fright away the very Prospect of any. Sleep, as heavy as he is, never laid his leaden Scepter upon any, under this detested Roof, how wretched and overwatched soever! Here's no Forgetfulness, Grief can't so much as nod in an Abode like this. My dearest Wife plead with success, that I may be restored to Thee, my little Son, and Family ——— go ——— and let me know that *Cicero* is just, and thy unhappy Husband not entirely abandoned to his evil Destiny.

Thais adorned in moving Sorrow went to *Cicero's* Palace, and was so fortunate as to hear that he was alone; I don't call the servile Croud that waited for a Word, a Glance or Nod, Company; he was alone, because none were of consequence enough to be admitted to him; and happily employed in reading a Dedication to himself, from a young and successful Poet, whom for the Sweetness of his Strain we call *Maro*; nothing could put him into a better Humour, the Statesman was all unbent, Vanity and Pleasure usurp'd upon the busie Part, and *Cicero's* Soul, dilated with Delight finding himself so advantageously represented. Tho' Patrons may not believe they deserve all that is said of them, yet well placed Flattery is seldom disagreeable, because it helps

helps to persuade the World that there must be Merit, for a judicious Author 'tis presumed would never build without some Foundation. *Maro's* Verse has Force and Fire, it affects even upon Subjects that do not at all relate to us; how then should it miss of Pleasure and Applause, when it is industriously directed, and goes immediately in pursuit of both?

This well-cast Frame of Mind was a happy Preparative for *Thais's* agreeable Reception: She had no sooner sent in her Name, but the Statesman remembred her to Advantage; his Blood was already in an agreeable Dance; *Thais's* lovely Eyes, and the attractive native Beauty of her Sex in her, gave him to think, that was an Hour of Joy abstracted from Business, and he would endeavour to improve and indulge it. The Lady had so much Sense as to consider Sorrow, never but unwillingly, enters the Closets and Chambers of the Great. Pity and Compassion are the weakest of all the Passions: She would therefore attempt him by that of Gratitude, re-inforced with powerful Auxiliaries, that of lovely Eyes, glowing Youth and Complexion, rising Breasts, agitated by Fear and Reverence of his Grandour, rather than Remorse for her Husband; few, very few become the Dress of Sorrow. *Thais* was one of those Beauties, whose *Cupid* delighted in Revels, rather than Tears. She had consulted her Glass, and would strike at once, both for the Liberty and Preferment

ment of *Clodius*. Time had interposed between the first Irruptions of her Sorrow, and cancel'd the Marks of unbecoming, forbidding Grief; her Eyes swam only in a charming Humidity and Languor; her glowing Blushes bespoke a well-timed Modesty at her Intrusion: She trembled but not with Woe; the Anxiety of Doubt, the Uncertainty and Desire of Pleasing, robb'd her Steps of their usual Firmness; an agreeable Languishment invaded her whole Person. She appeared to *Cicero* tender and amiable, faulting in her Looks and Manner, surprized by his Presence; nor less desirous to charm and surprize him by hers.

Cicero, who knew all Nature, and was in a Humour to adhere to her in the most intimate Manner, pleased, as I before told your Highness, at the former Sight and Conversation of *Thais*, was thrilled at the second; his Blood already in an agreeable Agitation, mantled, or rather flushed; he was past the Power of giving her a formal Reception. Forgetting the Friend of *Clodius* in the Lover of *Thais*, he ran to her lovely Bosom, which having press'd to his, he bid her waste none of those happy Minutes *Fortune* bestow'd upon him, in telling her Suit; since it was already granted before ever she spoke; and pursuing his Ardors, which she repel'd with a well-affected, but not disdainful Modesty, he conjured her not to disappoint his Happiness: Business allowed him so very little time for his Pleasures, and there.

there were so few Women to his Taste, that if he was refused, he should never attempt again. Coldness from the Fair was always so effectually applied to him, that it dead'ned the Fierceness of his Fires, and gave him Power of Reasoning within himself; for he suffered none to please him, whom he could not please. This Rhetorick was significant, *Thais* had no Intent to disgust, she argued only for a more commodius Interview — his People were in Hearing — she should be undone — her own House — he was so positive — so agreeable — so irresistible — and (as he told her) she so charming, that he would be with her at Eight that Evening to compleat his Happiness, which from the Taste he had had, fully convinced him, was of moment to the Pleasures of his Life; so kissing her Hand, he called one of his Gentlemen to conduct her, upon the Report that was brought him, of *Cesar's* Favourites being come to confer with him about Business of Importance.

Wretched *Clodius* not so much as mentioned, this Interview took quite another Turn, one very different from the forlorn Condition he was reduced to. *Thais* was pleased, or rather charmed with the Magnificence of *Cicero*; and tho' he was much older, and not so handsome as *Clodius*, yet a Lover seldom fails of getting the Advantage over a Husband, in the Opinion of the Mistress: Those unabated Ardors! that Extremity of Fire! Height of Rapture! Keeness
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of Embrace! all deadned by long and sure Possession, shews one so much to the Advantage of the other, that it is no Wonder they get the Preference. How carefully ought the Sex to guard themselves from Opportunities of making Comparifon, how avoid those dangerous Interviews wherein the Lover may prevail, since it not only destroys their Innocence, but a swift and sure Contempt succeeds upon what-ever the unartful Husband shall happen to do after.

Thais had her Thoughts filled with more agreeable Ideas than *Clodius's* Prison. She would not go near him that Day for fear of ruffling her Features, and giving her Air a disadvantageous Turn; she sent to tell him, That before Midnight she hoped to give him a good Account of Things, for she had till then to wait in Expectation of *Cicero's* Commands. Her Heart at Rest on that side, she caused her Apartment to be set out with all possible Decency; and because her Sorrows gave her a Pretence to the *Dishabillie*, she put on one soft and becoming, join'd with a triumphant Joy that sparkled in her Eyes, the secret Reflexion of Pleasure past glowing on her Lips, and blushing on her Cheeks, that when she laid her self down upon her Bed, where she would have it thought her Sorrow threw her, she shewed more amiable than in a Court-Dress; for she was one of those Beauties that appeared best when most unadorned.

Cicero

Cicero, who had then no particular Commerce with any of the Sex, and who liv'd at large, snatching a happy Moment where he found it, without engaging his Heart, scarce his Mind, beyond the present; found something more solid for *Thais*, the former low Walk of his Amours was no longer in his Thoughts; the Sectary's Wife was forgotten, and her *Plabeian* Husband by this time had worn out the fine Livery that had distinguished him for *Cicero's* Cuckold; he might again return to his Oar, his Lord had no Inclination to do him farther Honour in the Person of his Spouse. The *She-surintendant* of his Family no longer pleased, her Run was also over, there was a perfect Vacancy in the Orator's Heart; therefore *Thais*, as if in the lucky Moment, came to fill it: That she was the Wife of an injur'd Friend! a Friend who passionately loved her, and had tenderly obliged him, rather heighten'd his Desires; possibly had his Passion not had that Opposition, it had sunk, as it rose, with the usual Transitoriness of his other Amours; but the Unlawfulness, the Thoughts of forbidden Joy, set an Edge upon his Appetite, and caused him to render himself with a Keenness of Passion at the appointed Hour near her Bedside.

The first Woman who gave me leave to call her Mistress, was an Intimate of *Thais's*; she has so often diverted me with *Cicero's* Amours, that I am very well instructed in many Particulars. The Lady who affected to

to weep only before her Woman, took her Handkerchief from her Eyes upon her Departure, and showed her self in perfect Beauty to a Lover, who felt something more advantageous for her than he had ever felt for any of the Sex. Her Gown was a pale Pink, suitable to the Darkness of her Hair, lined with a rich gold Stuff, all careless, and easily to be disposed of at the Lover's Wish; which way soever she moved, it was obedient to the Touch, and discovered her swelling Breasts, Part of her Limbs and Arms, or her slender Waist, that had nothing under the Gown but a linnen Covering; no Statue could be handsomer or whiter than her Legs and Feet, half cover'd with Sandals of Silver and Pearl Embroidery. She knew her Beauty, and where it was most conspicuous, with a seeming undefigning Art, the lovely Wanton moved her Limbs as if unknowing of the Motion, and gave to the Lover's Sight, a Landskip of inevitable Charms! her Eyes, her Dress, her Hair set off by those *Aurora* Ribbons that tyed her Night-cloaths; her every Grace became so conspicuous, that all *Cicero's* Senses united in that One of Sight; he gazed intemperately! he sighed! he could not speak! where then was all his boasted Wisdom? Where that Reason, Learning, Policy! that unerring Judgment and refin'd Distinction! which had raised him to be the first in Eloquence and Reputation of the Empire? He thought it then his highest Glory to be an ardent Lover; his greatest
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Happiness was placed in the Possession of Beauty! bright glorious Beauty! which gave our Statesman to know, that all the Charms of Grandour were stale, uninteresting, empty Delights, compared with the ever substantial Joys of Love.

After a convenient Distance of Time, *Cicero* desired his Mistress to tell him what happy Occasion had brought her to his Palace, and what were her Commands, for she should certainly be obeyed, and a thousand times sooner, for having so soon obliged him? 'Twas a Condescension so grateful, so agreeable to his Temper, that it had entirely charm'd him. So sweet an Addition to her Beauty, that there was nothing in his Mind or Heart that she had not subdued by her immediate Yielding. Nature, he said, had certainly designed her to triumph over him, and had whisper'd to her Soul this only Way. Here *Thais* did not fail to assure him, that she could, only in Favour of him, have been guilty of so much Frailty; that he had certainly enchanted her by an irresistible Impulse of Joy, then at a time when she was not only an utter Stranger to the Thoughts of Joy, but resigned to Sorrow; in consequence she told him the Misfortune of her Husband, and conjured him by all that Honour, that Friendship which had formerly pass'd between them, to assist and support them under the Calamity which was fallen upon him; she exaggerated the Circumstances by which they
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were brought to Ruin, his Promises and *Clodius's* unhappy Dependence upon them, by which her self and Son were reduced to the last Extremity; her Husband now in the Hands of his merciless Creditor's, but his Wife without Honour, in those of a Lover, who had by new and surprizing Graces, not only rob'd her of her Innocence, but would rob her of Life, if he did not set the truest Estimate upon her hitherto unconquered Heart, and for ever allow her a Place in his.

Cicero rose from her Arms, and took some Turns about the Chamber in a deep *Resvery*; *Thais* remained upon the Bed in so much Despondence, that she began now to do in earnest, what she had before counterfeited, that is to say, shed Tears for fear her Lover was not so entirely her Slave as he had express'd. This brought him out of his Contemplation, he began to comfort her, and gave her his Hand to rise from the Place where she was lying: They walked together, he was silent for a Quarter of an Hour; at length, as if he had took his Resolution, he stop'd short and looking her fixedly in the Face, asked her if she loved him? ——— without Hesitation she appeal'd to what had lately past, and asked him if a Lady could give a greater Proof than she had done, or could make a more considerable Sacrifice, and in his own way, which was as valuable as the Sacrifice it self, because she believed it cost a Woman ten times the Reluctance to oblige a Lover at once,

once, than when by long and insensible Degrees she was brought to yield her Innocence and Honour? ——— I believe you love, Madam, answered *Cicero*, taking her Hand, and to convince you how dear you are to me, I will venture to make you a Proposal which you should never hear, if I did not think you entirely in my Interest; as shocking as it may sound, consider it well, for 'tis the only Means to set us both at ease and make us happy.

Clodius, 'tis true, has formerly obliged me by several Things, he was qualified for private Friendship; but alas! Men in my Station must not seek for Amusement, but Service; he has depended too much upon past Acquaintance, and been very troublesome, his Head has not Strength to bear any Thing ——— a meer Rattle, and of a Party quite opposite to mine ——— what can I give him? His Principles will not suffer him to be my Creature; besides, if ever he be at Liberty, will he not dare to divide your Favours with me? ——— Can I suffer so worthless a Rival? ——— Or is the Name of Husband a Toleration for sullied Joys and participated Pleasure? ——— I loath the Thoughts of taking you out of such brutal Arms ——— I have hoarded up my Happiness in you! the Empire and *Cesar* shall have all my busie Hours! but when I would live to my self, it must be in those transporting Pleasures you can bestow ——— then when I have a leisure
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Minute, I must find your Husband with you, wretched Animal! of Power to pall, but never please! Besides, your Fortune with him will always be necessitous. Suppose I should give him some inconsiderable Office, he's qualify'd for no great One, the ill Company and squandring Vein he is got into, must make you infinitely uneasie: Nor ought my Bounty to relieve you: I should beg to be excused, tho I could lavish my whole Fortune to you; giving what he must partake of would be but an indifferent Satisfaction; to pay him with my Gold, for dividing with me all that I can call Happiness: Therefore, Madam, if you'll believe me, let him rest where he is; his debauch'd Companions will, I fear, take care to support and keep him alive longer than we shall have occasion for him. The Money which is in my Hands, shall be put out for your Son's Use; and for you, Madam, I have nothing but in respect of you; my self, and every thing else, is at your Devotion: A House shall be taken for you in another Part of the Town; you shall change your Name; and I will do all Things in my Power to render your Solitude agreeable. I ask you only to conceal the Honour you do me from the World. I am engaged in the *Zealous Party*, am the Head of what they, in derision, call Idolaters; and tho' all wise Men of all Opinions, think much the same way of natural Pleasures, yet it would be Matter of such violent Offence to the *Weak* and truly Godly, those that

that know not why they are so, that I must avoid giving Scandal upon such a decry'd and notorious Point as Adultery! To cant, cheat, lie and forswear, is nothing with them; but to kiss another Man's Wife, the whole Clan would rise up in Arms against me! I mention the Money I have of yours to be put out for your Son's Use, not that he shall need it, or can, whilst you command my Fortune. I would, with all my Heart, restore it to your Husband, if I could with safety; but that will enable him to get out of Prison, where 'tis our Interest he should lie. Fond as he is, Madam, of you, Do you believe he would rest till he had made an universal Search after you? the Consequence of that would be very perplexing; I am therefore obliged to be merciless to him, rather than be cruel to my self. Those who are wise, in the first Place, consider themselves; our Friendships are not to oblige others; it is indeed a Misfortune when we cannot secure all at home, without being rigid abroad.

This Harrangue as wicked, as impious, as it was, gain'd Applause from the adulterous ambitious *Thais*. She foresaw in a minute what an Obstacle that Fool, as she called him, would be to her Pleasures and Grandour. A Woman must have good Nature, must have Vertue, to love her Husband with the same Ardor in Adversity, as Prosperity; to doat upon his Misfortunes with the same Sincerity as upon his good For-

Fortune; this Lady was none of those dutious conscientious Wives: 'Tis true, she had violently afflicted her self at the first Prospect of her Huband's Ruin, because she feared her own was involved with it: But now that she had found an Asyle in *Cicero's* Passion, she easily resign'd up *Clodius* to his Miseries. Crafty as she was, she did not fail to make a Merit of the Sacrifice, telling her Lover, that seeing nothing but through him, she only was what he pleas'd to direct, and would for ever be guided by him.

This Point settled, she employ'd the Remainder of the Night, after *Cicero's* Departure, not in visiting the Wretched; she was resolved that Part should trouble her no more! but in pulling down the Furniture and packing up: She was so extreme diligent, that by Morning all Things were ready; she caused them to be conveyed to her Libertine Sister's, there to remain till a House could be taken; next discharging her Servants, she sent her Son to Pension to one of the Philosophers; dexterously securing her self from any Pursuit, she took such effectual care against being follow'd or discovered, that she got off happily to the Rendezvous *Cicero* had appointed, who with impatient Love and longing Arms, waited to receive her. After he had congratulated her Arrival, and thank'd her by profuse Professions of Joy, he told her she was worthy to be a Mistress, that is to say, one entirely beloved: Not even Heroes ought to be ashamed of

of a Love-Passion, in favour of a Woman of her Spirit, Resolution, and Courage! That he adored those Qualifications in her beyond her Beauty, because they were Charms possess'd by so very few of her Sex! He had now nothing to desire of her but to share in his Grandour, and what he confess'd was a more difficult Task for a Lady to grant, to keep that Grandour and her self concealed from all the World.

Unhappy *Clodius*! most miserable of all Men! oppress'd by Fortune! betray'd by Friendship! dishonoured by Marriage! a Victim to adulterous Love! wounded! sacrificed! an Oblation to the Security of two the most detestable! the most inhuman! the most ignominious of their Time! Ah *Cicero*! How canst thou wear any Peace of Mind; Serenity upon thy Brow? Pretence of Religion? that sanctimonious Appearance? How harangue it to the good People of thy Party? How preach up, as thou dost, *Virtue* and *Moderation*, when thy self art Scarlet deep tinged with the highest Crimes? to whom Hypocrisie! Faction! Injustice! are become familiar? Thou, to whose Wisdom all Things are revealed! shou'd'st not thou remember, That Ingratitude is of so deep a Colour, the Stains are not to be washed away, No, not hardly by Oblivion. Has not *Plato* told us, *The Infamy of Man is immortal*? Thou shou'd'st have considered, That the Injuries done by a Friend, are much more piercing than the Wrongs

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wrought by an Enemy ; but he that is disposed to Mischief, can never want Occasion.

Yet, who is it that we find thus guilty ? One in Prime of Youth, and Passion ! full of immortal Vigour and bounding Force ! whose Heat of Blood and Fancy cannot yet be subdued by the cold Precepts of Reason ! whose Sun has scarce run its twentieth Course ! the fiery Steeds in their full Prance, not tired by Time ! deaf to the Master's Voice ! disobedient to the Reins ! fraught with inevitable Instinct, the irresistible Impulse of Nature ! stung with the poignant Craving of Delight ! and eager to renew the new-found genial Joy !

Or is it hoary venerable *Cicero*, whose ebbing Blood runs backward to the Fount of Life ? Who has scarce Warmth dully to circulate the lazy Tide, which slowly creeping in his frozen Veins, leaves Irregularity behind ? sagacious, by Time made cold and temperate ! grown past those Follies that might disturb the harmonious Voice of Reason ! weighed down by Diseases and Politicks ! What Wonder to find Wisdom in such a Dwelling ? But oh ! Antipathy to Kind ! monstrous to Nature ! 'Tis reverend *Cicero* himself, who apes the glowing Lover ! temperate *Cicero* who personates the fierce Adulterer, and accounts it Vertue by help of supernatural Temptations, and high-bought Restoratives, to be able to be vicious : What Remedy for so accomplished a Sinner, one who employs his Reason not to sup-

suppress but promote the Passions, who labouring under all the Imperfections of the Old, artfully attempts the elegant Excesses of the Young?

But Madam, to return from whence we have digress'd, the suffering *Clodius*, who awaited for Day with the Impatience of the Miserable; he had been promised Intelligence before Midnight, the Morning came, yet he was still in the dark as to what Success *Thais's* Negotiations had had with *Cicero*. He fortified his Patience, forbid his Expectation to extend so widely on the Rack. In short, he endured what was possible for one in his Circumstances, and Uncertainty of Mind: At last a Friend, who had been soliciting his Creditors, came to the Prison with Terms of Accomodation. *Clodius* conjured him to go to his House, not only to inform his Wife of the Conditions, but to enquire of her Health, and to know how she had succeeded with his Patron. But what a melancholy Scene! how wounding was his Return? The Friend could scarce believe himself or his own Eyes, scarcely credit his Sight, when he beheld an empty House, and heard from the Neighbours that the Lady had discharged all, and had left no Account where she was gone. *Clodius* was yet more incredulous, he sent from one Part of *Constantinople* to the other; every where that he knew or imagined that she had Relations and Acquaintances; he even wrote to *Cicero* to know if he had seen

her, but nor being able to get any Intelligence, he curst that Thing a fair, false Wife, who only seeks the Sun-shine, and deserts her Husband in a Storm; he curst himself, his Hour of Birth, and fatal Wedlock. *Thais* had not only abandon'd, but took from him all the Means was left him to support his Life! *Cicero* failed not to shew the Friend her Discharge in Form for the Money, which, as he sent him Word, had been paid at her Request, the Night before. This Usage was so ignominious, so monstrous, and unaccountable, that *Clodius* could not believe it; the Height of the Barbarity kept him from crediting of it. He flattered himself that she was absconded to make an advantageous Composition with those who had cast him into Prison, and therefore waited with some tolerable Degree of Patience till that Day and the next were expired; but then he sunk under his Anxiety of Mind, and was seized with a Fever, which had been happy for him, if it had carry'd him from the World, to free him from the Inconveniences of Life, the Miseries of a loathsome Prison! and the Treachery of a false Friend and Wife! who caused him to conclude to the Disadvantage of the whole Sex, that *Women were like to Fortune standing upon a Globe, winged with the Feathers of Fickleness and Ingratitude.*

But all his Sufferings were rather forgotten, than pitied by *Thais*: Her *Equestrian* was now made a *Patrician*; she looked upon her
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self to rise in proportion to his Honours; her Palace was glorious; she had an improving Fancy of her own, but a little Experience gave her to know she should quickly be an useless Article of Expence to her old Statesman: It was not that he was necessitated to be a Lover, but in spite of no Necessity he would be a Lover: He had rather an imaginary, than a real Occasion for a Mistress. *Thais* very well knew that Art had never yet produced a Cure for old Age: *There* lurk'd the *Demon* that would put an End to her Reign; so that she did not so much study to embellish her own Charms, as how to preserve the Relish of Charms in him! She applyed her self to the Search of all those Secrets that could prolong Youth and keep off Decays! Restoratives! heightning Cordials! rich Elixirs! costly Baths! strengthening Oils! Whatever the Physician, Virtuoso, or Philosopher could advise, those with ready Expence and Wit she appropriated to the Use of *Cicero*. It was not her Fault that she became not Mistress of the great Secret, the Ultimate of Chymistry, the *Magisterium* that is said to have the wonderful Power to restore decaying Nature, renew or stop departing Youth: She built Laboratories, erected Furnaces, encouraged the Learned and the Needy to try their Experience at her Cost; so that in her House was to be found all that could contribute to the Health and long Life of a Lover. She was for some Years become necessary,

more in Quality of a Nurse than a Mistress. And to show to what a Height she carry'd her Condescensions, resolving, that so she could but reign, no matter by what Methods! She us'd to lead her old Patri-
 cian into the costly Bath, where she caus'd him to be attended by bright, half naked, dazzling Beauties; new and till then unseen, their shining Hair with a graceful Flow, showing their Prime of Years, and unassisted Charms. Art need'd not to interpose towards the Support of Graces that could have no Addition. These Virgins were instructed by their *Corrupter*, who with mighty Cost and Pains, had secretly train'd them up for these Uses, to dance, to sing, to talk lasciviously of Love, to show their polish'd Limbs, all supple and advantagiously disposed, to raise a Warmth in the half dying Lover. After the Bath he was carried to a citron Bed, shining as Gold could make it, strow'd with Sweets, where they with ready Love, panted to receive him. Some one wanton Nymph, with her delicious Hand, chaf'd his old Limbs with strengthening *Sabean* Oils, to make them pliant to the Embrace, whilst *Thais* caus'd him to remark the Beauties with which Nature had enrich'd the Girl; she talk'd not of the Fire of the Eyes, the Carnation of the Lip; she directed him to the firm, swelling, snowy Breast, the Turn of Limbs, the taper Waist, and those unseen Beauties which she as industriously disclosed as others conceal: They
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apply'd Kisses capable of firing the coldest Frame; whilst she would read Pieces more loose than *Ovid* in all his Flow of Love. The Patrician expiring with Pleasure, dissolv'd in Delights, confessed *Thais* the Mistress of the World for new and unthought Enjoyments; and rewarded her with ten times a larger Hand, for that Bliss she procur'd him by others, than for what ever she had bestow'd upon him from her own Charms.

Thais's Palace sacred to *Cicero*, admitted none of his Sex but himself; Scandal will have it that she was so nice in that Particular, she us'd to meet some of the *Roman* Youth, whom she did not disdain to amuse her self with, at her Sister's, but would not permit them the least Access at Home: She was serv'd only by She-Slaves, and those were amorous Devotees, whom she caus'd to be fetched from *Greece*; when they were too Young to have a true Sense of Decency or Vertue! These she instructed in the Arts of loose lascivious Love; and still as they grew stale to *Cicero*, and that he was sated with them, she sent them off Slaves to the Islands that were subjected to the Empire, and supply'd his depraved Age and Fancy with new Beauty. Novelty has so great a Charm, a different Manner distinguishing every Woman, that 'tis the only Way of diffusing the Sex, or varying a Joy, that in reality is but the same Thing repeated. This *Cicero* us'd to observe, and took a Pleasure in recount-

ing to *Thais*, the different Agitations and Delights they gave him ; whilst she, warm'd by such Scenes of Love, when her Patrician was dismiss'd, to tread the Maze of Politics and Business, us'd to fly to the Rendezvouze, there to experience in a younger Lover's Arms, what Certainty there was in the Speculations of her Old.

O unhappy *Clodius*, we leave you too long before we take you out of your miserable Prison to behold the exalted Glory of your Wife's Palace ! Fame, who has not her Number of Eyes and Ears for nothing, came into the Secret of this Amour, and put it not only into the Mouths of the *Great Vulgar*, but the *Small*. Her Husband's Creditors so industriously improved Report into Certainty, that they us'd to wait Lord *Cicero's* Palace at every Avenue ; whence they dogg'd him with some Difficulty to that of *Thais* ; nor could the mean Disguise of a Slave or a *Plebeian* secure him from their Knowledge, that precise sanctimonious Step of his too particular to be mistaken. They loved Discoveries better than I do, who could patiently wait the Morning for his Return, after his Passing the Night as *Juvenal* tells us,

*All Filth without, and all on Fire within,
Tir'd with the Toil, unsated with the Sin,
————— So foul, and so bedight,
Brings Cæsar back, the Product of the Night.*

Falling to Business and the Advancement of Religion, he found his Understanding return with double Force after such Unbendings. In these Recesses he used to contemplate the wonderful Effects of Nature, and capacitate himself for being a Professor of experimental Philosophy. But lying a little too open in his Amours, and not being able to restrain *Thais* from publishing the Riches and Glory she liv'd in; her Husband's Creditors agreed among themselves, since a *Prison pays no Debts*, to release him. The only Hopes they had of being satisfied, lay in taking him out upon such Conditions as he would doubtless agree to, and sending him to seize his Wife's Furniture, which was costly enough to pay his Debts to Advantage; this was no sooner resolv'd but put in practice. *Clodius* received the News of his Infamy and Liberty together. He had subsisted for many Years meerly upon Charity; his Misfortunes and Length of Confinement had not only dull'd, but turn'd his Brain. He was insensible of what was bestowed upon him; he knew not how to live Abroad, the Prison was become his only Maintenance, and when they talked to him of his Wife's Grandour, he seem'd to rejoyce without having that strict Notion of Dishonour, as had inspir'd his quicker Sense; but wholly manag'd by those that gave him Liberty, he agreed to put the Law in Execution, if she would not comply to those Terms he beg'd leave to propose to her;

a fatal Tenderneſs being all the Remains he had of his former State and Mind. A Letter was dictated, which he tranſcribed and addreſs'd to her by that Name which ſhe had aſſum'd; the Demand was ſuch a Sum of Money to be paid by the ſeventh Hour the next Morning, or ſhe muſt expect the Indignation of a provok'd and abus'd Husband. *Thais* read it as her Doom, and fearing he would not ſtop there, ſhe knew not what Measures to take: The Warning was ſhort, 'twas already dark, and tho' the Demand was inconfiderable, compared to what ſhe could furniſh, yet ſhe reſolved with herſelf, that it were much better to ſave it, if her Wit could find the Means. She was now become covetous, as ſhe grew rich, a ſeeming Paradox which many are acquainted with; ſhe ſent him an Answer, that it ſhould be done, and promiſed to be punctual. The Creditors overjoy'd at the Succeſs of their Stratagem, hug and embrace one another, and ſell to congratulate and cheer themſelves with Cups of generous Wine; whiſt *Thais*, who was not at all unmindful of her Buſineſs, faſtens the Gates and Windows of her Palace, and falls to pulling down the Beds and Furniture; all was performed with admirable Silence and Expedition; they were packed up and ſent away to People in whom ſhe could confide, and herſelf and Train of Slaves decamped to another Ground; ſo that when the Husband was brought in the Morning by his Creditors

tors to take Possession, they wonder'd to find themselves in such a Desert. Rage and Resentment immediately seized them, poor *Clodius* was accus'd for suspending the Execution of their Project. Anger to see himself abus'd, roused him from some of that Lethargy of Sense, that a long Imprisonment and Misfortunes had occasioned. He would have poinarded *Cicero*! he rav'd against him, with some feeble Efforts, for the Dishonour and Poverty his apostate Friendship had brought upon him; but being in the Hands of others, who had something better Sense, they perswaded him to be calm; and shew'd him the Impossibility of attempting the Life of *Cicero*, incompass'd as he always was, by a Train of Clients, Dependants and Slaves, unless when he went upon his Amours, which was a Secret they were too wise to trust a Madman with, well considering, that if *Clodius* murder'd *Cicero*, his Life must pay for it, which would not pay what he was indebted to them; they only desir'd to manage him till they could once put him in Possession of some of his Wife's Treasure, and then designed to let him pursue his Revenge at Pleasure.

The like Diligence as had once before made them acquainted with the Place of *Thais's* Abode, gave them after some time, an Opportunity to make the like Discovery; they attended *Cicero* from the Postern of his Garden Back-gate, lodg'd him at a finer, Palace, more superbous than the former,
and

and when Morning was come, watched him back to his own. They made all the necessary Inquiries to find if this was the same Lady; when once satisfied of that, they introduc'd *Clodius*, even into her very House, before she had notice. The Precaution she took to save her Gold, Jewels and Plate, was to fly by a Pair of back Stairs down into a Vault with her Lap full of what she could collect, having had, upon the Sound of his Voice, that admirable Presence of Mind, as to cause the Doors of the lower Apartment, where he was, to be fastned upon him, which took up so much time to force, that herself and Slaves were got, by means of a secret Door, into the next House, to a Friend of the Patrician's, with what was most precious and portable; her Cabinet and strong Box of Letters fell to them to rife; there were such *Donceurs* from *Cicero*, whoever had had the Opportunity of Comparison, must have confessed, that great Genius's are not easily traced by their Manner of Writing; it is not the same in Eloquence as in Painting, where to an Artist the Hand is immediately discover'd at sight. Here was quite another Cast of Thought and Expression. *Advice to the good People*, and his *Billet Doux* were indeed as different as their Subject; tho' he show'd not less Application and Industry in descending to the Capacity of the former, than Wit in rising to the refin'd Taste of the latter. A more inferior Pen than *Cicero*'s could not have treated so accurately as he

has

has done of knavish Politicks, depraved Religion, and maim'd Debauchery. His Letters were filled like his Libels, with Particulars, What had lately given him Delight, in what Manner he had found himself most affected, wherein had lain, in the last Interview, the Poignancy of his Pleasures, the artful Embrace of *Clelia*, the naked Beauties of *Phryne*, the wanton Dialect of *Sappho*, and sometimes their united Endeavours directed by *Thais's* masterly Hand, had succeeded in giving him concurrent Joys, Bliss unknown to the Rest of the World, and which he had never proved, if his niggard Stars had deny'd him the accomplished *Thais*. 'Twould weary your Highness to tell what these elaborate Letters contained, had they not been all writ with his own Hand, and signed *Cicero*, one should never have believed, that a diseas'd, old, decayed Politician, had had such wholesome, young and sprightly Thoughts.

One of the Creditors had a Wife who pretended to be a sort of Wit, he reserv'd these Letters to divert her; hapning to be a violent Enemy to the Idol-Party, of which *Cicero* was the wise Head, she seem'd resolv'd, when I left *Constantinople*, to collect some of the important Particulars of his Life, his Father's Birth and Honesty, the sordid Education bestowed upon himself, his despicable Adventures, and low Walk of his first Diversions; his new-fangled

fangled Religion and Notions of Government, wherewith he had debauched the People; his prodigious Rise, Behaviour, and Conduct whilst in Power, together with an impartial Account of his latter Amours and long Runn of Debauchery in *Thais's* Palace; with several other worthy Particulars, which may chance to make it, by the Help of his own original Letters, one of the most diverting Miscellanies Extant.

But to return to *Clodius*; his Companions had too great a Sense of his Condition to suffer him to see these amorous Epistles; they persuaded him to put all the Furniture of the House immediately under the Spear, which yielded more than enough to satisfy his Creditors; the Over-pluss was reserved for his Use, and the Pleasures of some of his Prison-Debauchees, who had got the entire Management of him and his small Remains of Sense. *Thais* was as good to them as an Inheritance; for still when there was an Ebb of Treasure amongst them, they would industriously trace the Politician to her Abroad, and bring the Husband to assert his Right: This once produced an Interview, where all that's tender, touching, reproachful, and mourning past on his Side; all that was audacious, haughty, and shocking on hers.

But because these Visits were both expensive and troublesome to *Thais*, and by no means diverting or commodious to *Cice-*

ro; he was charg'd at his Suit, to the Value of more than he had ever plundered: The Patrician pretending that the Goods were his, and *Thais* only in Trust, as the Female-Surintendant of his House. Thus was *Clodius* return'd back to the Enclosure of a more insupportable Prison for a much larger Sum than before, and curst with a more inexorable Creditor; where he languish'd a considerable Time, till his old Companions united to try the Validity of *Cicero's* Quirks of Law, and would have certainly redeemed him from that deplorable Oppression; very well knowing the Plunder of the next Palace was more than enough to repay their Expence; but they were prevented by *Clodius's* being discharged in Form by *Cicero*, and thence conveyed (as it was given out by his own Consent, tho' conjectured quite contrary) to some Land unknown, for he has never since been heard of; but whether Life or Death! Liberty or Slavery! Poverty or Plenty be his Destiny, is yet in the Knowledge only of the Fates, and those Persons who were the trusted Agents of *Thais's* Fears and Displeasure?

What Lady can hear this Relation, and not desire to have it concluded with a Panegyrick upon Lord *Cicero*, for being so true, so inimitable a Lover? Who does not adore the Height and Constancy of his Passion? Who does not see the Obligations that *Thais* has to him? Since it
must

must cost him more Labour and Thought how-to surmount the Foible of old Age, and the Infirmary of Diseases; more Trouble still to act the Lover, than Others take to cure themselves of their Love. Has he not sacrificed Friendship, Honour, Humanity, the World's Esteem, Gratitude and Reason, to persevere in his Passion, at an Age when even married People withdraw from the Rites of *Hymen*, to apply themselves to Heaven with the greater Freedom and Serenity of Thought? *Cicero*, when judg'd at the Tribunal of Beauty, must certainly find an Indulgence for all his Errors, if not a Plaudite, especially for such as have arisen from his never-ceasing Desire of Beauty. 'Tis easier to subdue our Enemies, than suppress agreeable Passions; unless you will say, that Age had already extinguish'd his, and conclude with some of his Censurers, That in the Young, Love is a pardonable natural Weakness; in the Old, a monstrous and unprofitable Fault!

Thus, Madam, I have represented *Cicero*, rather in his amorous than political Capacity, because I judg'd that was turning his bright Side to the Ladies. I have forbore to tell your Highness, how eloquent! how excellent is his Wisdom! I would extol his Charity to *Thais* in the Ebb or Ruin of her Fortune; but perhaps you will say, *That tho' all Charity be counted Love, yet all Love is not Charity.* Should I
 speak

ſpeak of his Returning her Wrongs upon her Husband, I may be reproached with the Vindictivenefs of his Temper, and that he is by Nature inexorable; 'tis indeed a Defect in ſo great a Man, becauſe Hatred and Malice are peculiar to little Wretches, who have not Liberality of Soul enough to pardon, or Courage to take ſuch a Revenge as Honour permits: The Mind being formed to Love, it muſt be *depraved when it abhors any Thing but Vice*: Great Souls, eaſily blot *Injuries from their Memory*; Mean Ones, *never forgive where once they hate*.

Your Excellency, reply'd *Ethelinda*, has raiſed ſuch an Idea of *Thais's* old Patri-
cian Lover, I do not tell you of which Sort, that I beſpeak one of the Miſcella-
nies that you tell me the Lady is col-
lecting of his Life. Sure the Letters of a
Lover of his Standing, muſt be Ori-
ginals. Can he talk of any Thing that is
truly felt in that Paſſion, without prodi-
gious Affectation? What departs from
him at this time of Day, muſt be the
Effects of an extraordinary Remembrance,
the Repetition of his Youth by Art of
Memory. One would think *Plato's* Year
was come round to him again. What a
Court is yours? how amorous! how poli-
tick! one may ſay, That the God of Love,
and the Goddeſs of Diſcord, have made a
ridiculous Agreement to move in Conſort,
an Union which may be termed a whim-
fical

sical Paradox; we that rarely hear of such Eruptions in the North, stand wondring at the easie Conflagration: Why, your profoundest Statesmen, and your greatest Virtuoso's, have their Adventures and Amusements. Have you yet heard what has pass'd in King *Beraldu's* Court, relating to your Predecessor's Lady, and her indulgent Lord? No, Madam, answered the Ambassador. The same Question being put to every one in the Company, they all answered in the *Negative*. 'Tis then in my Power, I hope, pursued the Princess, to entertain you with something new, wherein there is a powerful Mixture of dear bewitching Scandal——It may be a Relief from the Trouble I must give your Excellence in pursuit of your obliging Promise, and leave Lord *Horatio* Liberty to write to the Emperor, as his Lordship lately told us, he was obliged to do. In the next Chamber you will find all Things necessary; That Gentleman, my Lord, will attend you——After some Unwillingness of troubling the Princess's Lodging, *Horatio* withdrew, and her Highness called; Who's there?——Somebody send in *Mademoiselle Charlot*, she shall inform you of twenty Particulars I can't pretend to charge my Mind with. After this Girl was dismiss'd the Ambassador's Train, I received her into mine. *Charlot* has an Air of Sprightliness, is Master of her Subject, has much Sincerity, and does not want Wit; so that
if

if I mistake not, your Lordships will not be displeas'd at hearing her relate an Adventure that has something in it rare; I mean the extreme Affection and Compliance of a Husband.——*Charlot* having received the Princess's Commands, prepar'd her self with an agreeable Address to obey her in the following Relation.

*The History of Cornutus, Endymion,
and Arethusa.*

Cornutus's Degree, my Lords, is Patri-
cian; he marry'd *Arethusa* with all the
Pleasure and Joy of a fond Bridegroom.
They liv'd in mutual Delights. Nothing
could be more blameless than her Conduct,
till *Cornutus's* Mother, stooping to rise, en-
rich'd *Julius Sergius* with her antiquated
Charms and modern Possessions, which, it is
not doubted, was the Magnet that drew
him: He immediately seiz'd upon the golden
~~Crown~~ held by Ambition, which from the
lowest Extremity of the Earth, is said to
touch the Sky, every Link being a Step to
new Dignities. *Sergius* was so happy to
juggle the Press about him, till he crouded
next the Goddess, and began to mount in
spight of all Opposition: So prodigious
swift was his Rise, that it scarce left any
Tract or Remembrance behind it; nor could
they see what Merit he had to recommend
him to that Wealth and Power he suddenly
became Master of. Upon his Interest, and
at his Request, his Son-in-law *Cornutus*, was
sent Ambassador by *Cesar*, to *Charles* King
of the *Franks*: That Monarch has Love and
Gal-

Gallantry much in Esteem; his Court and Kingdom take the same Turn: There, is to be found such Freedom, such an Air, or rather Spirit of Love, as is not to be equal'd in any other Place; the Women believe themselves born for no better Purpose; their whole Desires are to inspire that Passion; their only Business how to accomplish themselves; they really are such wonderful Mistresses in the Art, that they follow Nature but in one Point, so miraculously improving the Face, that after rising from their Toilet, you would not believe it the same; so embellished by Dress, so taught to look, to speak, to languish to advantage, that they become irresistible. Nor does a marry'd Woman scruple to receive the publick Addresses of a Lover, which the Husband is so far from giving himself any Pain at, that he looks on it as a Merit in his Wife, as if she could not be lovely without Adorers, and consequently not deserving his Passion; tho' he does not fail to repay that Adoration in kind, to some other Beauty: Thus the eternal Round is Loving and being Beloved; yet all esteem'd Innocent, till some publick Indiscretion forces them to see what they would unwillingly believe.

Arethusa had a Flexibility in her Temper, that gave her an easy Bent to what was agreeable and fashionable, passing from the more rigid Court of the Greek Emperors, to the airy one of *Charles's*, she quickly gave in to those delicious Liberties, and for fear of
being

being esteemed less polite, became more gay than could be expected in so short a time. Her Lord observ'd the prodigious Progress with Satisfaction; he would not have his Lady less modish than another, and therefore added his own Instructions to her Observations, till *Archbusha* was become as much a Coquet, as Sauntring, as Swimming as any of the Court; as busy in Gallantry, as indolent in Business, as little fond of her Lord, as doating on others; so very much a fine Lady, and so very little a Wife, that *Cornutus* was transported at those Embellishments. But that your Lordships may not wonder at this extraordinary Accomplishment, be pleased to take his Character, as it was said to be writ *Extempore* by *Charles* himself,

“ *He Laughs and he Grins!*

“ *He Dances and Sings!*

“ *But prove him, He's foolish Delusion:*

“ *Nor Answer, nor Question,*

“ *Nor Taste, nor Digestion,*

“ *Nor Preface, nor yet a Conclusion!*

The Affairs of the Empire were in a fair Way of being well manag'd, as your Lordships may imagine, whilst *Cornutus* had the Conduct of them. *Charles* did not fail to caress him to an excessive Height; he seemed to yield all Things that he asked, because indeed he knew so well how to influence him, that he was directed to ask nothing

nothing but what *Charles* was willing to yield. Care was taken ever to oblige, and never to disgust him; the wise Monarch prepar'd as well against Trifles as Essentials; he knows great Events have often inconsiderable Originals; and lest *Cornutus* should desire to be recalled, he made him so in Love with the Diversions found in his Court, that he dreaded nothing so much; nor had he any other Uneasiness upon his Mind, than to find that his fine Lady, as much as she was admired, was not yet beloved: That is to say, no particular Gallant had signalized her for the Object of his Adoration. Notwithstanding these Compliances, I would not have your Lordships believe, that the Patrician desir'd *Arctibusa* to depart from her Vertue; that is a Point wherein certainly all Husbands are tenacious; his Vanity was to have it shine to Advantage. He pretended, that by her Cruelty she should at once have the Opinion of her Beauty and Chastity confirmed; fond of the Experiment, he was always the first to open the Eyes of her Beholders. He ask'd this Lord, that Count or Prince, can any Thing be more charming than her Air and Shape? Had ever any Eyes so agreeable a Look! so bewitching? and then her hidden Beauties, they are inexpressible! So much a *Venus*! so delicious — Ah! my Lords, one would die for such a Mistress. But, my Lords, pursued he, in that worn-out Topick so much affected by fashionable

nable Husbands, one's Wife——— what Pity 'tis she is not any other Woman, I should run mad for her——— even Possession can't allay her Charms——— And yet to be married——— 'tis I know not how——— fine Meat——— but repeated too often——— who can have a perpetual Desire for the same Thing?——— Yet *Arethusa* is a Sort of *Olio*, wherein we may always find something agreeable——— The Persons whom he spoke to, ask'd one another, what the Fool meant to force his Wife upon them? There is a Caprichio in Inclination, they did not like theirs should be directed; so that my Lady Ambassadors improved her self in vain; she caused no considerable Emotions in that Court; but gained an Air of Liberty, an Habit of Indiscretion, which when once contracted, is not so easily thrown off: *Modesty* the nicest Virgin alive, if disobliged, discountenanced or chased away, rarely forgives, and never returns!

Arethusa could not make Incursions into an Enemy's Country, without sometimes coming off with Disadvantage: She at first designed Pickueering for Adoration, only to please her Lord, that he might believe her charming to others as well as to himself. She thought not in the least of ingaging her own Heart; a *Coquet* rarely disposes of that beyond her Call; but yet sometime they are caught, as was my Lady Ambassadors. She had had a Profusion of Homage, all those
out-

out-side Forms of Courtship, which the *Franks* so much abound in, they seemed to warm her Heart, and show her how lovely must be the Intimacies of an Amour, where the Approaches are so pleasing. Her Apartment was the Rendezvous for all the idly Gallant! The Young came to learn, the rest to practise. In the first Rank of these was the Prince *Endymion*. His graceful fair Hair, animating Eyes, inimitable Mouth, just Height, and nice well-made Shape, gave us at Eighteen to conclude, that it was impossible Nature could go any further in favour of the Sex; a bewitching Modesty and well-bred Behaviour introduced him with all possible Freedom to the Toilet of the Ladies: He was yet thought guiltless of the Bow and Dart, neither wounded nor wounding.

My Lord Ambassador loved Dancing, Musick and Voices; he invited the best Performers to the Apartment of *Arethusa*: One of them he has engaged (as a Proof of his good Negotiation) to perform at the Greek Court: Prince *Endymion* always honoured the Ball with his Presence; and tho' *Cornutus* regarded him not with so distinguishing an Eye as did his Lady, yet he was pleased to see, and rally him, as the favourite *Adonis*, to each desiring *Venus* of the Court.

Arethusa beheld the lovely *Endymion* redolent of Youth! she saw the Flower just op'ning on the Bough, crown'd with the

early Beauties of Spring ! unfulfill'd ! unfaded ! the refreshing Dew not yet exhaled by a meridian Sun. The Goddess *Nature* shew'd us her most masterly Hand, when she produced *Endymion* ; nor had the Ladies any Security in conversing with him, but the Greenness of his Age : Ignorance of his own Power, with-held him from attempting to prove its Extent. His Childhood had pass'd with as much Incense and Adoration, as even the *God of Love's* ! *Cisborea's* Darling could not be more often, nor more justly praised for his Beauty : He was distinguish'd by the Name of the lovely Boy, the amiable Child, *Le Bell' Enfant*. The most modest among the Ladies, the most reserved, let her have never so little Complaisance, found her Soul dilated at his Sight : How would they smother him with Kisses ! with what Transport clasp the little Idol ! how oppress him with their Sweets ! how lavish out the secret Softness of their Sex, in favour of this young Insensible !

Nor could *Endymion* forget so tender an Education ; when he grew beyond their open Caress, and that the *Cupid* was too big for publick Fondling, he still adhered to the *Ruels* and *Toilets* of the Fair ; There he conversed ! there he was pleased, and seem'd to go in Search of some happy Improvements ! Women are the best Masters, when they place their Delight in Instructions. The young Prince had either read or heard that no Man is perfectly fashion'd or polite,
till

till a well-bred, sensible Mistress falls in Love, and takes Pains to accomplish him; he was excessively tractable, and full of good Inclinations towards perfect, implicit Obedience and Improvement.

Arethusa had something so complaisant, as well as agreeable, in her Conversation, that Prince *Endymion* found himself very much to his Satisfaction when he was there. Being esteemed too young to give Jealousy, he went every where, and at all Hours, with unsuspected Freedom. *Cornutus* you have heard was none of the *Rigid*, he was a Husband of a newer Fashion, and had better Manners: Besides, he conceived too good an Opinion of himself, had he had but an indifferent one of *Arethusa*, to be jealous of any one, much less a Boy! He did not so much as think of him; *Endymion* might stay as late as he pleased; come at what Hours; say and do as he pleased; there was no Reflection made, no Suspicion had; Who could fall in Love with him? What Danger was there of a fine Lady's Excesses, in favour of a perfect Child? so he was still called, and so *Arethusa* seem'd to believe him. She would keep him after the Company! play with his fine Hair! let him loll upon her Lap! rest his lovely Head upon her swelling Breast! sport his Lips with her Fingers! stroke his Face! but durst not kiss him——that was too gross——yet she long'd for that endearing Contact; still as she touch'd him, Pleasure thrill'd her

F 2

Heart!

Heart! she glowed! she sigh'd! she knew not what was the Meaning of those Disorders ——— I had been received into her Train, upon the first Form of the Ambassador's Equipage, and was the nearest about her Person. I beheld, with Surprise, those Intimacies which she did not at all manage before me: It was not my Business to remind a Lady of her Duty, who believed her self so perfectly instructed in every Thing. *Endymion* took these Favours, as Remnants of his Infancy, the Sequel of those Caresses he had been used to: Whether he knew no Meaning, or thought they had none, I believe he did not in a long time make any Reflections that were criminal.

Two Sisters haunted her Apartment that seem'd to bid fair for rivalling her in the Prince's Heart; their Mother had been the King's Favourite, whether with any Dash of the Libertine was not so easily determin'd, because he seem'd to have a Deference to her Judgment; consulted her in Affairs of State, and put her Lord at the Head of one of his Armies. Her Daughters were marry'd to Persons of their own Condition; the Husband of the youngest was sent to travel, so that the Virgin-Wife having none at Home to employ her Thoughts, grew fond of the lovely *Endymion*. *Archusa* was arriv'd at Jealousy, and saw, with Torture inconceivable, all the Tricks that *Felicia* played to ingage the Prince: She hated

hated the Sight of her, yet was uneasy to the last Degree, when they were both absent, for fear of their being together. When she got *Endymion* by himself, she spoke every Thing to disgust him ——— Heavens! my Lord, said she to him one Day, when he was by her Toilet, and I was combing her Head, What can Women mean to disguise Nature? You see the Colour of my Hair, *Felicia* heard somebody commend it, and has spoiled her own to imitate mine: How can Women appear so false? Do not you remember when 'twas the best Thing that Girl had? but she must be in the Fashion (tho' her Manner of Dressing will never bring her into it): Certainly none can put on their Cloaths so awkwardly besides herself: You know we are very great: I ask'd her why she spoil'd the finest pale Hair in the World? I found it was, because dark was become the Mode? and tho' she would not own it, she thought it set off, or assisted her Complexion: I don't know but she may be in the right of it; but yet Art, is Art, detestable Thing! and Nature, is Nature. Whilst *Arethusa* was making this fine Invektive, 'twould have been very much to the Purpose, if one had ask'd her Ladyship, for how much of her own Complexion she was beholding to Nature?

Soon after she grew uneasy to all about her, melancholy, peevish, full of Vapours: Her Lord perceiv'd the Change, and brought a Succession of Company to entertain her;

but she was best when he left her at Liberty to choose her own Diversion, which she never found when separated from *Endymion*. Oh God! what Hours? what Nights were mine? how was I oblig'd to hear, and answer? how to wake and watch upon the Repetitions and Fondness of her Passion? when no longer able to support the Weight, she unloaded the Burden upon me, who had not all the Complaisance of my Station: I pitied her, but I would serve her Vertue, and assist it against Love, who was so powerful an Enemy. ' I fail'd not to represent
 ' the mortal Sin of ingaging with an other
 ' besides one's Husband, and the dreadful
 ' Condition of those that were in a State
 ' of mortal Sin; all their other good
 ' Works, Charity, Devotion, Resignation,
 ' availed not any Thing; for were they to
 ' die without sincere Repentance and Absolution, there was no Medium, the Soul
 ' would immediately pass, to augment the
 ' wretched Number of the Damn'd, to be
 ' eternally tormented, a never-ending State
 ' of Reprobation! horrible! and tremendous!

Arethusa answer'd me, ' That was true, and
 ' she believed me; but she was a Lover, and
 ' wou'd hazard it; she was yet young enough
 ' to attempt running one delicious Race of
 ' Pleasure, not distrusting the Destinies so
 ' far, as to think they had not allow'd her
 ' Thread enough for one Amour; she hop'd
 ' she should have Power to reform before
 ' they

‘ they had half-spun her Line: However,
 ‘ if she were eternally to suffer, which she
 ‘ could not believe, irresistible Desire, and
 ‘ potent Passion goaded her on, and she
 ‘ cou’d not, wou’d not check the Reins;
 ‘ therefore commanded me upon my Duty
 ‘ to assist a Love which was already too for-
 ‘ midable to be oppos’d, since her Life, her
 ‘ Soul, was stak’d upon Possession; her Pas-
 ‘ sion would therefore be rather augmented
 ‘ than abated by Resistance.

‘ Divines, and you godly Friends, pur-
 ‘ su’d *Arethusa*, think you do your Duty by
 ‘ drawing a Scene of dreadful Images to the
 ‘ Lover’s Fancy, as if from the Moment we
 ‘ were Lovers, we were also infatuated, and
 ‘ saw none of those Infernals, so obvious
 ‘ to the Adviser: Yes, *Charlot*, be assured
 ‘ we see, and despise them all.

‘ *Touch not, Taste not, what is freely given,*
 ‘ *Is but their niggard Voice, disgracing bounteous*
 [Heaven.

‘ *Citherea’s* Son is a God invincible; he
 ‘ renders us intrepid to Danger! Persuasion!
 ‘ Religion! Honour! or Devoir! if we
 ‘ tremble it is with the sweet Fear of not
 ‘ succeeding! Do we attend? it is to his
 ‘ enchanting Rhetorick and powerful Lays!
 ‘ Have we Devotion? it is to his Altars,
 ‘ where we offer up unfeign’d and fervent
 ‘ Sacrifice! Our Glory and Duty consists
 ‘ in an exact Fidelity to his transporting

' Dictates ! his Laws we obey and love ! we
 ' value nothing in comparison with his Pre-
 ' cepts ! and if the World's Opinion, Re-
 ' putation, and the Character of Virtue,
 ' cannot be maintain'd without first Aposta-
 ' tizing from him ; Why, farewell those
 ' airy Fantoms that could never yet maintain
 ' their Sway, where *Venus* was in Place !
 ' they offer but Shadows in comparison of
 ' the solid Delights the Queen of Pleasure
 ' brings along with her.

' I will not have you presume to think
 ' the Advice of the Patriarch himself, could
 ' avail against such a formidable Prepossession ;
 ' much less that of so silly a Maid as
 ' *Charlot* : There is nothing impotent in the
 ' Passion which agitates me ; 'tis all irre-
 ' sistible and piercing : A feeble Inclination
 ' I might have withstood, but the whole
 ' Godhead rush'd at once upon me, and so
 ' entirely subdu'd and fill'd my Heart, that
 ' I am only fond of shewing my self his
 ' most ardent Votary. *Endymion* is so young
 ' and childish, he sees not, dreams not of
 ' my Infatuation ; we must instruct his
 ' Youth, awaken his Attention, and teach
 ' him the Use for which that glorious Form
 ' of his was made !

' But how, Madam, answer'd I, if Prince
 ' *Endymion* should despise you for your For-
 ' wardness ? Idiot Girl ! replied she, as if such
 ' a Spirit ! such a Form ! such a Face ! and such
 ' a Love could be refus'd when not clog'd
 ' with the everlasting Chain of Matrimony ?

' But

' But admitting it might happen, as cer-
 ' tainly 'tis impossible ——— Then 'twere
 ' time enough to repent when we find no
 ' Incouragement to the bewitching Sin.
 Oh for some dear easie Method, some soft
 Contrivance to lay me in *Endymion's* Arms,
 guiltless of Hardship, or an open Distress
 to the Modesty of my Sex, where all that is
 awful about me might be dismiss'd; nor
 Place, Attendance, nor my very self the
 same; that I could but be metamorphos'd
 into the Thing most pleasing to *Endymion's*
 Fancy. They say, that audacious Rival
Ariadne assum'd the Dress of Innocence to
 steal his from him! that of an awkward Coun-
 try Girl; the Prince's Bashfulness gave way
 to his Curiosity, he that trembled to attack
 a Court-Lady, was furious as a Lyon upon
 a rural *Phyllis*; he who would not venture
 to sigh before one of us, kiss'd and tumbled
 the feign'd Rustick without Remorse, she
 pretended to carry him Fruit to sell to his
 Bed-side ——— Ah how destructive has
 Modesty been to me? ——— How have I
 suffer'd that Creature to steal his first Em-
 braces from my longing Arms? To lose, as
 I have done, the Pleasure of giving him his
 first Impression, the first transporting touch
 of Joy, which stings the very Imagina-
 tion ——— I might have indeed imagined,
 that so much Beauty as *Endymion* is Master
 of, could not long be left to it self; the
 Bough now ripen'd and weigh'd down with
 glorious Fruit, if to Day it forbore to fall;

would to Morrow find a ready Hand to pull it——— why was I not the Person?——
 Oh *Charlot*, if indeed thou art not stupid
 Contrive, advise, do something for thy
 Mistress's Happiness——— but thou art an
 awkward godly good-for-nothing Girl; all
 I ask of thee, when I shall be absent, is to
 tell my Lord I am asleep—— indisposed——
 reading—— fond of the last Tragedy——
 and beg to be excused—— will meet him
 at Court——— in the *Cirque*, or *Amphi-*
theater at such an Hour——— or in the
 King's Closet, which Excuse thou find'st
 most seasonable; in the mean Time you shall
 transcribe a Note, which I think fit to send
 the Prince, your Hand-writing is not
 known: The *Billet* was thus.

‘ If your Highness pleases to repair to the
 ‘ Garden upon the *Seine*, you will meet a
 ‘ Person in the *Grotto* of the *Naiades*, who
 ‘ has Commission to lead you to a Diver-
 ‘ sion more pleasing than that of Walks and
 ‘ Fountains: The Time is to morrow at six,
 ‘ tho’ the Ev’ning prove never so fine, there
 ‘ are ways to make the Night more delici-
 ‘ ous! Adieu, young Heroe, I hope old
 ‘ enough not to want Courage to try the
 ‘ Force of such an Assignment; you are
 ‘ made for Adventures——— when will
 ‘ you begin? ’Tis Loss of that invaluable
 ‘ Time, which when once fled, you with all
 ‘ your Charms will not be able to recover!
 ‘ Adieu with the utmost Longings and Im-
 ‘ patience.

This

This Note was convey'd to the Prince by a Page unknown, who brought us back this Answer.

‘ Since the Character and Stile is stamp’d
 ‘ by the softer Sex, there can be no Dispute of
 ‘ Obedience. My Heart and Mind are yet
 ‘ blank Paper, there was not so much as
 ‘ Curiosity writ upon it, till your delicious
 ‘ Billet impress’d it. Young as I am, I
 ‘ hope to give a good Account, both of
 ‘ my Courage and Willingness to improve
 ‘ Time, which, in your Company I may
 ‘ perhaps begin to think as Invaluable as
 ‘ you seem to name it. Since it is so fleet-
 ‘ ing, let us, my lovely Adventurer, lose
 ‘ none of its precious Moments: To ante-
 ‘ date your Appointment, I will be there
 ‘ before six; adieu with mutual Longings
 ‘ and Impatience.’

My Lord had newly taken a House of Pleasure, ten Miles from the City; the Year was dress’d in all her Pride of Beauty, *May* call’d to taste her Charms and delicious Fragrancy. *Cornutus* seeing *Arethusa’s* Indisposition, hoped the Country would restore her, and gave Orders to prepare this Solitude; but as she had never been there but to view it, before my Lord had purchased it, it was not yet known to belong to him; upon that she founded her Design of carrying *Endymion* thither; she did not doubt but so to manage Affairs, that he might remain in Ignorance of the Place and Person that oblig’d him. In order to it, she put

on the Dress of a Cavalier: In that Garb she look'd handsomer and more youthful. She commanded me to write a Note, which she carried with her to the Servant that was left to look after that House of Pleasure, with Order for her to lodge the Persons who should bring her that Letter, to prepare the best could be got for Supper, and in all Things endeavour to obligethem. So provided she left me for that Night; I had in charge to tell my Lord, when he came from the King, that she was gone to Bed indisposed, and beg'd the Favour of lying alone; in the Morning he did not fail to come and enquire again of her Health before he went to Court. As soon as he was gone, and by good Fortune, without desiring to see her, upon my telling him she was still asleep, it was my Cue to depart. I had ordered the Coach and Equipage to be made ready, and took my Sister into the Chariot with me close veil'd and dress'd in some of my Lady's Cloaths, her Height and Shape answer'd so well to *Arethusa's*, that our People made no Dispute but it was her self. I left Word they should tell my Lord at his Return, that my Lady was gone to the *Villa*, in hopes the Air might do her good, and intreated his Excellence to dine with her, if his Affairs would permit him.

I waited upon my Sister, as if she were *Arethusa*, up to the best Apartment, but we let her not into the Secret; upon finding my Lady there *En Cavalier*, we pass'd it upon

upon her for an innocent Frolick, and causing them to change Cloaths, she departed on the Horse that had brought my Lady, as if she had been the same Gentleman that had lodg'd there all Night. *Endymion* was gone two Hours before, Things took the Turn we had projected, and *Arethusa* by good or lucky Management, made that dangerous Sally without any Prejudice to her Reputation, or even Suspicion of what had pass'd.

But when we were alone, she flew into my Arms, hung about my Neck, kiss'd me a thousand times, and in all the Transports of a Person possess'd, thank'd me for the only happy Night of her Life. Ah dear *Charlot!* cry'd she, when she could begin to speak plain Sense, what a Difference? —

Eh, who would marry — or pass a whole Life in Insipidity — — — — — nauseous *Hymen* — — — — — abhorred Constraint? — — —

How I pity those of Condition of my own Sex that wear away, nay smother an Age of blooming Youth, without a Taste of Joy! we are put to Bed, as our Parents direct, without one Grain of Inclination! our Sweets are sacrificed without even obliging the rigid Master to whom they are offered! How much better is it to lie for ever alone than endure a reluctant Embrace? There is no Mean in that Case, 'tis all Extasie! the End of living! the Extract of Delight! or cold insipid tasteless Duty! the heaviest Part of the Yoke, the Burden of our Nights, and

and Sum of our Diſlike ; I'll no more on't ! my Lord's become intollerable ! how ſhall I get rid of him with Honour ? What think you, Madam, answered I, of pretending to make a Vow of Chaſtity as to what relates to his Lordſhip ? Enquire of the Caſuiſts how far that may go towards ſaving your Soul ! 'tis but imagining this Husband dead, and that you are married to another ; if it frees you not from Impurity, it ſecures you from Plurality at leaſt. This Wench is ſo devote ! interrupted ſhe, on my Conſcience thou couldſt ſanctifie any Thing ; what doſt think of leaving the Altar for nothing but a Lover's Bed ? I have heard of ſuch a Lady, ſhe did not count one Bead the leſs for her becoming a Miſtreſs ! Certainly the more, Madam, answered I ; ſhe might imagine it compensated for her Fault. But, Madam, will you not favour me with the Courſe of your Adventure ? I had a thouſand and a thouſand Fears upon your Ladyſhip's Account, beſides what my Lord's Tenderneſs and Inquiſitiveness gave me ! I ſometimes imagin'd Prince *Endymion* himſelf would not be very well pleaſed to march under the Conduct of one who appeared of his own Sex, and I fancied he might be diſpoſed to ask a farther Explanation ; I was in pain how your Ladyſhip would do to give him Satisfaction in the Grotto, if he ſhould chance to grow Impertinent ! Thou haſt Abundance of Whimiſies I don't doubt, reply'd *Arctiſa*, without conſidering under

der whose Couduſt I march'd, that the God of Love himſelf was my Leader, that I was truly his Votary : Stung by irrefiſtible Deſire, wounded By his keenest Dart, I only obey'd a Conqueror : I could not reſiſt : I was truly a Lover, not ſway'd by Appetite, fantaſtick Luſt and meer Ambition of Change, fond of Variety, and agitated only by *That* ! then had I indeed been vicious ! light ! unpardonable ! Coquet ! vain, one who wronged the nuptial Contract, and unpardonably offended my Lord and Husband ! in a Word, one who fell, when ſhe could have ſtood ! threw her ſelf headlong from a Precipice in ſport, when ſhe might ſafely have reſoſed upon the Height of it ! Then, Madam, I reply'd, in your Ladyſhip's Senſe, 'tis but being very much in Love to be guiltleſs of the Conſequence. Doubtleſs, anſwer'd ſhe, don't you ſee when People are ſtark Mad, they can commit no Crimes, or at leaſt none that are imputed to them ; we pity, but we do not condemn them ; it even frees from the Sentence of the Law, tho' they break it never ſo much. But your Adventure, Madam, I interrupted, being very well inſtructed as to that Point ; one can ſpeak to a Lover in no Language ſo agreeable as their own : Therefore I did not forbear to preſs it, which with lovely Bluſhes of Confuſion, ſhe took care to relate to me.

Charlot thou may'ſt well imagine, that as bold as Love has made me, I was not without

without Heart-beatings, Hopes, Fears, Doubts, and full of Desires. The Prince was true to his Letter, it wanted of Six, when in my Man's Apparel I got to the Grotto, but found *Endymion* in Possession of it: I enter'd with a personated Boldness; I say personated, for who that has been a Lover is ignorant, that tho' we dare all Things for the Object beloved, yet we are aw'd and trembling when near it? I perceiv'd he did not like, what seem'd to him, Intrusion. Men of Quality are so used to be respected, that they account not for Change of Place, but think the same Obsequiousness their Due, as well from all the World, as their Domesticks. But to prevent his growing into an ill Humour, I presented him the Billet I had order'd thee to write; and which, pursu'd *Madamoiselle Charlot*, to make the Matter plainer to your Lordships, I will repeat.

To Prince ENDYMION:

‘ Since ’tis hop’d your Highness dares follow this soft Ambassador, need you
 ‘ be assured he will conduct you to your
 ‘ Audience, where the Queen of Love herself presides? If Height of Passion, as
 ‘ ’tis said, be both Merit and Beauty, you
 ‘ will find none ever had a better Title to
 ‘ Charms, than Her, who is impatient to
 ‘ Be yours.’

His

His Highness was pleased with what he read, humid Fire struck from his Eyes ! his Cheeks glow'd with conscious Red, and heavenly Youth ! he asked me, where this Lady was to be found ? I told him, if he pleased to trust himself to my Conduct, I would bring his Highness to the Place she had appointed. Tho' perhaps, answered the Prince, I am too little scrupulous, and might very well demand a farther Explanation before I stir, yet there's something in thy Manner so soft, so sure a Presage of Happiness, that I will think of no Danger but Delay ; thy Voice and Air has so much of the Woman in the World I most adore ! that I can't help following thee, tho' twere round the Earth ; but I doubt my good Fortune is not to arrive from that Quarter. By this Time we were come to a Back-door of the Garden that opened into the Country, where the Slave according to thy Orders waited for us with two Horses : He discharged his Trust with a good deal of Spirit and Exactness, having led us by Abundance of Turnings, till he had made the ten Mile at least Twenty ; this amused the Prince as much as I could desire ; thou knowest I am used to hunting, so that a Horse was not likely to tire me ; we at length alighted here, I conducted *Endymion* to his Apartment, even into the Bed-chamber, and went to give Orders for Supper ; at my Return he expected to have seen the Lady, and was almost peevish without her ; but I beg'd his

his Highness without Impatience to allow her her own time; for since she was to come from *Paris*, it would doubtless be dark before she arrived, and had ordered me to entertain him with something to eat, not as he ought to be entertain'd, but as the Solitude of the Place afforded.

Supper was served up, the Prince assum'd all the good Humour he could, but I was very well pleased to see his Impatience left him but little leisure for any Thing else; he commanded me to eat with him, we were forced to serve our selves, and I had a thousand Pleasures to see him unseen; that is without any Guard upon his Words or Behaviour. He asked every Minute if the Lady were come? After a convenient time I told him she was, and had sent her humble Service to his Highness, desiring he would please to go to Bed, and she should wait on him when the Lights were removed.

Then I am not to see her, cryed the Prince, with a dissatisfied Tone; very fine, I have taken all this Pains for nothing, and lost so many Hours of better Conversation: Pray give my Duty to the Lady, and tell her, that I am as discreet as she can expect; to secure her, I will give her ten thousand Vows of Secresy, and when once satisfied as she ought to be, there's nothing can oblige her to conceal herself, but old Age, and Distrust of that Beauty I have formed so agreeable an Idea of. I obeyed, and return'd, as from the inexorable Lady, that

' that she was resolved to be concealed; her
 ' Quality and Reputation were too much
 ' to risque with so young a Man, that if
 ' their Correspondence continued, and his
 ' Highness gave Proofs of his Discretion,
 ' she might in time be brought to trust him
 ' with the important Secret. My most
 ' humble Respects to the Lady, answered he,
 ' and tell her I have now no Favour to re-
 ' quest, but Horses and a Guide to carry
 ' me back to *Paris*; I doubt I shall scarce be
 ' so lucky a Knight-Errant as to find the
 ' Way alone, and in the Dark, especially
 ' not knowing what Part of the Country I
 ' am in. Will then your Highness depart,
 ' answered I? To be sure, he reply'd brisk-
 ' ly, I'm for no Adventure with my Grand-
 ' Mother; the first Thing I did, should I
 ' suffer the Masquerade to go on, would be
 ' putting my Fingers in her Mouth, to try
 ' if she had all her Teeth, and if those I
 ' found there were her own: No! no! my
 ' pretty Youth, I'm for no blind Bargains;
 ' I should not know what Idea to frame to
 ' my self; old Age and Ugliness are two
 ' that haunt me at present; nothing can
 ' disperse them, but Light and the Lady's
 ' Face. I am infinitely sorry, I replied,
 ' that your Highness is then condemned to
 ' pass the Night alone, the Horses are sent
 ' away, and will not be here till Morning.
 ' Beseech your Highness to wave that Nice-
 ' ty, I can assure you, that the Lady is
 ' as young as I am, and thought very
 ' agree-

' agreeable, I would say handsome if I
 ' were not pleading a Cause already pre-
 ' judged by your Highness. All this may
 ' be, he answer'd, but I have no Stomach
 ' to her unseen : I will not be very civil
 ' barring the Gate against her in her own
 ' House, and yet I shall make use of that
 ' Precaution for fear of having my Bed in-
 ' vaded in the Night, when it will be too
 ' late to speak one's Mind; for tho' a Lady
 ' were the Devil, one must take care of
 ' letting her know, that we think so——
 ' Or, now I consider on't, thou shalt be my
 ' Bed-fellow, and then let her come with all
 ' my Heart, I'll turn her over to thee;
 ' come *Fidelio*, (I had told him that was my
 ' Name) help me to undress, this Dispute
 ' has made me sleepy and peevish, I am re-
 ' solved you shall lie with me; so that your
 ' fine Lady may keep her fine Airs to her-
 ' self : I'll never run after the Cant of a
 ' Letter from an unknown again: I am
 ' well enough used, and deserve a Disap-
 ' pointment. By this Time he was got into
 ' Bed, and commanded me to make haste
 ' for fear of disturbing him; he said, that
 ' he generally fell asleep as soon as he was
 ' laid, and if awaked could not get any
 ' Rest in a great while, but first bid me
 ' fasten the Door; you may be sure I had
 ' the caution to obey him in that Particular;
 ' as well as in the other; I had not taken
 ' all that Pains for a sleeping Lover. He
 ' commanded me to leave the Lights burn-
 ' ing,

ing, by which, and the Reflexion he at first had made of my Likeness to my self, I knew I could not escape his Knowledge, and therefore only sought how to make him secret and discreet; but as that was the Business of the Morning, I would not fruitlessly amuse my self by way of Anticipation, nor steal from present Love and Happiness, Moments, that seem'd so peculiarly dedicated to that God.

The Prince, with all his Pretence, was uneasy at his Adventure; he talked of Sleeping, but the Thought of it kept him waking; he seem'd irresolute—waver- ing, almost in the Mind to accept the Lady's Terms—but then keeping to his first Resolution, he bid me for the last Time come to Bed, and say no more of her. Now was the Difficulty to be discovered with a good Grace: I got so near him, that he felt the whole Impression of my Person: *Fidelio*, cryed he, hastily, Thou hast the softest Skin I ever felt; nothing of our Sex was ever so polish'd! I turn'd my self to him, and laying my Arm round his Waist, grasp'd him with that Ardor, as put me out of my self, or my disguise! I sigh'd with such an Eccho of Tenderness! and fell into so universal a Trembling, that all I could do was to hide my Head in his Bosom, and faulting, cry'd out, dear *Endymion*, I am dying, if you don't forgive and love me!—The Prince at one Instant put his Mouth to mine, his Hand to my Breast, threw open the

the Curtains and the Bed-cloaths, immediately knowing me, 'Tis she! 'tis she! 'tis *Arethusa* her self! my lovely Life! ——— what a stupid insensible Brute have I been, to waste so many blessed Moments? ——— *Charlot*, thou dost not expect I should tell thee any more ——— in a Word, I am inranced! doating! dying for my agreeable Lover! ——— loathing! despising my disagreeable Husband!

This Amour thus begun, continu'd whilst we were in that Kingdom without any Discovery, tho' a thousand times upon the very Brink of it by my Lady's Excess of Love and Indiscretion: She was jealous of all whom the Prince either spoke to, or look'd upon; the two Sisters I told you of, were as fond of him as *Arethusa*, the Court call'd them Prince *Endymion's* *Shadows*; wherever he went they had immediate Intelligence, and were presently after him; wherever he walk'd, they walk'd; whatever Lady was of his Acquaintance, they made of theirs; in all Visits, where his Highness went, they were sure to be of the Company: *Arethusa* often had them, because the Prince was often there; she would have brought him to have said disobliging Things for her Sake, but he was not so little a Cavalier.

Eugenik, the eldest of the two Sisters, was married to a Person who thought himself a profound Politician; he was of the Party against the Court, and very diligent in making Profelytes of young Noble-
men;

men; as soon as they began to appear, he would draw them on his Side, and that of the Confederacy; it had been talked that such a Count had set his Lady to ingage young Prince *Aribegal* on the King's Party: *Eugenia's* Lord was not less zealous, and therefore recommended to her to make sure of Prince *Endymion*, since he seem'd to have Pleasure in her Conversation; he taught her several Topicks of Discourse; instructed her in Politicks, and the Means to fix him; he was excessively zealous in the Cause; often invited the young Prince to his Palace; and when there, would conduct him to his Lady's Apartment, leave them together, nay, shut the Door upon them. — Nor was he mistaken in *Eugenia's* Abilities or Affinity, she so intirely seduced the Prince, that tho' born from the royal Family, and a Mother then zealous for its Interest, who had married a second Husband of untainted Loyalty, good Sense, and great Abilities; yet *Eugenia's* Artifices, by her Lord's Instructions, made Prince *Endymion* a Convert to that Party; who exclaimed for Liberty in the Subject, and were every Day endeavouring to limit the Monarchy to narrow Bounds, such as their scanty Politicks had of late dictated to the Multitude.

Arethusa did not pass her Time with all the Ease she could have desired; this new Attachment usurped upon those Hours which had been formerly dedicated to her alone:
The

The Prince, now made one of the Busie, was so excessively carested, he seemed to be the Object of the Men's, as well as the Lady's Adoration: but as he was yet too Young to be let into their darling Secrets and Desires, little more was expected than the Reputation of his Birth and Quality, which served to strengthen their Party, by the Credit of such a Prince, one of the Blood being come into it; he was yet too gay, too remiss, too wanton, too full of *Venus*, and the inebriating God, to produce Miracles in favour of Politicks, Machinations, and State-Designs. To keep him warm some one or other was continually with him; those that were debauched and thoughtless, easily devoted themselves to his Conversation and Interest; that it might not be doubted of his being entirely in theirs.

Arethusa murmured, she complained; she even became Poetical. Love occasions strange Inspirations; she made a Song which all the Court sung, without knowing the Author; the Words were so tender, something in them so near the *Sapphick* Strain, as I have heard good Judges say; that tho' my Voice is like to do them little Reputation, I will attempt entertaining your Lordships with the Air.

Arethusa's Song on Endymion.

FLY from his charming Graces, fly,
Or thou'rt undone, or thou'rt undone, as
[well as I.

*The God of Love is sure his Friend,
Who taught him all his Arts,
And when a Conquest he design'd,
He furnish'd him with Darts.*

*His Quiver and his gilded Bow
To his Assistance brings,
And having giv'n the fatal Blow,
Lends him his fleeting Wings.*
Fly from, &c.

Charlot's Voice and pretty Manner, drew from the whole Company their Applause and Thanks ; which having put her into an agreeable Confusion, took up some Time before she could dismiss her Disorder, and then she thus continued her Relation.

Lord Cornutus was all this Time as good a Husband as any in his Circumstances ever was ; his Humour still continued of getting his Lady Admirers. He did not doubt *Endymion* was as sensible as his Youth would permit, but he had no Jealousy of a nearer Intimacy ; he was even ignorant of what all the Court whisper'd. The Prince was come one Evening from a happy Rendez-
G vousz ;

vous; he went upon a Visit to a Lady, where there was a great Deal of Company at Play; he look'd so lively, so transported, in such a perfect good Humour, that she asked his Highness whence he came? and what he had been doing? Doing! he answered in an Extasy, what you love best in the World, next Cards! ——— How, said her Lord, who could best be supposed to answer for his Wife; I know Prince what that must be. This gave some of the Company, who wanted to destroy Reputation, Curiosity, to hunt as usual into a Secret, only when known to divulge it.

I have been acquainted with some Ladies, and very fine ones too, who took as much Pleasure in discovering anothers Amour, as ever they did in concealing their own: Nay some have gone farther, and have wanted the true Pleasure in their own, till they were discover'd. Here Vanity is the chief Ingredient: There ill Nature, a sportive Sort of Wit, too barren to find Supplies at Home, seeks Recourse abroad. Heavy *Antramont's* fine Wife had dy'd in Reputation, nor would he have surviv'd with that of Cuckold, had it not been for this gossiping Curiosity in two Ladies, who liv'd over against *Melantha*, the *Ivory Woman's* House. They had often observed, upon certain Days, and at a certain Hour, two Chairs close shut up, at a small Distance of Time to follow one another. The Slaves who carry'd them were always the same. *Melan-*
tha

tha was guess'd to get more at the Trade of Concealment, than at that of Selling of *Ivory*. These Ladies have watch'd six Hours together, with a World of ill-natur'd Patience, till the Lovers were willing to part, and then had them separately follow'd till they discover'd one Chair to go into *Antramont's* House, the other into the Prince of ——— They did not fail to pay their own Pains, at the Expence of the Lady's Honour. Some such good-natur'd People heard Prince *Endymion's* Raptures, and wanted to know who was the Lady concerned. So effectually they placed their Spies, that *Endymion* was watched to the Affignation, from whence *Arethusa* was dogg'd Home. The good-natur'd Town immediately catch'd the Report. Her jealous Rivals did not fail to spread the Inflection. The Prince was teiz'd on all Hands, and to such a Degree, that he had some Thoughts of sacrificing future Gallantry to his present Repose. My Lady accus'd him, he accus'd my Lady; there was nothing for a long time but mutual Distrusts: We trembled least the Scandal should reach my Lord, but there was not any that had so much Malice to *Arethusa*, all the Court smiled at the Justice of his Destiny, he would have his Wife adored, and so she was to the Purpose.

There was an Accident happ'n'd to a Bride much about that Time, which put my Lady upon comparing the Happiness she had in a Temper so easy as was her Lord's.

Silins, a Gentleman of the Country, Owner of a large Revenüe, had long loved *Amelia*, the Daughter of a Noble-Man. His large Possessions gave him an Advantage which his Quality could not so well pretend to. The Day that they were married he seem'd more transported than it was possible to express; he came to take the Bride with such Raptures, such Exclamations of his Happiness, that she was envied by all the Ladies present, who thought there never was so true, so ardent a Lover. No sooner was the Ceremony performed, but a degenerate Coldness succeeded that noble Warmth; but there was not Leisure to make instant Reflections; he left the Company, and wandered alone by himself into the Garden, where in a little Time the Bride's Sister came to seek him, to intreat his Presence at the Feast. She had been the Confidant of his Passion for *Amelia*, and ever in his Interest: Seeing him with a more than ordinary Concern upon his Face, she enquir'd of his Health, whether he were indisposed, or if any Thing unusual had befallen him? He told her yes, but it was not yet Time to discover his Malady, begg'd her to tell him sincerely the Truth of one Thing he should ask her: She really loved him, and did not hesitate giving him the Assurance, Then he conjured her, by her noble Birth! by Vertue! Truth! Honour! all Things binding! to inform him whether *Amelia* had had any other Ingagement, or had ever loved

loved before she was acquainted with him? The Question very much disturbed the Lady, she feared the Jealousy of a Temper that began to give such early and unseasonable Proofs of its Infection; but that he might not misinterpret her Disorder, she compos'd her self, and assured him her Sister never had; and said all that was necessary to set a less uneasie Heart than his at Rest: He received the Professions with a great Deal of Joy, and beg'd her not to tell *Amelia* what had pass'd. In the Morning they were congratulated by all their Friends, among the Rest the Priest who had married them, (with the Liberty of his Function, and that Freedom he had ever used, having been in the Family before she was born) came to wish her Length of Happiness and Joy: In the Midst of his Compliment, he had unadvisedly touch'd her Hand with his. *Silius* who never had taken his Eyes off from him, started up and cry'd, It was too much! he had suspected their good Intelligence before, but was now confirmed, since no Woman of Honour would suffer any Man (tho' he were her Confessor) to touch her naked Hand; their mutual Glances, and Exchange of Eyes, during the Ceremony of Marriage, had justly alarm'd him, neither had he got over his Doubts but with the utmost Difficulty, which were return'd with that Impetuosity and Appearance of Reason, he thought her so much unworthy his Regard, he would never see her more!

Imagine what a Disturbance this was to the general Joy; the Bridegroom departed, and continued a long time obdurate to all that cou'd be urged in her Justification; neither the advanced Age of the Priest, the Length of Time he had lived in the Family: the innocent Freedom, with which *Amelia* had been bred up in regard to him, cou'd make any Impression upon his jealous Heart. Love, indeed would sometimes plead for her, (for 'twas his Height of Passion gave him Height of Uneasiness) she had the Misfortune of loving him to as violent a Degree, which at length prevailed upon both, one to receive, the other to be received, upon such Terms, as would have been agreeable but to few Ladies of her Age and Merit. *Silius* had an old Seat in the Country, many Miles distant from *Paris*, situated in a lonely Place, moated and secured by a Draw-bridge, where he conducted this voluntary Victim, on condition she should never desire to depart from thence, but bidding adieu to Relations! Family! Friends! Diversions! Conversation! and in short, the World! endeavour only at regaining her Character, which he said she had justly forfeited by her indiscreet Freedoms, together with his Esteem, which he would try to put her again in Possession of, if she supported her Solitude as she ought, and apply'd herself to a chearful Performance of that Duty, which was indispensable from a virtuous Wife.

Lord

Lord *Cornutus*, upon this Adventure, made the Court very merry at his good Humour; he rallied at *Silius's* Jealousie, and took a good deal of Pains to confirm People in their former Opinion, as to the Passiveness of his own Temper, and the Ridiculousness of that Husband who, upon *Chimera*, *Fantafque*, or even any Thing, but undeniable Demonstration, became uneasy at Home. *Arethusa* was beholding to him for Abundance of happy Moments, tho' she saw not *Endymion* so often as when he was not yet become a Statesman, *Eugenia's* Convert, and *Felicia's* Admirer. Busy as he was, he was still young, and did not fail sometimes of coming to the Rendezvous, and giving her to think herself very well entertained there: But alas! What Certainty is there in human Affairs? had they been more in Love than they were, even as Lovers, they were still subject to sub-lunary Vicissitudes as much as other Mortals. The Emperor had deputed another Ambassador in *Cornutus's* Place, who was commanded to go and congratulate King *Beraldu's* Accession to the *Sarmatian* Throne: *Arethusa* wept! exclaim'd! fasted! refused to sleep! said she should die in being separated from her lovely *Endymion*! nothing touched the Prince's Heart more than her Sorrow, the Proofs she gave him of her extraordinary Passion assaulted his good Nature. Absence is the Test of Love, the utmost Trial a Heart truly agitated can endure; her Tears! Prayers! Complaints!

and Despair! at length determined *Endymion* to accompany Lord *Cornutus*, under the Pretence of Travel, to improve his Youth, and gain him Experience. Behold, on the sudden, *Arethusa's* Sorrow converted all to Joy; her Lord's Temper was so favourable, that he congratulated her upon the Prince's Resolution, and began to be solidly vain at this Piece of good Fortune, no longer disputing but that the Court would conclude his Lady's Eyes had determined *Endymion* to make the Journey, and consequently that himself had the Honour to be married to a Lady, whose Charms had caused so extraordinary an Irruption from the Heart of one of the most lovely Princes of the Age.

Arethusa was now upon her Way, freed from those Alarms, which Faction, and the Rival Sisters had given her. She was all herself, Good-humour, Joy, Delight and Love! nor had she any Apprehensions from the Gallantry of that dull northern Court where she was going, her amiable *Endymion* would be her own, she should possess him without those *Shadows* that had incessantly haunted him in the Court of *Charles*. She indulged her Passion to such an Excess, that I have a thousand Times wondered my Lord was blind to her Conduct; he would himself bring *Endymion* to her Bed-side, and leave him there till he returned from Court, at the same Moment exaggerating her Charms, as if he had a Design to recommend them to his Rival. Their Manner of living together,

gether, quickly gave Matter of Scandal to the more reserved northern Beauties; but *Arethusa* did not manage upon that Point, since her Lord was not offended, she did not believe she ought to constrain her self in Consideration of the Spleen of those, who she thought envy'd her for the good Fortune she had to possess the Love of such a Prince as *Endymion*.

King *Beraldus* was then at a fine *Villa*, twenty Miles distant from *Marsovia*. The War, which press'd hard upon him from the Part of *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals*, caused him earnestly to sollicite the Emperor for Assistance of Men and Money; there was a Treaty on Foot between *Cesar* and *Beraldus*, which was managed on the Part of the former by Lord *Cornutus*, which often occasioned his Absence from his Palace, at *Marsovia*, to attend the King at his *Villa*: Those were the Lover's Nights, which *Endymion* did not fail to employ to Advantage; I was us'd to see him as often in *Arethusa's* Bed, as was my Lord; Custom wore off the Wonder. I could behold him there without a Blush, long Security made me even remiss in my Watch, we had been so perpetually us'd to good Fortune, that we never once thought of a Reverse: *Cornutus* was generally punctual to his Word, we could depend upon the Hour of his Return, he was too obliging, too well-bred to invade his Lady's Retirements at a Time unexpected; thus, in happy Security, the Lovers

made the most of Opportunity; till one fatal Night, when we had been told my Lord would stay at the King's *Villa*, he returned without being desired, or sent for. The Prince had been more than two Hours in Bed with *Arethusa*, they were fallen fast asleep in each others Arms. I stood Centinel in an other Room that answered upon the Stairs, I mean I should have done so, but without any Apprehension of Danger, had cast my self upon a Day-bed, and was then insensible of all Things but my Dreams. My Lord, as was his Custom, undrest himself below; he sent his *Valet de Chamber* to Bed, staying a little while to look over some Dispatches; when he had done, his Lordship took a Light in his Hand, and ascended the Stairs as softly as if he had had a Presentiment of what Discovery he was about to make. He pass'd directly to the Bed, the Curtains were close; my Lord went to the side he usually lay on, where was his Lady in the Arms of her sleeping Lover. *Cornutus* had set the Light upon a Stand, but so much to the Disadvantage of the Guilty, that when he removed the Curtain, it gave him the Prospect of whoever was in the Bed; as he was stealing in, he gave her the kind Epithet of dear *Arethusa*: One's own Name pronounced, wakes one sooner than a Clap of Thunder. She heard, knew his Voice, and immediately shrieked so loud, that she awakened the Prince; yet at the same time, which is wonderful, had so much Presence

of

of Mind as to catch fast hold of her Lord ; who feeling more Company than he expected, threw back the Curtain, and saw *Endymion* getting out of Bed, and then out of the Chamber as fast as ever he could : waking me as he went through the Room where I was, he bade me follow him in a Moment to his own Apartment. I don't know whether your Lordships understand, that the Prince was always lodg'd in Lord *Cornutus's* Palace as well as sometimes in his Bed.

My Lady still kept her Hold, feigning all the Fear and Distraction of what might be the Consequence ; she protested her Innocence, wept, cast herself at his Feet, begg'd him to hear her, and to have pity upon the most unfortunate of her Sex ; assur'd him with horrid Imprecations, ' She was ignorant of *Endymion's* being in her Bed ; that ' she had mistook him for himself, false ' *Charles* had imposed upon her Vertue : ' going to Bed early with a Pain in her ' Head, that wicked Creature in two Hours ' after came to tell her, her Lord was returned, and was below in the Dressing-Room ; but being very sleepy, she had ' commanded her to beg his Excellence to ' make no Noise at his coming to Bed, for ' she was intolerably troubled with the ' Head-ach. Thus that fatal Adventure ' pass'd, till Heaven had sent him to detect ' the Villain's Crime, and revenge the greatest Outrage that could be offer'd to a ' Woman of Honour and true Vertue. A
 ' Woman

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‘ Woman passionately fond of her Husband, and one who had neither Eyes nor Thought for any but her own Lord.’

Arethusa still continued her Hold, and would not on any Terms be brought to quit it. Her prodigious Assurance amused *Cornutus*; she would have made an excellent Comedian, for in any Point where she had occasion to feign, she first imagined her self in earnest, and then immediately became so, which indeed is but the Consequence of such an extraordinary Faith. Her Tears and Air of Innocence, which she knew admirably how to assume, together with that real Esteem and Tenderness Lord *Cornutus* had for her, made him believe most of what she said; there was at least Possibility, if not Probability, on her Side. He was not one of those who too precipitately resolve on any Thing, he would weigh the Danger before he explored it: *Endymion* had offended him in the nicest Point, and the most notorious Manner; but *Endymion* was brave, and by this time got amongst his own Servants. Should he pursue him it would be ineffectually, he might lose his Life sooner than take the Prince’s, who was doubtless, after so great a Piece of Villany, upon his Guard, if he were yet in the Palace. *Arethusa* still wept! still despaired! but seeing that even during his first and most dangerous Transports of Rage, he attempted nothing fatal; she thought that he believed she might be intentionally innocent, and cunningly pursued

fu'd her Point, and beg'd for Fame, since
 by his Calmness there was no Appearance
 of Danger for her Life; ' She conjured him
 ' by all that was tender, all that was indear-
 ' ing! not to give her up to Infamy! she
 ' that was so far from committing a Crime
 ' of that Nature, that she had never thought
 ' of it but with Detestation! must she be
 ' exposed! lost! undone! for ever ruined!
 ' because a Villain was a Villain! and had
 ' betrayed her! irreparably betrayed her?
 ' Must she wander as an Out-cast round the
 ' World, shun'd by all the Good! and
 ' pointed at, even by the Bad, to suffer for
 ' the Prince's Crime? Ah! where was the
 ' Justice of involving the Innocent with
 ' the Guilty? Besides she told *Cornutus*, his
 ' own Honour was equally concerned, she
 ' could not be thought to lose hers without
 ' a Blemish to his; nay, she did not know
 ' but that his Lordship was more guilty
 ' than the Prince, who had perhaps only
 ' taken a fatal liking to her Person, from
 ' the Praises himself had given her; not
 ' contented as a Husband to find her charm-
 ' ing, he had indiscreetly instructed a Lover
 ' in their tender Mysteries! a Lover, who
 ' so well knew her Vertue and Height of
 ' Passion for her Lord, that it was in vain
 ' by private Blandishment or open Force,
 ' to attempt either; but by Fraud and Cir-
 ' cumvention he had successfully invaded
 ' both: Therefore in consideration that him-
 ' self was the Original from whence the
 ' killing

' killing Mischief was derived, he ought
 ' to forgive the fatal Consequence; and
 ' she would never again speak to the Prince,
 ' if possible, never see him. The World,
 ' who knew *Cornutus's* Courage, should they
 ' get Air of what had happened, would
 ' not believe the Adventure: A Wife was
 ' not esteemed guilty, till first given up by
 ' her Husband, for if he were still of her
 ' side, Slander durst never approach her;
 ' Detraction it self would not be heard, if
 ' he continued her Protector. Nor could
 ' he in Honour, Equity, or Pity, abandon
 ' one who so religiously adored him; and
 ' who by the Manner of her first Shrieks
 ' evidently manifested her Innocence and
 ' Surprize, in beholding her Lord in one
 ' Place, when she already thought he had
 ' been in another.'

Cornutus had heard her Justification with-
 out Interruption; must one not have an
 Extent of Patience, to be silent upon so
 great a Misfortune? unless, as in amazing
 Sorrow and Surprizes, the Greatness takes
 away the Power of Speaking! He loved the
 faithless *Arethusa*, and therefore wished her
 innocent; but that he might not too easily
 seem to believe, he administer'd to her the
 most solemn Oaths, that she did not know
 the Prince was in her Bed. How dreadfully
 soever they appeared, she thought it was
 now no Time to hesitate; well-born as she
 was, a Sense of Fame and Glory, made her
 prefer her Reputation to her Life; nay,
 she

tho' she risk'd more than Life, she had so quick a Sense of Honour, notwithstanding all her Indiscretions, that she staked the nobler Part, the Soul, to save it; and undauntedly swore all that could devote and deprecate her! Swore she was innocent of the Adultery! that she knew not, nor believed, but *Endymion* was *Cornutus*! So ardent! so execrable were her Asseverations, that her Lord believed it was a Sin not to believe her! He raised her from her Knees, where, naked as she was, she had still been kneeling; he took her in his Arms, forgave her, then went to Bed to consult about the Conduct of this important Affair.

Lord *Cornutus* was pretty easie on the Side of his Lady; he was willing to pardon her, but unwilling that the World should know it. He had endured the Evil of successful Rivalship, with an unprecedented Goodness of Temper; but how to escape the Infamy of so much Easiness? Prince *Endymion* himself might boast of an Adventure so extraordinary; calling him to account for his Villany, would publish the Affair, letting it Sleep would scandalize his Courage. My Lady came in for Rescue in so nice a Point, and undertook to make the Prince believe that her Lord thought *Charlotte* was her Bedfellow, and that amidst the Confusion and ill Light, his Excellency had mistook the Disorder for *Arethusa's* Surprise, and *Charlot's* Modesty, who, Virgin as she was, could not but be frightened at *Cornutus's* unexpected Return,

when

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when she found her self in Bed with him !
Therefore she had fled with Precipitation to
hide her unclothed Person from his View !
This, as the most tolerable Expedient the
Exigency cou'd offer, was pitched upon.
As soon as it was Day, in conjunction, they
produced a Letter ; that is to say, his Lord-
ship dictated, and her Ladyship wrote.

To Prince ENDYMION.

‘ **W**ERE I, my Lord, to give a loose
‘ to the Vindictiveness of my own
‘ Temper, or to punish you to the Height
‘ your Crime deserves, I should cause you to
‘ be assassinated by ten thousand Daggers !
‘ base ! insolent ! inhospitable ! amidst the
‘ full Security of Night, to invade the sa-
‘ cred Marriage-Bed ! What Injury have I
‘ sustained ? happy only amidst my Disgrace,
‘ that my too loved Lord is ignorant of the
‘ Pollution ! Love of Glory inspired so
‘ lucky an Address, that he has been made
‘ believe it was *Charlot* who was sleeping
‘ with me ; your precipitate Departure, the
‘ Dimness of the Light, and his just impli-
‘ cite Opinion of my Vertue, gave him not
‘ so much as to suspect the Deceit ; he has
‘ even laugh’d (Heavens ! how much is
‘ wronged Innocence to be pitied) at that
‘ wicked Creature’s Confusion and Modesty
‘ distress’d, by his coming so unexpectedly
‘ to Bed where she was. What remains in
‘ that

' that Ruin your lawless Attempt has made
 ' upon my Vertue, but to endeavour to pre-
 ' serve my Fame? Ever to see you alone,
 ' will be a Presumption I shall not be able
 ' to endure, an Attempt my Honour cannot
 ' bear; never to see you will be an Enquiry
 ' for busie Tongues, and even my own Lord
 ' will be the first to demand the Occasion of
 ' so much Coldness, where he has allow'd so
 ' great an Intimacy! The Course you shall
 ' take, must be, whilst you stay in this
 ' Court, to live with him as usual, only, by
 ' Degrees, wean your self from that Dear-
 ' ness which has hitherto been between you.
 ' See me as seldom as Devoir will permit,
 ' but as you value your Life, never without
 ' Witnesses; on these Terms (since rigid
 ' Honour and cruel Fate will not allow me
 ' better) I may be brought to endure liv-
 ' ing, tho' sullied by the Embraces of a Ra-
 ' visher! dispose of that wicked Creature
 ' *Charlot*, where I may never see her more!
 ' return me no answer but Obedience! In
 ' a Word, prepare to give repose to my
 ' Soul by your immediate Departure from
 ' *Sarmatia*.

Wou'd not all Mankind marry, continu'd
Charlot, were they sure of a Wife with so
 much Address as my Lady? If the married
 People are but of Intelligence, they may
 for ever secure each other: Lord *Cornutus*
 preserved *Arethusa's* Fame, she in return pre-
 vented him from risking his Life; she ma-
 naged him to the Envy of all her Sex, that
 is,

is, he loved her, did not care to make an ostentatious Squander of his own Person and Valour, and therefore would be manag'd. He redoubled his Affection, now fully convinced of her Merit, since she had Adorers; and that others found her charming! which was a Consolation that hit his Humour. She intrigu'd so well, as in disguise, to procure an unsuspected Interview with *Endymion*; he congratulated her Escape; told her he perfectly understood her Letter; adored her Wit and Address; said, he had took care to keep *Charlot* at a distance, who was impatient of the barbarous Aspersions cast upon her Reputation. My Lady agreed it was hard, she was much afflicted at it, but there was no Alternative; either she must fall, or I be imaginarily sacrificed! In conclusion, she gave me some Presents, and a tender Recommendation to her Highness. Prince *Endymion* re-inforced it by his Interest; the Princess has had the Goodness to hear my Defence; for being unwilling to receive a Domestick so branded, I was obliged to make it, before I could have the Honour of her Esteem or Confidence; and tho' there was something so cruel in Lady *Aerbusa's* Accusation, that I never ought to forgive her, since doubtless, the same Wit that help'd her to escape by involving me, would have furnished her, upon a little Consideration, with an Excuse less destructive to the Reputation of a Domestick, who had no greater Fault than Compliance and Fidelity
to

to her Service ; yet, since she has procur'd me the Honour of the Princess of *Marsovia's*, I am tempted to think it an Equivalent for the Loss of the greatest Good a Maid can possibly possess.

Charlot withdrew, after having modestly received the Applause of the Company. Let the Exigency by which she was brought, contrary to her Temper, to oblige one Lady, by betraying the Frailties of another, warn the fair Sex, from any of those tender criminal Intimacies that force them upon the Confidence of Domesticks ; they are most of them faithless, all mercenary and presumptuous, when once they have the Honour of the Person they serve in keeping ! reducing those who have the Right of commanding, to be Servants to their Servant. Mean and scandalous Security ! a State which gives the Authority from the Mistress to the Slave ; takes from her the Power of reprehending the grossest Fault, suffers her not to resent, be peevish, or out of Humour, whether she be mortally or trivially offended : Neither can the Gold of *Tagus* buy their Gratitude, so unreasonable are they, so unconscionable a Rate they set upon their Secrecy ; nothing in their Imagination can be an Equivalent for performing what others call their Duty, forcing those by whom they are trusted, to fear all Things whenever they pretend to be disobliged. Happy they who possess their Soul in Innocence,

cence, and have no Occasion for such mean and infamous Dependencies.

Lord *Cornutus*'s compliable Temper, furnish'd the beauteous *Ethelinda*'s Admirers with subject Matter to make a Comparison; they observed with Wonder, how little jealous he was, yet how fond a Husband. It put them in Mind of a History, where the Husband being ill used by his Father, for marrying a beauteous Wife without a Dowry; had yet the good Fortune to find an old Patrician his Friend, and he always boasted of it ——— Lord *Cataline* gave me this fine Ring. Lord *Cataline* sent me to see the Comedy, and stay'd to keep my Lady company for fear she should be melancholy whilst I was gone. Lord *Cataline* loves me dearly ——— he says I shall have any Thing ——— Lord *Cataline* lends me Money, tho' my Father will give me none. Lord *Cataline* lay at our House last Night, &c. so he does very often, and sends the purest Presents ——— he has promised to come again to Morrow ——— he teaches me all the Fashions ——— says I must not lie with my Lady, but ever now and then, especially when his Lordship's there ——— because 'tis the Mode to have two Beds. ———

Count *St. Girrone* told them of an Adventure he was witness to in *Constantinople*, it having pass'd in a House whilst he was in it. Addressing to the Princess, he began to observe, That Jealousie, as well as all other Passions, differed in its Effect, according

ing to the Temper of the Person it agitated: Thus Love was hot and presumptuous in the bold forward Man, the Impatiency of his Humour was generally ascribed to his Prepossession, and from thence often received Applause and Rewards it never merited: That such, when animated by the rougher Passions, as Anger and Jealousie, were oftentime dangerous to converse with: Sorrow and Pity working upon the Melancholy, carried them to such a Pitch of Mourning and Compassion, that the Sanguine could never reach! but whenever these Rules were cross'd, and Nature work'd irregularly to a Contradiction of Temper, it generally produced fatal Effects. Jealousie when arrived to Certainty, was either killed it self, or killed the Person whom it animated: In the same Moment, continued the Count, it believes and dis-believes, admits the greatest Contradictions, the utmost Impossibilities: Its very Being is supported by Doubts and Imagination: It dies when once it is assur'd there was Occasion for it to be born, involving his Parent Love in his Fate! or if, as sometimes, tho' seldom, very seldom, it still has an Entity; it drags on a wretched Life to the Destruction of Reason! Sense! Honour! and shortly terminates in an incurable Madness! I may very well conclude, that no Condition, no Disease the Heart of Man can be touch'd with, so much deserves our Pity as this.

A young Gentleman of the *Equestrian* Order, named *Rufus*, was married, after being travers'd a thousand Ways in his Amours, to a beautiful Lady of the same Rank, called *Erminia*. Necessity on her Side determined her to wed *Rufus*, for she was left with a Fortune disproportionate to her Birth. Her Face! her Shape! her Dress and Mien, surprized with Wonder and Delight! She was perfectly good-natured, yet so reserved in her Temper, that the Difficulty of Access was often interpreted to, what she was not at all guilty of, Pride! especially to those whom she honoured with an Intimacy. She was adored and attempted by most of the Men of Gallantry and Quality of *Constantinople*, sought, courted and presented, for her Favour: She incouraged none of their Addresses, or rather was so far from receiving them, that she took all wise Methods to destroy the very first Impression her Beauty might make, in the Beginning killing the least Ray of Hope; so that we may very well say, she did not permit her Charms to see what they could do in favour of her Fortune: She had so little Vanity, (without some 'tis said a young Lady can't be agreeable) that her Lovers could not prepossess her, but that their Designs were ignoble; she knew well that rarely Women married to advantage without a Dowry; true! some few, very few succeeded, but not without running a long Expence of Reputation; when the Lover, perhaps, as
in

in the Case of *Lucillus*, happened to be Owner of less Courage than Money, this Person having confess'd the Enjoyment of his Mistress to his Friend, what a Figure must he make, after a Correspondence of two Years, to employ that very Friend to procure him the endowing Gold, being forc'd into Marriage by the Brothers of the Bride, against his sated Inclination? Nor could *Drusilla's* Success tempt *Erminia* to dally with her Fame. *Drusilla*, who had Courage enough to receive the Addresses of that powerful Orator *Carinus*, great in Dignity and Fortune! who had corrupted as many Women as he had byass'd Causes! he could not converse with any that did not give him Desire, nor did he omit Fraud! Force! Bribery! Vows! Affiduity! to compass them. Involving Heaven! and Earth! Religion! and Principles! for the Gratification of his own Inclinations! old in the Arts of subduing Beauty, was not *Drusilla* an *Amazon*? Nothing less durst have received and encouraged the Addresses of one born for Conquest, so greatly removed from her narrow Orb! but she had Wit and Management. Something she must venture, or still be herself, still be little: After an Age of Courtship, Visits, and Magnificence, she was not at all surprized to hear the World was busie with her Fame, and that it brought her Vertue to pay the Expence of those Adorations she had permitted! when she first embarked, she knew the Price and Hazard of such

such a Voyage, but how to turn it to Account was the Crisis of her Wit. *Carinus* had thorough Sense, Knowledge of Nature, and the World; to have pretended Vertue and Remorse of her Side, might have provok'd him to laugh at her for a Hypocrite or a Fool! she made it her Business to charm! entirely to subdue his Heart to hers! to agree her own Humour, her own Sense to his! to seem proud and pleased at such Agreements! to persuade him he was infinitely beloved, to invent successive Entertainments for his Mind and Wit! never to be sick or idle! tormented with the Head-ach ——— Vapours ——— so uneasie ——— All was gay, all was young and smiling, Affairs of State left no Taste of Pleasure but what he found at *Drusilla's*, there he would refresh after the Fatigue of the Day! there dismiss unwieldly Grandour for easy Love! He was now grown great as Oratory could make him, a Favourite of the Empresses; one of those that had more important Views than letting *Irene* govern! *Drusilla* therefore took him by his own Reputation! told him, 'Twas now time to live for Fame, since he had lived so long for Pleasure! the Delights of Love which he had ever been fond of, were Joys that became his Youth, common to unthinking Men! But now! now! that all Things by the Help of a little Regularity were within his Call, why should he offend by Irregularity? Those of the Idol-Party, that

meant

' meant to triumph over the Orthodox,
 ' were to carry it by the Appearance of
 ' more Sanctity, more Moderation, more
 ' external, as well as internal Devotion!
 ' this was never to be compass'd to any
 ' Degree, the wish'd Degree, but by being
 ' the first in Reputation, which he must be
 ' hopeless to gain, whilst he maintained
 ' such an Intelligence as theirs. Tho' she
 ' loved him dear as Life, or dearer, she
 ' was willing to be the Sacrifice! to be dis-
 ' used from the Happiness of seeing him,
 ' rather than he should give Offence to those
 ' who looked up to Persons of his Rank
 ' for Rules to walk by: 'Twas no more
 ' than resolving to separate, the Pain would
 ' be only hers. Glory! Business! growing Re-
 ' putation, of which, when he had once tasted
 ' the Sweets, he would be excessively fond, es-
 ' pecially since so conducive to his End, the
 ' Grasp of Power! Revenge upon the Ortho-
 ' dox, and Peace of Conscience, would easily
 ' wean him from the Remembrance of a sim-
 ' ple Woman, whom he might live to hate,
 ' when once he began thoroughly to con-
 ' sider how ruinous such a Correspondence
 ' was to that Glory he ought, as one of
 ' the Heads of so exalted a Cabal, to go in
 ' search of.'

The Orator was so long harrangu'd by
Drusilla's inimitable, unexampled Care of
 his Reputation, that he began to believe he
 had some to lose, or at least had it in his
 Power when he pleased to gain a good

One; the Thing was short; a Mistress and such a Reputation were incompatible, but a Wife and Reformation were very consistent. There were too many Delights found about her, to be willing to give them all up to the Good of a Party; to starve one's self to create Plenty to others: He would do as much, as any Man with his Appetites could do, which amounted to this, (and the Sacrifice was a Hecatomb from him,) giving up his Liberty to buy Reputation. Thus was *Drusilla*, after so many Months Conversation, married, and, whoever would not believe they had been ever innocent, were esteem'd highly uncharitable! so unaccountable! so prodigious a Deference was had to the growing Reputation of this new Devotee! this wonderful Convert, to political Religion!

Scandal will have it, that *Carinus* proves a miraculous Husband! He has not only Lord *Cornutus's* Zeal in getting his Wife Adorers, but provides in a stricter Sense against those Inconveniences irremediable in his Lordship! As there is a vast Disparity in their Age, he admits there must be as great a one in Inclination: To shew his lovely *Drusilla* that he would have her live, not only for himself, he indulges her Pleasures, and in a Manner so very extraordinary, that if I'm not mistaken, 'twill not be long before the Curtain's drawn, and the Town entertained with a Scene wherein more than themselves are Actors! as diverting as new! ——— as reason

reasonable as natural ! I could never yet find by what Charter Husbands have pretended to confine their Wives from a Diversion they do not scruple to take themselves ! *Carinus* is advancing a new System, a Manner of Drawing, that will render the Yoak much less galling on the Side of the Ladies ; for which they ought to set up his Statue in the Temple of *Juno*, and introduce it with divine Honours, when they perform the Mysteries of the good Goddess.

Erminia was not Mistress of such Arts as must necessarily be us'd in an Affair like *Drusilla's*. Tender and modest, humble and unambitious, she sought some little Establishment where her Fame might be shelter'd, something answerable to her low Fortune rather than her Birth. When *Rufus* presented himself, his first Proposal was Marriage rather than Admiration ; indeed the latter must be but a Consequence of the former, where their Circumstances were so disproportionate. *Rufus* had a Face handsome without Exception, had his Teeth proved more regular ; but in Recompence they were concealed by the reddest Lips, with a most agreeable Smile. His Shape, as it wanted of the Polite, had nothing gross, or to be disliked ; perhaps his Air and Manner was not so much in fashion as those that live at Court. *Erminia* was nice, her Heart felt not any Call to this Hymen : *Rufus* his Temper was sedate, flegmatick, good-humour'd, so far as not to be easily

put into a Passion. No Talker, a Man of excellent Reading, good Digestion, and Sense: He had scarce ever shewn an Empressment for any Thing, 'till *Erminia's* Charms had found the way to a Heart hitherto esteemed inaccessible. Solid, serious was his Conversation; Talents not so easie to make way to the Wishes of the Fair, but *Erminia's* sweet and grateful Temper, was in Prospect to make them very happy; and doubtless they had been so, had not the intermeddling Hand of Chance, thrown an unfortunate Circumstance between.

There was a Man of Quality, the second Son of a Patrician, named *Silanus*, who was a Relation of *Rufus's*; his Person without a Fault, his Manner a Fashion to others; an Air of lofty Grandour, something departing from a Court, not to be found in *Rufus*, nor but in very few! He had the Reputation of being the haughtiest Man in the World, in respect of Love; he look'd on the Ladies not with Indifference only, but Contempt, as to all Occasions that seem'd to demand the Heart. His good Breeding secured him against any Offence to Decency, but all beyond, was not *Silanus's* Province. *Rufus* had invited him to see his Bride, but the little Inclination he felt for the Sex, defended him a long time from the Visit. *Erminia* had heard much of him, and had some Impatiency to see a Man of his Character, a Character so new to her as Indifferency! for as yet, none had ever approach

proached her, but either were, or affected to be sensible ; 'tis a Theme for Conversation ; what can one talk to Ladies ? They know not Oratory, Philosophy, Geography, and the Languages ! Scandal indeed is an inexhaustible Subject, but it seems more appropriated to the Old, those from whom Charms are departed ; 'tis a Dæmon by which their *Ruels* are perpetually haunted : Not but the Young love it as well, but they have not so much Leisure, much of their Time being employed in making, and dismissing Conquests ; in Punishing and Rewarding ; in Smiles and Frowns : A young Beauty with never so little Aversion to Idleness, may find full Employment about her self ; but then such Indifferents as *Silanus* must not make her Train. He saw fine Eyes without seeing ! the most perfect Symmetry of Beauty was no Harmony to him ! He disdain'd to love, but like a Brute, prompted by Instinct, he follow'd the rude Dictates of Nature, and possess'd without approving ! This us'd to be his Boast among his own Sex. As for the other, he took care to be seldom among them, unless it were with those humble obedient Creatures that are to be bought ; to whom his proud Soul needed no other Language to speak in, but Money, dismiss'd the next Moment with the Contempt they deserve : Scandal to the Sex ! Infamous Subject of Offence ! even to those who are so frail as to be Lovers !

Rufus made small Progress towards gaining the Heart of his lovely Bride ; it seem'd guarded with inaccessible Coldness ; a Mountain of Snow, whose Summit the Fates had forbid him to ascend ! tho' he did not want Love, he did Address ; or being become a Husband, possibly he thought he had no Occasion for it ; not considering that in the Young, the Heart is seldom unemploy'd, the God of Love does not long permit a *Vacuum* ! sooner, or later it must be filled ! 'Tis not the Region of Idleness ! happy they who in the Disposal are so fortunate to meet with one Deserving.

Erminia's Temper had always defended her Vertue ! cold, and unenterprizing ! She lived the Life of Reason, not Passion ; contented with her Husband, but undelighted ! free from Pain, tho' not in Pleasure ! and thus she had possibly wasted her Days in a calm Tranquillity, inoffensive, tho' not commendable ! had not the Destinies spun her Thread from off the black Distaff of Adversity, as well as that of *Rufus's*, and sent to her, hitherto, undesiring Eyes, the well-made haughty *Silanus*. *Rufus* gave an Entertainment, whence (having been before so often invited) he cou'd not any longer defer going to pay him the Marriage Compliment. *Erminia* expected the proud Indifferent with, a Mien agreeable to his ; there was so much the Appearance of it in her Manner, where she was not yet acquainted, that it cost her little to assume it to her new
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Relation. Conscious of the Beauty of his Form, which always drew towards him the neglected Eyes and Regards of the fair Sex, he was piqued to see the lovely Bride with so cold an Air, rather pass over, than stay to consider him. Behold, Madam, the Caprichio of our Sex, her Frost had the Art of inflaming him, and put *Silanus* upon those Advances he had never been guilty of before. He vouchsaf'd to view her Charms, nay, to commend them; after a little Time he pursu'd the Theme, even with Exaggeration. Must we all doat on Contradiction? Cold *Erminia*, who yet had never known Desire, was caught by the favourable Distinction, and in a Word, opened her Ears to receive his Praises! her Eyes, to survey his Person! and her Vanity to relish those Adulations, which at once poison'd and delighted! because she had often been assur'd, *Silanus* had never bestow'd his Cares upon any of the Sex before.

I could make a Novel of their Adventure, Madam, were it not for wearying your Highness; I will therefore pass over those that lead to the Catastrophy, of which I was an unhappy Witness: Be pleas'd to conclude *Silanus* laying a Siege to *Erminia's* Vertue, and *Erminia* violently in Love with *Silanus*! Pride and Passion gave her new and unknown Pleasure in his Vows and Adoration. How weak is the Line of Vertue, when once in the powerful Hand of Love? How slender the Separation between Inclination

nation and Indulgence? How dangerous to hear the Musick of the *Syren*? How difficult not to be charmed? *Erminia*, who had refus'd the advantagious Vows and Proffers of the Great and Rich; after a long Conflict, sunk to a Rendezvous with the proud *Silanus*, contrary to Duty, and nothing else in Prospect but Love and Ruin.

I must never believe that *Erminia's* Charms had subdu'd the native Brute in *Silanus*, or that he was any other Ways stung by Love, than as prompted by Desire; else he would have took more Care of the Reputation of her he pretended to love, than on any Terms, to bring her, tho' veil'd, to a common House of Pleasure upon the *Asian* Shore; or when there to be so affectedly transported, I may say distracted, or thoughtless, or careless of her, and the fatal Consequence, to keep her three Days and Nights, from returning Home! I was diverting myself in that very House, with some young Noblemen, (where we came for the Pleasure of the Air, and Conversation of certain Ladies, whom we had persuaded to pass the Evening with us) when we were surprized by a loud and confused Noise above Stairs, Shrieks and the Cry of Murder. We ran up, and found a Bed-Chamber with a lovely Lady upon the side of the Bed, weltring in the Blood of one that was murdered in it! Near her stood a Gentleman all inrag'd, with his fatal Sword uplifted, ready to send hers after the Soul that was fled before;

fore ; we immediately disarm'd him, and sent for the Officers of Justice. Never was any Man so agitated by Grief as *Rufus* appear'd to be : He threw himself upon the Floor in such Agonies, that one would believe it impossible to bear and live. He loudly told his Misfortunes, appeal'd to the lovely Sinner before him, for all the Benefits he had heaped upon her : He told us, That coming Home to go to Bed, the first Night of her Absence ; Jealousy (to which he had never before been inclin'd) entered his Breast with that inexplicable Rage and Fury, as scarce left any Partition to divide it from Madness ! In the Morning it encreas'd, if properly that may be said to encrease, which already has gained the utmost Height ! It left him not the least Use or Ray of Reason, like a thirsty Flash of Lightning that in a Moment drinks the Stream, and leaves the Channel dry : So was *Rufus's* Blood inflam'd, so it boiled, it raged ! contrary to the Practice of his Life, that had not been seen to move above the common Rate ; even Anger, and the greatest Provocation, had scarce Power to ruffle the Serenity of his Temper ! But the Love he felt for *Erminia*, gave Birth to a new Nature in him : It carried him to such an Extremity, as if violent Jealousy were inborn, not accidentally conceived ! He searched for her in all Places ! enquired of Relations ! Friends ! Acquaintance for his Wife ! told all the World that she was missing, and in what Manner ! you may

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guess at his Prepossession by his Indiscretion : He caused Matter of Laughter among those, who never believe the Best of young handsome Ladies. In short, the next Day and Night pass'd, and no News of his *Erminia* ! He had yet much to suffer, much Spirits to exhale, before he could be destroy'd by Jealousy ! The Violence with which it began, presag'd it would be fatal. He had often examined *Erminia*'s Maid, she deny'd that she knew any Thing of her Lady, but was afraid she was murdered. *Rufus* his torment-ed Soul, laugh'd at that, vain Imagination, not so happy to believe, she was with any but a Lover ; he at length assur'd himself, that Creature must know something relating to her Mistress's Absence. He lock'd her in an upper Chamber, where her Cries could not be heard, took his Poniard, and swore he would kill her, if she did not tell where she believed his Wife was gone ; the Servant affrighted, and unwilling to dye, (few in these Days are Martyrs to their Trust and Duty) confess'd that *Erminia* told her, when she went out, that she was going to meet *Silanus*, but promised to return in a few Hours ! Even the Certainty of his Disgrace and Suspicions could not assuage *Rufus*'s two Devourers, Love ! and Jealousy ! however he smooth'd his starting Hair ! unbent his furrowed Brow ! and recalled, as much as was in his Power, the Appearance of his former Serenity ; the sweet Hopes of Revenge assisted him in his Dissimulation ;

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by Stratagem he must find where was this infamous Relation that had so sensibly outraged him : He went immediately to his House, but was told he was out of Town. He feigned Business of the greatest Importance : *Silanus's* Favourite - Slave knowing the Kindred and Friendship between them (but ignorant that it was *Erminia* who was with his Master) told him, in a short Whisper, that he believed his Master would not be angry for acquainting him with the Affair, tho' the Orders were positive for all; he would run the hazard of his Anger, because the Business seem'd of Moment ; in a Word he confess'd *Silanus* was diverting himself, according to Custom, with some She-Sinner, at such a House, and had left Word with him, if any Thing happened of extraordinary, to come and enquire for him by a Token. The Slave added, if *Rufus* would be pleas'd to have Patience till his Return, he would ingage to bring him back his Master's Commands. The enraged Husband told him, 'twas no Matter, he could stay ; adding, with a forced Smile, he guess'd the Lady his Cousin was happy with, and would not disturb him, because he should be unwilling to be served so himself. The Slave was very easy, believing he had done nothing contrary to his Duty ; he had seldom known *Silanus* nice in the Reputation of his Women, because, indeed, he had never given himself the Trouble to converse with those that had any.

Behold the Consequence of this Slave's Indiscretion, he had given *Rufus* the Means to enter his Master's Chamber unsuspected, he had ignorantly armed his Hand with inevitable Fate, brought him to the very Bed-side of his Rival, where, without any Expostulation, he profited of the Advantage, and stab'd him with repeated Strokes! *Erminia* was not in Bed, but sitting by her Lover, who did not survive his first Wound! She shrieked, fell down upon his Body in a Swoon, which gave a Moment's Time for Love to interpose, in favour of her, to her Husband! he appeared like the Statue of Rage going to perform; he seemed to threaten all Things, yet was immoveable, without Power of executing any Thing. In this Agony we came to his Relief. The lovely *Erminia* recovered from her Swoon, and veiling her Face, hasted to throw herself with Precipitancy and Woe at the Feet of her offended Husband! There one might behold what weak Machines we are! how moved by every Hand, toss'd by Rage! Love! Jealousie! all the Passions! nor can Reason ever be hear'd till their Glutt be answered! But here fantastick Madness! wild Anarchy! presided over the Heart and Motions of *Rufus*! No sooner did he see that love-Criminal at his Feet, but he started up to raise her! no sooner was she raised, but he unveiled her Face! beholding her Tears he immediately cast himself upon her Eyes, to drink them with his Sighs and Kisses! then
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a Moment after, as if recalled by cruel Remembrance, he threw her from him ! call'd her base ————— abominable ————— all that was despicable ————— But still we saw, he thought her charming ————— Women beloved can do all Things ! very few go the Lengths they may, because they have not Heart and Courage enough to prove how much they are beloved ! 'tis to their Modesty in asking, we owe the Grace of so seldom granting but what is fit to be granted ! did they but dare demand as much as we durst bestow, what Beggars ! what Villains should we be ! how great in Obedience ! how humble our Slavery ! how absolute our Mistress's Dominion ! But then when sated, nothing so settled, so composed, as immoveable as Metal after the Flux ! which degenerates into a fixed Coldness ; we may add, in humane Bodies, Aversion : Then be it confess'd, Madam, that there's nothing worthy in our noblest Passions ! tis only for our selves we love another ! the Impulse being involuntary, well may the Consequences be such ! But when once the Infatuation is over ! what deadned ungrateful Wretches are we ! how seldom brought to do a generous Thing ! nay how base ! we loath the very Person once so wonderfully bewitching ! shun as our evil Genius, what before influenced our Destiny ! and never willingly regard, what we would wish eternally to avoid !

Erminia pretended not to interpose her Innocence. She answer'd only with her Tears !

Tears! till the Officers of Justice came, when she beg'd not to be divided from her Husband! she was willing to endure his Rage and Reproaches, as a small Expiation of the Mischiefs she had occasioned! In a Word, *Cesar's* Sentence and Pardon were favourable to the injured Husband, and his rash Murder of *Silanus* called a just Oblation to violated Honour; add that they were all Relations who were to prosecute, amongst which none were found of so much Malice, or so little Vertue, to espouse the Cause of the guilty Deceased, to the Prejudice of the innocent and injured Living.

Had I given your Highness a weaker Idea of *Rufus's* Passion for *Erminia*, you might have justly expected a total Separation after so manifest a Conviction; but alas! too much a Lover to regard what he ow'd the Husband, he became quite Bankrupt to Fame and Honour; yet must it be confess'd, he refin'd upon Revenge, and persecuted *Erminia* much more effectually than any Thing but his Reproaches could have done! I had heard his Sorrows with an Air of Tenderness and Compassion, in Consequence of which, I engaged Count *Martel* in his Service, who sollicit'd *Cesar* to his Advantage; this so far won upon his grateful Heart, that he perpetually acknowledg'd it, and would often visit me. Observing my Attention, he us'd to repeat the Story of his Woes: *Erminia*, convinced of my Desire and Wish to see him ease! conjured me

me often to favour him with my Company. The Extravagance and Novelty of *Rufus's* Passions, the two Extreame of Love and Jealousie, both subsisting after Conviction, was what engaged my Curiosity.

Erminia humbled by her Transgression, full of native Sincerity, and well-taught Truth! answered all her Husbands jealous Interrogatories; guess at his Madness, it could even descend to Particulars, he would hear from her self what moved her to abuse his Bed; she answered, 'She was swayed by an Impulse irresistible; she thought and fear'd 'twas Love, because she had never been sensible of any such Emotion, such a Tendency! such a Violence! but in favour of *Silanus* ——— Love! ——— he would dwell upon the afflicting Sound ——— Was it possible he should be so curst, to have his *Erminia* love another? ——— After a sufficient Pause, he would return to the Assault, searching for new Matter to distract himself, and peremptorily demanded to be satisfied in all the Particulars of their detestable Amour, &c. 'Twas vain for her to beseech him not to carry Things to such a Height. There is a greater Distress of Modesty in repeating, than acting; tho' indeed it be a false Distress, in which, real Modesty has no Part; for That having been outrag'd before, may be said to be when flown off! What remains in the Place

of her, is nothing but Shame-facedness, at knowing our Crimes divulged! Yet whatever Reluctance *Erminia* had, she was condemn'd to obey; and whether true or false, gave him such an Account of passing their Time as is in Use with fortunate Lovers. She had not learnt to dissemble, till afterwards instructed by his Jealousie, for his Ease! The Confession she had made, racked, to such a degree, the little Remainder of his Sense, that Life was become insupportable to him! he repeated these unlucky Circumstances to such Relations with whom they conversed: At length, quite beyond himself, to gain a Moment's Ease, he would flatter his Heart, 'twas all untrue, and *Erminia* had only told him Things to punish him for his Jealousie, and the Death of *Silanus*; pleased with this Thought, he would indulge it, and asked my Opinion, if I did not think it possible for a Man and Woman to pass three Days and Nights in a Chamber, made commodious by a Bed, without wronging the Marriage-Vow? I told him, to be sure, 'twas possible, and quoted him several Examples that came into my Head. I further encouraged the Lady to deny whatever was confess'd before; she could not in a long Time gain the Assurance, not once presuming that her Husband would believe her. I advised her to try: She became bold in a Cause that had the Face of Vertue; and since it was to sooth his Madness in its own Way, she attempted

attempted it with such Success, that he grew to fancy her innocent ; she told him, she was free from all actual Impurity ; true, she went to the Rendezvous, *Silanus* carried her to that House, under the Pretence of eating Fruit, but when Night came, he wou'd not suffer her to depart without bestowing upon him what was only due to her Husband: This engaged them in long Disputes, he vow'd she should never return without paying his Price ; if he could not possess her Person, he would revenge himself upon her Fame, and never let her go till she had blest him to his Wish ; which when he saw her determin'd against, he fastened the Door, made himself insensible to all her Prayers and Tears, went to Bed, and left her to pass the Night in her Cloaths upon the Bed-side, or in any other Part of the Room ; in this Condition he was resolv'd to try if he could weary her out, and when she would take Part of none of those Refreshments that were brought, the inhuman Creature laugh'd at her Resolution, and told her he should however shortly have her dead, since she deny'd her self to him whilst living.

As ridiculous and improbable as this Story was, poor *Rufus* for his Ease became willing to believe it; then was he seen as industrious to clear *Erminia's* Fame, as formerly to asperse it, telling this latter Invention to those whom he had before entertain'd with the Reality: They pity'd his
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Disease, and lamented the wretched Occasion that had reduced a Man of his Sense and Letters, to so despicable so forlorn a Condition ! In short, he lived some Months in a State as wretched as the Damn'd ! he fell at length to drinking, to drown his Cares in the *Lethe* of *Bacchus*; and to his Wish inflam'd his Blood, so well before prepared by Jealousie, that with only a Fever of three Days length he dy'd, and left nothing of his Estate from the too much beloved *Erminia* ! Soon after the fatal Infection had seized him, there was a settled Blackness the Compass of three Inches Diameter about his Heart; which gave ocular Proof of the Agitation he felt within, in so many Months Course it never disappeared ! I must add, that he was scarce ever known to nod, never to sleep, or forget himself in all that Time ! till in Death he went in search of everlasting Rest.

Your Story has made me melancholy, answered the Princess, I am too apt to be infected by such Ideas ! wretched *Erminia* ! how has she since led her Life ? With Honour, Madam, answered the Count, if your Highness will not rank your self on the side of those Inhumans, that pretend there is no Return to Vertue, when a Lady has once deviated from her Path. There is doubtless great Distinction to be made, interrupted the *Prior*, between those Prepossessions that depart from great Passions, in a settled Habit in Vice, and a bare Start; such I reckon
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was *Erminia's*. I knew a Person at *Constantinople*, a Physician, spoke *Albinus*, who was married to a very fine Wife, his Name was *Galenicus*, a Man of a most abject Form, when compared to *Hersilia's*. By a long Friendship, he had got her Father's Consent, upon his Death-Bed, but never hers; besides, she brought him a Fortune twice as large as his Circumstances merited. After the Nuptials, he carried her to the hot Baths at *Prusa*. Proud of her Beauty, and infinitely vain of the Conquest which he presum'd he had made of it; but alas! there was nothing of it his, but what she could not withhold from him; I may venture to assure your Highness, that her Heart was guiltless of his Dominion.

No sooner did *Hersilia's* majestick Beauty appear upon the Terras, but all crouded to gaze; the Men to wonder, the Women, as usual, to find Defects! Her Height! her Shape! her killing black Eyes! lovely Form! those congregated Charms that so rarely unite in one! made her the Adoration of the whole Assembly! she swept the Walks along with Troops of Lovers! and could reckon in her Train to the last Man! the most prepossess'd found a Corner in their Hearts for *Hersilia*! She fired the Ladies with Jealousie, and they her Husband; who, tho' at first, fond of that Applause which he believed reflected back upon himself as Master of such Charms; yet perceiving that Air of Dislike, which in spite of her self, she

she could not forbear treating him with, he began to consider the Folly he had shewn to bring her into a Place where she was made so well acquainted with her Beauty ! All the young *Patricians Equite*, and others, immediately made their Court to *Gallenicus*. Had he been of a Humour to have shared the least Part of his Wife, he had certainly made a good Market ; one or other found a Pretence of perpetual Indisposition to consult their Physician, they would even send in Meat to eat with him, that they might perpetually be under his Eye, concerning that Regularity in Diet which upon any slight Complaint a Doctor will oblige them to. *Gallenicus* made *Hersilia* partake of all ; that is, he found she was pleased with it, and was not yet jealous and ill humoured enough to contradict her ; at length he must depart, to attend the Health of a *Patrician* of the first Rank at *Constantinople* ; the Occasion was so urgent he could not stay to take *Hersilia* with him, but left her in Charge with one that he imagined his best Friend. This Confidence was so far rallied by the rest, those who envied the Advantage they could not obtain, that *Gallenicus*, at his Return, found Libels upon their Intimacy. *Hersilia*, like most disingaged great Beauties, was not displeased at the Homage pay'd her ; she advanced toward the Land of *Coquetry*, and like to have arrived there, as 'tis very hard to withhold from entring that flattering Country ; when

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Gallenicus retrenched all her Liberties, grew peevish ! angry ! provoked at those *Patrians* that would visit and eat with him whether he wou'd or no ! quarrel'd with his Friend ! took Home his Wife ! lock'd her up ! denyed her Necessaries ! attempted her Life ! which she narrowly saved by Flattery, Persuasion, and Tears !

Gallenicus amidst all his Rage, Jealousie, and ill Humour, could not object any Thing against her that was actually criminal ; but she was handsome, and he was otherwise ! she loved to be admired ! 'twas impossible to see her and not to do it ! and therefore she must suffer ! This villainous Husband carried his Persecutions so far, that she was every Night in fear of being murdered ! all the Day reproached, thwarted, and starved, so that she had no other Relief, but Flight ! She came *Incognite* to *Constantinople*, but apply'd her self to none of those she had conquered, she even avoided Opportunities of being seen, but shut up her self in a wretched Lodging to work at Embroidery for her Bread ! thus wearing away that beautiful Youth of hers in Solitude and Penury ! a full Conviction of her Vertue ! for where might she not have blazed, if she had but called her Charms to heighten her Circumstances ? The Brute was at last persuaded by her Relations, to assign some small Part of her own Fortune, with which she lives in humble Solitude ; thoroughly mortified to the whole Sex by the ill Usage
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of one, to whom, upon any Consideration, she would never be brought to return.

Whoever has liv'd but a little Time in the World, answered the Princess, seeing *Albinus* had done speaking, must have observed the Extravagancies of Jealousie, as well as the ill Effects! I remember whilst I was yet young, I went upon a Visit to a certain Lady, whose Lodgings look'd upon a Part of the City very much frequented; my Eyes, like most young Peoples, were perpetually at the Windows. At some Noise in the Street, I ran with Precipitation, and was going to open them; she slept to me, and in stopping me, beg'd me to master my Curiosity, for the Bird wou'd fly out. The Story was this: Her Husband was jealous of her gazing, and had got a Bird to fly about those Rooms that regarded the Street; should she open the Windows, 'twas gone; when she had confess'd this to me, I must own my Spleen rose against the Wretch, her Tormentor: Tho' his Wife was a fine Woman, and he a Brute, she had never been known to cast a Glance that might not have been warranted by the Goddess of Vertue her self! I took it into my Head to enrage the jealous Thing, tho' by a Piece of Cruelty to the little Animal: The Bird would come to Hand for Food; I got it, and pretended to be very fond, and at last set it upon the red hot Stand where the Fire was, as if by chance, the Feet clung to the Metal,

Metal, and there the dear Creature was, by inhumane Me, roasted to death ! Monsieur came in to see the Catastrophy of his trusty Centinel, not very well pleased at its Fate ; but he durst not mutter before me, whether he believ'd Chance or Design had occasion'd its Destiny.

Yet we must own, answered *Albinus*, tho' our Sex are sometime jealous without a Cause, yours are not always innocent ; nay, so well you can masque your Sentiments, that oftentimes we know not what to believe. I was one Day seeing a Representation at the Amphitheater ; I think 'twas a Comedy of *Menander*, and one of the most modest : There sat before me two Ladies, one of them gave her self such sensible Airs, at the least *double entendre* she was out of her self ! I could not behold her but as one prodigiously affected ! If the least Thing were advanced, tho' in never such decent Terms, that tended to the Rites of Love, this same *Prude* was in a Flame, so covered with Indignation ! so sinking with Shame—
Jesu ——— Lady *Tullia*, (shrouding her Face) ——— did you ever know any Thing like this ? ——— my Gud ——— Lady *Tullia*, don't you die with blushing ? ——— 'Tis insupportable ——— Lurd, Lady *Tullia* ——— how does one do to be so indifferent ? ——— Heavens ! Lady *Tullia*, Can any one hear this, and not be shock'd ? ——— I enquired their Character ; next me sate an informing Friend, who

who assured me, *That* vertuous Lady in Appearance, was far from being cruel, unless in the Effects of her Favours. As to his Part, she had made him such Advances, that he could not but comply, tho' she were not handsome, and his Heart pre-possess'd for another: He visited and was well received, they continued their Correspondence for some Time, till he found certain ill Consequences to his Health, which she had the Bravery to deny with prodigious Assurance; tho' 'twas well known her ill Conduct had occasioned so violent a Jealousie in her Husband, that he stab'd her one Day as they lay in Bed, and had repeated the Stroak, had she not sworn ten thousand Oaths never to see the Gamester again! Yet is this the Lady of nice pretended Honour, she that usurps such prodigious Airs of Severity, and in my hearing too! Behold Lady *Tullia* that's with her, how calm! how unconcerned she is! not alarmed! nor seeking her false Explanations! the Difference is, she is truly innocent and vertuous, the other but feignedly so!

Amidst the many Examples to be brought of Jealousy, we may observe, as in the Case of this Lady (who had felt her Husband's Indignation in so remarkable a Manner) that there are generally Faults on both Sides, either a Disparity of Age or Charms, a *Coquet* Humour, or direct Abuse: We agree that very much lies in the Temper of
the

the Person infected. Lord *Phylarchus* had been one of the vainest, most amorous ! most successful of the Youth ! without Beauty, Sense, Wit, or any Thing but a modish empty Address, the Consequence of Court-Conversation, the Privilege and Advantage of such who are of his Rank, without which, his Shape excepted, he had had nothing tolerable. He was highly debauched, prophanely irreligious, even to defiling the Church ! affronting the Priests ! and ridiculing their Worship ! notoriously abusing, with obscene Mirth and ridiculous Violence, those who came to offer their Devotions ! In his Morals void of Gratitude, Sincerity, or the Profession of any Principles ; yet so unwearied was his Diligence, that he had received, what is called the last Favour, from more Women, than one would have thought cou'd have barely esteem'd him ; and which was still unpardonable, he did it not so much to gratifie his Desire, as his Vanity ! He first began at Home in his own Family ; but when once the Amour was discovered, and the *Patrician* and his Lady parted, he rid himself of that Affair, because he said, he suspected a Rival ; but indeed the Discovery being made, and the Lady blasted, the Pleasure of it was over with him.

Thus successively were five of Fashion exposed and undone, besides a Number of the inferior Fry, who serv'd only to swell the Catalogue of his Conquests. The *Patrician* was six and twenty Years old, yet by his notori-

‘ But she should be found, to the Confu-
 ‘ sion of all his false Oaths, barren Affeve-
 ‘ rations, and feign’d Caresses !’

Thus was *Phylarchus* incessantly teiz’d by this jealous Fury ! She left him no Repose, the Night was void of Sleep, as the Day of Rest : Whatever Woman came to visit them, she perpetually watched their Eyes, their Words, their Gestures, all was Fewel to her combustible Disease ! He wished a thousand Times he had never married ; better to be for ever alone, than in such tormenting Conversation. He was innocent, and therefore thought his Destiny so much the more cruel ! He had no Affections but for his Wife ! but alas ! whilst Things were as they were, whilst she was fir’d by Jealousie, and he frozen by Nature, how could he convince ? ’Twas in vain to assure her that he had regard for none but her self ; she made Intimacies with all her new-married Relations and Acquaintance, to learn Circumstances, by which she might make Comparisons ; here instead of being relieved, she was but the more aggrieved ! fir’d with additional Rage ! additional Suspicion ! nay, Certainty ! she returned to the Onset, reproach’d ! threatned ! wept ! fawn’d ! flatter’d ! did all that was possible for an artful Woman to draw the Secret, of what she imagin’d her Misfortune : She discarded all his Servants, put new ones about him ; then upon the least Approbation of their Service from her Lord, they were again dis-

displac'd! scarce any remain'd a Week; she opened all his Letters, (which, abstracted from his immediate Affairs, were not many) for who of any Sense, would converse with him? He always expos'd the Ladies who writ to him, and expos'd himself by writing to the Men! So that few desired a Commerce so dangerous and insipid. But this did not satisfy the Lady, she was sure she was injured, and would never give over her Search, still resolv'd in her self, that something was to be found! Tired, and tir'd, he demand'd what could content her? he would willingly forego all Conversation to make her easie, leave the Town, and see none besides. She took him at his Word, and made Purchase of an old House sixteen Miles from *Constantinople*, where she immediately shut up her dear Lord, and was herself the vigilant *Goaler*.

There were several Persons of Estates and Quality liv'd round about the Seat they had bought; they came to make my Lord and Lady their Compliment of Welcome into the Country; her Ladyship took care the ador'd *Phylarchus* should not be seen; and when she returned those Visits, chose a Day wherein she perswaded him to take Physick, that she might go without him! She staid not above three Minutes in a Place, having as she thought a Privilege from living at Court, to introduce for a Fashion what Airs she pleased. After the first Time she took care never to be at Home when the Ladies

came to see her, and went no more to them. Of what Age, what Degree soever, with or without Charms, no Woman upon any Terms, should have the Freedom of her House ; those that were not young and handsome, might have Relations that were so : She drop'd all Acquaintance, (her Lord she took care should not have any) and confin'd her self to her Duty, as guardian Dragon of her golden Fruit : She would not so much as go to Mass, because she durst neither leave *Phylarchus* at Home, nor take him with her, for fear new Objects might engage his Eyes and Affections from her : Thus 'tis certain he wastes his Life, but uncertain whether contented or discontented, because she permits no Body to converse with him, to whom he may make his Complaint, the Walks and Wilderness being all the Entertainment to which this once so general a Lover is now contented to be reduc'd, there to run over (in the midst of his present Misfortunes) the Thoughts of past Happiness.

I knew another Lady who was jealous to as great an Extremity, but indeed her Lord gave her Occasion. He was gay ! gallant ! universal ! neglected his Wife, and devoted himself to the whole Sex besides ! There was a Friend of mine that was of their Intimacy, to whom she would often unburthen her self of her Grievances : so eager, so violent were her Resentments, that she thought, could he but give those tumultuous

Pas-

Passions another Turn, she might be brought to love him, with the same Gust she hated her Lord: He apply'd himself with that Assiduity necessary to conquer the Fair: Revenge carried it from her Vertue, and to be even with her Husband, she prostituted her Honour, and entertain'd a Lover. The Assignment was in her own Bed; she had a peculiar Gust in retorting the Injury in the same Place, where by his Neglect she had been so injured! But in the Midst of all their Delights, her Woman, who was her perfect Creature, came in haste to tell her now was her Time, now or never, to catch her offending Lord in the Fact! to put it beyond his own Power or Assurance to deny his Correspondence with other Women! for she had seen him, with those very Eyes of hers, go in with one that was veil'd, into such a Lady's House, naming one of suspected (Quality) Repute, and that her Ladyship need but rise, dress, and make haste, to convince her self of the irreparable Injury was offer'd to one, Mistress of so many Charms as her Ladyship.

Fire never flew with so great an Eruption, upon received in Air, as the jealous Fair did from the Arms and Bed of her new Lover! by sad Experience he found he was but a second Inclination, and that a Person thoroughly possess'd by Jealousie, whatever are their Amusements, return upon the least Call to their native Bent; in short, all

other Agitations are weak to that, or rather where Jealousie is in Place, nothing else can be heard 'till that is answered——
 Whilst her Woman was helping her to her Clothes, she incessantly exclaimed, no longer thinking of the Person who was in her Bed!—— Is a Woman of my Virtue to be thus us'd? Ah! the Traytor—— the Adulterer: Does he think there's no Vengeance—— no Hereafter—— no Punishment for those who defile the sacred Marriage-Bed—— How can he be so wicked?—— I abominate his beastly Apperites—— I loath his filthy Lusts—— ungrateful Wretch—— for what Dowdy am I neglected!—— I shall suddenly be revenged—— I shall make her an Example, a Warning to all abandon'd Prostitutes: Fogh! how I hate a W——; my Blood rises at the Name—— Villain, to lose his Soul for such Trash; I ha'n't Patience to think on't: My Coach immediately! Heaven makes me its Instrument of Revenge upon such shameful Criminals!

Here *Horatio* returning from finishing his Dispatch to the Emperor; they found they had already usurp'd upon the Hour of Retirement, and prepar'd themselves for their Congee of the Princess, with that Respect and Ceremony as was her due. She engaged them to return early, because she should set out after Dinner, and had yet the Effects of Lord *Albino's* Promise to expect,

expect, which were the Particulars of the Constantinopolitan Court, and the History of *Cesar's* late Oppression by his ingrateful, audacious Ministers and Favourites! which, as she supposed, they would be all glad to hear: After having assured her Highness of their willing Obedience, they took their leaves, and waited upon Lord *Horatio* to the *Envoy's* Pavilion.

No sooner was the Prior of *Orleans* surrounded by this noble Company, but forgetting the Lateness of the Hour, they began to speak of *Ethelinda*. *Horatio* confess'd himself surprized, and if any longer of a Temper to indulge the Thoughts of Beauty, he knew not any that had so many Charms as *Ethelinda*: Lord *Albinus* rank'd himself among her Lovers, and began to feel all the Pain that Charms and Despair could give him, to the Exclusion of a Lady for whom he had even shed Tears in leaving the Empire. Monsieur *St. Girrone* valued himself upon a Talent he had, of preserving his Liberty, when he found no Hopes of a pleasing Slavery, tho' he owned her Beauty was an Excuse for Inconstancy, nay Injustice, even in Kings! that her Manner had more Charms than her Beauty! such Reading! such wonderful good Sense! such Knowledge of the World in so young a Lady was prodigious! he concluded there was Danger in her Conversation, because tho' she could bless but One, she might make a Multitude uneasy.

They intreated Monsieur *l'Envoye* to forget what Time of Night it was, and to tell them something of her Story, which they found by himself that he was acquainted with: He knew not how to refuse Persons he was proud and ready to oblige, having assur'd their Lordships that it was always in his Will to obey, tho' perhaps it might not be ever in his Power: He began his Discourse with his agreeable Air, addressing equally, as he was equally fond of Pleasing.

*The History of King Theodorick
and Ethelinda.*

THAT Person, my Lords, who is, now Favourite to the *Vandal* King, was Ambassador in *Sarmatia* during the Life of the late Monarch; we had, an indearing Intimacy; I have learned from him, some of those Particulars which I now do my self the Honour to relate.

Theodorick, to take him a Part from *Ethelinda's* Description, is as much above the Rest of the World, by the Vigour of his Constitution, by the Advantage in his Stature, and by the Harmony of his Features, as he has outdone most of them by his Actions. In his Morn of Life, those Inclinations that form a Heroe, not only appeared, but grew up with him, with a certain Air of Disgust against whatever could hinder him from becoming one. Delicacy! Luxury! Idleness! and all Excess seem'd to him as Snarcs which would not suffer a Prince to be conducted by Wisdom: Gaming he regards as one of those dangerous Amusements that throw the most Wary from their Guard: Tho' touch'd with the Charms of Beauty he flies from the Incantment, as from what might retard his Glory. In his Soul there is such Vivacity, so clear are his Conceptions! so strong his Judgment! such an Equality of Temper! his Faith inviolable,

lable, as well on little as great Occasions : He never pardons the contrary Vice, till after he has made them that are guilty feel the Horrors of it. *Theodorick* thinks he is a King but to bestow, to reward, and to do Good to every one ; his Sweetness, Affability, makes him sought after : He is the Prince in the World that is best obey'd, the most beloved, and if it is permitted me to say, the most ador'd by his Subjects : He has profited by a happy Education, he knows the Sciences : the Languages are familiar to him ; but he knows all this *En Prince* ; one does not perceive the Extent of his Knowledge, but when there are indispensable Occasions for him to shew it.

King *Theodorick* has a superior Genius for War ! his first Action has shewn that he is born for great Attempts ; his Eagerness for Conquest, supplies his Want of Experience. This Prince has begun his Reign, by what the most famous Conquerors have thought it Glory to finish theirs : The Trust he has in the Almighty, the Confidence he has in the Courage of his Troops, makes him dare every Thing ; he attempts with that Lightning in Execution, that renders nothing impossible ! his Army is his Family, he takes care of them ! he loves them ! they obey his Desires ! the Officers and Soldiers submit by Inclination as well as Duty ! they encourage their mutual Veneration for him, follow him, imitate him, and

and lavish away their Blood with Ardor as well as Courage ! persuading themselves that whenever this Conqueror has a Mind to fight, he must necessarily overcome.

Theodorick passes his Time in nothing that is superfluous ! he can give an Account of all his Hours. After his morning Devotions ! which, as a truly christian King, he never omits ! he rides out to view his Lines, and the several Quarters of his Army ; then he passes to the Tent of his chief Minister, and there they resolve upon the important Affairs of the Cabinet, reserving to himself the only Conduct of his Troops and military Designs. This Prince, little sensible of Delicacy or Profuseness, sits down to a plain frugal Dinner that Necessity and the Laws of Nature oblige him to, without ever drinking Wine, or any Thing that is strong ; scarce will he allow himself the Time indispensable for Refreshment, but he mounts again on Horseback, and goes to exercise his Army. After Supper he passes the Time with his General-Officers in Discourse of War ; he makes them all sit about him, obliges them to forget his Rank that they may speak more freely, observing to say little himself, that what he says may not only be more just, but because he will husband the Pleasure he has in hearing what others say. In short, this Prince is so indefatigable after the Theory as well as the practical Part of War, so unbounded in his Desire of Knowledge, and
the

the Execution, that he hardly yields to sleep, and but as it were to leave his People the Leisure of reposing.

Theodorick was born from a Father, who, at the Age of One and Twenty, had gain'd three Battles in eleven Months Time; so that his Love of War seem'd hereditary. He was bred up with all the Indulgence and Discretion that a great and vertuous King can be supposed to bestow upon his only Son. He had lost his Mother whilst he was yet a Child; but there was a Lady at the Head of the State, who had all the Experience, Vivacity, and Courage, that had ever adorn'd any of her Sex: It was Queen *Matilda*, the Wife of a Heroe: She had govern'd the Realm in the Minority of her Son (*Theodorick's* Father) with such Success, that made her reverenc'd and fear'd by the Court and Kingdom.

Elbetinda, whom at this Day we behold a Princess, was the Daughter of one of the Nobility: Her Mother had been of the Bed-Chamber to Queen *Matilda*; but dying whilst she was an Infant, she recommended her only Child to her Mistress's Protection, who caus'd her to be brought up in her own Apartment, with the same Education as was given to the Princess Royal, Sister to *Theodorick*. She grew up with him, and before he could enquire into the Affairs of the Heart, her Charms left him not the Liberty of his. The first Inclinations that distinguished themselves, were to her

her Advantage: Tho' ſhe was younger than the Prince, ſhe exceeded him in the Knowledge of the Paſſions: Girls come earlier into the End of their Creation; neither is their Education of the Sort, which ſoures the Mind, or fills it with crabbed Ideas. The Improvement of the Perſon, the Preſervation and Increate of their Beauty, ſeems the only reaſonable Employment of their Hours; which, together with the perpetual Flattery they are uſed to, gives a forward Air of Gallantry and Perfection: Whiſt Boys of the ſame Age appear crude, indigeſted, devoted only to Rudeneſs and Play, ſuſtaining whatever ſeems polite, and choſe Studies in which they are oblig'd to paſs their Time.

Eibelinda had a blooming Inſtinct; ſhe was born with great Inclinations, love of Ambition and Adoration; her Father taught her to be acquainted with her own Worth; he even exceeded the Devoir of a good Subject, and inſtructed her with Methods proper to pleaſe Prince *Theodoric* without Reſerve: He permitted her the little Play which warms the Young; he adviſed her againſt too ſcrupulous a Modeſty, leſt it might diſguſt the Coldneſs of the Prince's Temper: So that we may ſay, this Gentleman put it into his Daughter's Head to be loved by the Prince, before the Prince was yet capable of loving. *Eibelinda* grew pale, deny'd to eat, would ſigh and heave her young Breſt with ſuch Ardor when ſhe was

was alone with the beautiful Prince, that
 he began to sigh by Sympathy, at the same
 Time asking her the Meaning of her Sighs?
 ' Why she forbore her Meat? How came
 ' the Roses to fade? Had any Body injur'd
 ' her? he would complain to his great
 ' *Mamma*. The Girl had Wit enough to
 know the Prince had not so much as would
 serve her Turn. She did not want the
 Queen, but the Prince to relieve her Dis-
 tress: She look'd upon him with early Co-
 quet! languishing! may I not say wishing
 Eyes? ' I don't know what ails me, says
 ' the forward Child, when I see your royal
 ' Highness my Heart burns and beats as if
 ' it would break thro': When I play with
 ' you, and by chance touch your soft Hand,
 ' then it flutters and flies up to my Mouth,
 ' as if I should be suffocated! When I am
 ' away from you, 'tis the dearest Thing, so
 ' heavy, if I were to speak a thousand
 ' Times over, 'twould not hear me! but
 ' if Prince *Theodorick* be but named, it leaps
 ' and flounces, and so pains me, 'twill cer-
 ' tainly kill me! my Stomach's quite gone,
 ' I don't get a wink of Sleep, what shall
 ' I do with my self? But when you are
 ' near me and speak kindly, my Blood
 ' seems all in a pleasing Dance: Sometimes
 ' you'll kiss me, I am not able to express
 ' what I feel at that blissful Moment, me-
 ' thinks there is no End of thinking. But
 ' when I see you taken up with any other
 ' young Lady, I could burst with Madness,
 ' I could

' I could fly upon her, and tear out her
 ' Eyes ! I dare not speak my Mind to any
 ' of the Physicians, or else I would ask
 ' their Opinion of my Distemper. When
 ' ever I do sleep—— I dream —— of
 ' our being perpetually together ! We have
 ' heard Love mentioned a thousand times,
 ' reply'd the Prince (who pretended to be
 ' wise, and to unfold the Mystery) I fancy
 ' yours is some such Thing ; ha'nt you learnt
 ' *Ovid* ? 'Tis the Part of my Study I best
 ' love, unless the Exploits of *Alexander* and
 ' *Julius Caesar*, I wish I could do like them.
 ' But dear, *Ethelinda*, have you ever read
 ' *Ovid* ? Yes, and fancy my self the Nymph
 ' that was turn'd into Echo, and you the
 ' Swain, reply'd she, but what does all that
 ' signify ? I shall dye, and none of these
 ' Things will come to pass. I'm sure I
 ' shan't live long, unless your royal Highness
 ' is kind to no Body else, and will be alone
 ' with me as much as you can, and not
 ' let my Heart flutter so painfully as it
 ' often does.'

By the Repetition of this Lesson, Part
 dictated by Instinct, and Part by the Count
 her Father, she used the Youth to a Tender-
 ness in his Behaviour, which insensibly grew
 up to Love : Can there be a more inviting
 Object than *Ethelinda* ? In a few Years
 time, she grew the beautifullest Virgin of
 the Court, but so lost in Passion for the
 Prince, that all the World observed it.
Theodorick had as great a Tenderness for
Ethe-

Erbelinda, but his Temper led him more to the Reserve; he would be seriously angry when ever the Princess his Sister, or any of their People, would rally him for the particular Regard he seem'd to have for her; unless when he was alone with her, then they contriv'd to pass a thousand endearing Moments. Boys and Girls that have a Liking to each other, and have had a virtuous Education, tho' they are more innocent than afterwards, are not less delighted; their Commerce of Heart is tender and mysterious! they feel sincere Pleasures! those little Angels converse with Purity and Love! their Minds are united without the grosser Contact; neither Length of Time nor Inconstancy can ever make them forget the first dear Impression, the first Taste of early Joys.

Queen *Matilda* began to consider what she had so long neglected. *Theodorick* was then almost Fifteen, an Age very forward in Princes, especially those of his Stature: She feared the Consequence of a Pre-possession for so beautiful an Object, and therefore debated with the King her Son, how to remove her. An Embassy to *Beraldus* Prince of the *Saci*, was resolved on for the Count, who should be order'd to take *Erbelinda* with him. This Count named *Oswald*, afterwards so considerable in the Courts of the *Gothick* Emperor and King *Beraldus*, is one of the greatest Genius's of the Age, a Man subtle and enterprizing!

He

He has a vast Propensity to the Cabinet; a Head the best turned for Mischief, and for being a Statesman, of any in the North.

King *Theodorick's* Father, had given him a considerable Command in his Army. *Oswald* learn'd the Art of War under his Majesty. The *Vandal* Kings, his Predecessors, had granted away by little and little, all the Crown-Lands; so that when that Monarch came to the Throne, there was nothing left to support the Dignity but the Benevolence of his People. But finding by their Laws, that one King might make Resumption of what the Rest had given, he erected a Chamber of *Reduction*, by which the royal *Domain* was restored to the Crown. A Number of the Nobility suffer'd under this Sentence, among which was *Oswald*, whose Ancestor having been a Favourite, he had no Estate but what was derived from thence. The chief Minister, who knew what he was capable of, advised his Master, either to restore him Part of his Possessions, make him one of the Senators, with a large Pension, or assure himself of his Person in a Prison; for his Capacity and enterprizing Genius render'd him formidable to his Imagination. The King did not foresee that there was any Occasion for such Extremity; he had not studied him, as his Minister had done. *Oswald* understands equally to design and execute: He has join'd to his Knowledge in War, the Sciences

Sciences and Languages; nor is there any Quality wanting to make him an extraordinary Man, but Fidelity to his Prince.

Disgusted as he was, at the Decree made by the Chamber of *Reduction*, he had the Power of admirably dissembling his Discontent. *Ethelinda*, his beautiful Daughter, gave him Hopes, that through the Influence of her Eyes, he might come to be first Minister, if she could but advantageously ingage the young Prince. *Oswald* had been assured by one of the King's Physicians, and his most intimate Friend, that his Majesty, young as he was, labour'd under an incurable Distemper, and could not long survive: Therefore he instructed *Ethelinda* in all that could charm *Theodorick*! But when by the wise Foresight of the Queen Mother, he was commanded to depart, and take his Daughter with him; he carried out of the Kingdom, Resentments, not only against the whole royal Family, but a Resolution to take an universal Revenge of a Kingdom, that had so neglected and disoblig'd him.

Oswald look'd upon his Embassy as it was intended, as a less rude Sentence of Banishment, tho' with as rough a Design! But *Ethelinda* resented it with much more Violence and Sorrow, than it was supposed one of her Age cou'd do. Queen *Matilda* bestow'd upon her the Marks of that Bounty with which she had honoured her Mother.

She

She was put in the Garb of a Princess; the Queen presented her an Equipage proportionable; adorned her Person with Jewels; and even suffer'd Prince *Theodorick* to bestow some very valuable ones upon her; there was nothing wanting to give her an *Eclat*. The judicious Queen proposing, that with so advantageous an Appearance, they would, in a foreign Court, be charmed at the Sight of a new Beauty! Her Person had Graces to make its own Way. She recommended the Disposal of her in Marriage to *Oswald*, and assured him that he might depend upon her Majesty for a Dowry, equal to the Circumstances of whatever Person should pretend to espouse her. The new Ambassador was to return his most humble Acknowledgment for all these undeserved Honours, but he knew the Principle from whence they were derived, and held himself more disoblig'd than favour'd.

Nothing could be more tender than the Farewel between Prince *Theodorick* and *Eibellinda*. She let her self go into Transports of Tears and Grief. His Highness kept his Temper, but did not express less intrinsic Sorrow! She went down upon her Knees before him, and call'd Heaven and Earth to witness the Solemnity of her Vows, which were never to love nor marry any other. The Prince made the same Protestation, with Reserve, unless she should marry first. He bad her not to afflict her
self,

' self, this Separation could not last always ;
 ' if ever he should come to be King, he
 ' would recal and marry her. In the mean
 ' Time he recommended to her the Care
 ' of her Honour; that she should be nice
 ' in doing any Thing, how innocent so-
 ' ever, that might by Appearance reflect
 ' upon her Reputation, the only Thing
 ' that could disengage him from his Vows.
 ' Neither her Birth nor Circumstance should
 ' be any Obstacle towards raising her to the
 ' Throne; and sharing with him in all the
 ' Glories and Pleasures of it, provided she
 ' kept her Fame unsullied. That would
 ' be an unforgiving Point ; and not only
 ' make him refuse ever to see her, but cause
 ' Aversion to succeed his Love for her self,
 ' and all her Sex in her; whom he should
 ' never endure, if the most perfect became
 ' false or frail : His unalterable Reverence
 ' for Religion, his Adoration for Vertue;
 ' would soon cause him to hate any Person
 ' that blemished theirs. As to the Pain of
 ' Absence ; Courage, and Resolution had
 ' made the Rack supportable to many !
 ' Their Portion being but a Deprivation
 ' of Pleasure, might certainly be born by
 ' Minds resolved and fixed upon Principles !
 ' No Temptation ! nor Persecution from
 ' the King his Father, or the Queen Mo-
 ' ther, should cause him to marry, tho' it
 ' were the greatest and most amiable Prin-
 ' cesses of the Age ; he had a Mind that
 ' would not easily fly off from its Bent ;
 ' they

' they should find it a vain and impossible
 ' Endeavour, to remove a Passion so obsti-
 ' nate as his ! That as to Beauty at Home,
 ' for *Ethelinda's* Sake, he would disuse him-
 ' self from conversing with Women ! Nei-
 ' ther was the Sacrifice much, considering how
 ' entirely she possess'd his Heart ! which
 ' should be preserv'd for her with a sacred
 ' Purity, approaching to what he ow'd to
 ' Heaven.

Ethelinda, profuse in her Tears and Asse-
 verations, lavished a thousand Oaths, to
 assure the Prince of her unalterable Truth !
 Thus drown'd in Sorrow, was she torn
 from her innocent Lover, and hurried on
 Shipboard, perhaps never to behold him
 more.

No sooner did she appear in the Prince of
 the *Saci's* Court, but the Prince himself be-
 came her Votary, and to such a Degree, that
 there was no Circumstance of willing Sla-
 very, he would not have endured for the
 Favour of a Smile. *Osmald* directed her
 Conduct; and taught her upon Pain of his
 Displeasure, such a Behaviour as might not
 wrong her Vertue, and yet prevent Despair
 from invading *Beraldu's* Heart. That
 Prince is really a fine Gentleman, excessive-
 ly civil, and very well accomplished ! but
Ethelinda could not forget the lovely Youth
 she had so lately departed from, tho' her
 Father every Day told her, she must resign
 her Hopes of ever reigning with *Theodorick*,
 should his Father die ; the Mother-Queen
 was

was a Dragon, whose Vigilance was unsurmountable ! her Craft and Policy not to be matched ! Shou'd the Prince persevere in his Promise, Faith, and Passion, as he believed he would, Queen *Matilda*; he was well assured, would cause *Ethelinda* to be murdered by her Emissaries, rather than suffer her to sit in the Throne by her ; therefore she was to forget *Theodorick*, and think upon the Establishment of her Fortune in a foreign Land, where their hard Destiny had thrown them : Having no longer any Estate at Home, he look'd upon himself banish'd for ever from his native Country, which, like a cruel Parent, had thrust him forth to perish, without designing him the least Relief : She must therefore manage the Prince of the *Saci's* Affection to so nice a Point, as to leave him Hopes of subduing all Things but her Honour.

Ethelinda, full of blind Devotion, and implicate Obedience to the Count her Father, thought she did nothing contrary to her Vows to *Theodorick*, in hearing *Beraldu*s, and answering him as the Ambassador directed, Nothing but her paternal Duty could have suffer'd her even to hear another : What Pity such fine Parts, as had the Count, should be employ'd to seduce his Daughter from her Truth ? The Prince of the *Saci* was a raging Lover, he could stop at nothing that led him to Possession : His own Princess was resign'd to Heaven, she pass'd those Hours in religious Exercises, which perhaps

perhaps had been Part of her Duty to have devoted to the Pleasures of her Husband ; but theirs being a Marriage of State, *Her* Heart was carried to Religion, *His* to Gallantry ! so that the *Hymeneal* Land of Tenderness between, seem'd never to have been trod by either.

Count *Oswald*, with his inimitable Address and Penetration, quickly gain'd *Beraldu's* Heart and Confidence ; he brought along with him none of those terrible Disgusts and Fears, which another Parent would have shewn at a marry'd Lover's Adoration for his Daughter ; he manag'd so artfully, as to make *Beraldu* complain even to him, of *Ethelinda's* Cruelty, and the Frowardness of his Destiny ! He insensibly led him on to seek as well as wish, for a Redress. The *Sarmatian* Throne was then vacant, *Oswald's* Cast of Brain suggested to *Beraldu*, that if he would make himself a Candidate, he might succeed, which cou'd cost him nothing but the Change of his Religion ; and then he might have Power, not only to marry *Ethelinda*, (after the Manner of the *Illyrians*) but to live divided from the Princess of the *Saci*, whose blind Devotion would hinder her from following him into a Kingdom, where she must be obliged to renounce her own, and profess the Religion of the *Sarmatæ*.

Behold, my Lords, the despicable Spring of that surprising Action ! *Beraldu*, as we all know, succeeded ; he was crowned King

of the *Sarmata* and *Alani*; but when he should have sent Home those Troops that he had brought along with him from the *Saci*, Lord *Ofwald* opposed him, and advis'd the contrary: The King of the *Vandals* was lately dead; *Theodorick*, under the Guardianship of Queen *Mailda*, ascended. The Count had received new Powers to remain as Ambassador from the new Monarch, with a Command from the Regent, not to suffer his Daughter to return, tho' even the King should command it, unless he designed to make his Head the Price of his Disobedience. He foresaw Abundance of Difficulties in contending with a Princess, grown old in the Arts of Government, and only a *Minor's* Inclination on his Side: Besides, he was bent to revenge himself upon the royal Family, for the Act of Resumption: The Mother-Queen was his Aversion, because she was wise and vertuous, two Obstacles to his Ambition! He was satisfied *Ethelinda* must never hope to reign whilst her Majesty was living, at least, till the King were *Major*: His Inclinations might change ere then. Empire! a new Face! Absence! Forgetfulness! all these Things render'd his Daughter's Hopes very precarious: But on *Beralda's* Side, their Establishment was certain: He would make her a Queen, tho' 'tis true, not with all the Honour of a Prince unmarried, yet with enough to give her Virtue a laudable Pretence for yielding. The Count, whilst *Ethelinda's* magick Form posses'd

fess'd the King's Heart; might gain his Ear
 and Confidence so far, as to influence the
 whole Affairs of the North. There was a
 large and fertile Kingdom named *Cydonia*,
 that had been long since conquer'd by the
Vandals; it had formerly belong'd to the *Sar-*
matæ; in that Territory lay the Lands which
Oswald had been in Possession of before the
 Chamber of *Reduction*! Could he perswade
Beraldus to invade it, by his Interest and
 Correspondence, possibly they might have
 desired Success. *Theodorick* was yet a *Min-*
or, the *East* Sea between them; before he
 cou'd throw in any Succours, the Mischief
 might be irreparable. King *Cymbelin* had
 broke the Peace with the Prince of the *Navi*,
 who had marry'd the Princess Royal, Sister
 to King *Theodorick*; by the Treaty of Alli-
 ance, the *Vandals* were oblig'd to send
 Troops to his Aid, which wou'd prove a
 powerful Diversion, and prevent the Suc-
 couring the *Cydonians*. But since it was no
 simple Attempt to perswade King *Beraldus*
 to break his Faith, and make a distinct War
 with his own Forces, those of the *Saci*, (for
 the *Sarmatæ* would not easily be induc'd to
 one with *Theodorick*, unless some Omens of
 Success might hereafter incline them) *Oswald*
 propos'd, that nothing wou'd more
 fix his new People, who were warlike, than
 the Conquest of *Cydonia*! He had promised
 them at his Election to regain all the Ter-
 ritories that had once belonged to the Re-
 publick; should he begin by this unthought-

of Enterprize, it wou'd render him not only formidable to them, but the whole *North*; and *Genfericus* would also be brought into the Alliance. But because Beauty is often more powerful than Oratory, he engag'd his Daughter in the Pursuit. She was by this Time grown a Woman, her Charms in that Splendor you now behold! The Ambassador taught her the World, had Masters to instruct her in Languages and the Sciences! her greatest Delight was in Reading. *Ethelinda's* Memory was prodigious, and Judgment surprising! She grew so improv'd, that *Osmald*, without a Blush, told her, she was now too good to be that rude King *Theodorick's*: but since her Love and Constancy was not easily to be shaken on that Side, he perswaded her to use her Interest with *Beraldus* to invade *Cydonia*; because they shou'd follow the Court as he would order it, and possibly the *Vandal* Monarch might himself come to the Relief of that Kingdom, especially if he heard she was in it, and he still loved her; by which Means she might once again behold him; the Rest was to be left to Chance and Destiny.

This new Princess (for so she had been created with a large Pension! Attendance! and all Things shining) inclined to any Thing that might once more cause her to see *Theodorick*; but alas! he was no longer hers! Report, improved by the Queen Regent's Vigilance, had brought him an Account

count of those fatal Honours had been conferred upon her by the King of the *Sarmata*, whose Passion was now the publick Theme of the *Northern Courts* ! they even scrupled not to say, *Ethelinda* had paid his Price for what she had received. *Theodorick*, who was all Vertue, felt his Soul sicken at the News; he sent expressly one in whom he cou'd confide, not to the Princess, but to her People, there to gather what might authorize his Jealousie, or disabuse his Suspicions : But at the Return of that Messenger, he was confirmed in his Doubts ; he was told King *Beraldus* was always in her Lodgings ; no Suit was granted but through her Mediation ; the same Honours were paid her as to a Queen : Count *Ospald* was made one of that Monarch's Cabinet, and General of those Forces with which they had invaded *Cydonia*, where, by his Intelligence and Faction, that Province was in great Danger of being lost. *Ethelinda* quickly became the most spotted Monster to *Theodorick's* Imagination ; he struggled with his Thoughts of her, but at Length he got Strength enough to throw her off, and all her Sex in her. To divert his Despair, he wou'd (notwithstanding the Queen Regent's Opposition) put himself aboard his Fleet, which had been mann'd to succour the Prince of the *Navi*. *Theodorick*, at Seventeen, besieg'd King *Cymbeline* in his very Capital : Having finish'd that War, he pursu'd his Course to *Cydonia*, when the *East Sea* was

thought impracticable! What shall I say, my Lords? You must have heard the Particulars of his Successes, against not only *Beraldus*, but the Emperor *Genfericus*, whom he vanquish'd the Anniversary of that very Day, wherein the false *Goth*, with solemn Oaths, had renew'd his Treaty of Alliance? With Eight thousand Men, he beat an Army of Fourscore, took thirty Thousand Prisoners, and relieved *Nova*. *Genfericus* was not then in his Army; or if he had, wou'd not have been able to have withstood *Theodorick's* good Fortune. That Emperor, resolving to run thro' all Degrees of Service before he became a General, was no more than a Centurion among the Infantry, when *Nova* was relieved.

But as that War has spun out into a great Length, and there are so many Incidents relating to it, as will ingage me in a long Narration, now I have brought your *Ethelinda* to be a Princess, I will beg leave to defer what remains to a more seasonable Hour; only this in the general, not all her Father's Eloquence nor Threats can make her grant any Favour to *Beraldus*; not even to marry him with the Left Hand; tho' *Theodorick* has refus'd to receive her Letters, to hear her Justification, or even to see her when the lately went Ambassador from the King of the *Sarmatæ*. *Beraldus* was so far influenced by *Ethelinda*, as to bestow that Character upon her, assuring his Majesty, that she only went for a Dis-

pensation

penfation of her Vows : Had *Theodorick* given her Audience, ſhe doubted not but to have convinced the King of the *Vandals*, that ſhe was ſtill innocent ; but he is too deeply prejudiced, too obſtinate in deſiring to revenge himſelf upon his Rival King, and of puniſhing the Rebel *Oſwald* ! whom he will purſue as well as his new Maſters to their Ruin. Such happy Eloquence has flow'd from the Count, that, if poſſible, he is more in Favour with the Emperor *Genſericus* than *Beraldus* ! He enjoys large Penſions from both, reſides in the King of the *Sarmata's* Court, as Ambaſſador from the *Gothick* Monarch, and is the only Oracle with *Eibelinda's* Lover.

Lord *Albinus* and Monſieur *St. Girrone* returned Thanks to his Excellency, and taking their Leaves of Lord *Horatio* and the Envoy, they retir'd each to their own Pavilion.

Monsieur de *St. Gironne* found Count *Alarick's* Distemper so much increas'd by Morning, that it was impossible to think of re-assuming their Travel: The Prior's Physician told him, that some peculiar Symptoms attending the Distemper, made him fear the Malignity! the Humanity and good Nature of the Count de *St. Gironne*, resent-ed the Report with as much Affliction as it was possible to feel for a Person, who had so far merited his Sufferings, as had *Alarick*. Taking all possible Care for his good Attendance, he went to the Envoy's Pavilion: *Horatio* intended not to depart till the Return of those Servants who were gone to *Nova* in Search of the deserving *Celsus*; all Things disposed them to a further Enjoyment of each others Conversation. Lord *Albinus* had already had Audience of his Lordship before the Count came, so that when a Gentleman from the Princess arrived to tell them she was visible, and expected the Honour of their Company, they were ready to attend her. She would eat nothing till they came, which engag'd them to bear her Highness company at Breakfast; when it was over, she put the Lord *Albinus* in mind of his Promise. After having answer'd that the least Desire of hers amount-ed

ed to more than a positive Command from others, he began his Relation. *Horatic* having first told Monsieur *St. Girrone* a-part, that he hoped the Envoy would find (from that Lord who was going to speak, and who was truly instructed in the Affairs of the Empire) another Character of *Constantine* than his Lordship had given, and the Errors of his Reign restor'd to those Persons who had occasion'd them. To which the Count answered, He had only spoke what he had heard, as a Stranger, he could justify nothing, nor pretend not to have been imposed upon; especially in such a Court as the *Greek*, where there was so very little Truth to be found, and that which was, lay too deep to be reach'd by most of their own People; how then should a Foreigner pretend to it, who had neither Time nor Capacity to remove the Rubbish that obscur'd it?

In speaking to your Highness, pursued *Albinus*, I am assur'd 'tis to a Lady who not only knows the Affairs, but Interests of most Princes: I do not at all doubt but you have deplored, Madam, the Misfortunes of *Cesar*: *Cesar*! who in the Midst of Empire, enrich'd with Grandour! Victory! and Triumphs! has yet led the Life of a Slave to his Slaves! who by the Force of Ingratitude! Arrogance! Self-sufficiency! Presumption! have carried their Designs to such a Height, that there needed nothing besides to deliver *Constantine* and the Em-

pire from the Grasp of their petty Tyranny ; that in aiming to destroy the Constitution, has made it a Question, which was most ridiculous, (counting how despicable they were in themselves) the Design, or the Manner of their Performance.

Leo the Emperor, before the Empress *Irene* fell into Disgrace, had declar'd *Constantine* to be *Cesar*, and caused the Senate and Army to acknowledge him as such. She had fatally insinuated her self into the Opinion and Love of the young Prince ; he had a Tenderness for her beyond Example, undergoing a voluntary Banishment with his Mother, sharing in her Disgrace, and the Odium that was cast upon her Conduct, rather than to shine in Courts without her ! unprecedented Affection ! But what Return had he for this Indulgence ? The Opportunity of being made the worst Prince that was ever born ; had not the Excess of his own Vertue secured him from the Infection of an ambitious Mother, and a designing Favourite, *Stauracius* ! who insinuated themselves, to the Exclusion of all those, who could have taught his unwary Youth, true Conduct ! Courage ! Philosophy ! and the Art of Government. Enervating Pleasures ! Dice ! luxurious Banquets ! were the Baits with which they would enfeeble his growing Mind ! not considering, had he took the Bent, few luxurious Princes but what become cruel ! revengeful ! and detestable : But imagining to themselves they should be
al-

always able to direct the Consequences, let them prove never so unhappy, they look'd no further than present Opportunities, to ingratiate themselves, and exclude others.

Leo dy'd, *Constantine* the V. ascended, and which was wonderful, his Vertue uncorrupted! his Principles unshaken! but fatally distrustful of his own Capacity, he suffer'd his Mother and her Favourite to catch the Reins these introduced those very Enemies of *Cesar*, that had dar'd to propose to *Leo* the Exclusion of Him, his Heir, from that Empire to which he was born, and to which he had been called by the Voice of *Leo*, and the Concurrence of the Senate and Army. Hitherto all was fair; the People possess'd by some trusty Persons, of the Vertue! Mildness! Sweetness of Disposition! Gratitude! and Religion of their new *Cesar*! saw him ascend with Raptures they had never before express'd: Yet they condoled amongst themselves for his fatal Prepossession; the Mother-Favourite was the Object of their Hatred; they knew her haughty! corrupt! lascivious! ambitious! cruel and avaritious! How did *Cesar's* better Angel protect him? How watchful was he of his Charge, to keep him uninfected amidst so universal a Contagion? O how difficult it is to converse every Day with the Vicious, without leaning to their Vices? How almost impossible to love, and not approve, or imitate? Let us therefore conclude, that *Cesar's* Vertue was a Rock immoveable! He loved,

loved, and was not seduced! could preserve his Temperance in the midst of the burning Zone! be merciful, tho' surrounded by Examples of Cruelty! still sweet-temper'd and obliging, tho' to the Froward and Haughty! generous, tho' in the Arms of Avarice! and to sum up all, religious! amidst a Race who set Religion at defiance, with witty Ridicule, rallying the Profession as well as the Practice.

Is it not to be supposed they wore a well dissembled Mask, or else *Cesar*, seeing Manners so averse to his own, must have deny'd them that Affection and Confidence, he was known to honour them with? The artful Mother, whilst she thought Hypocrisie necessary, blended it with her Endearments. *Cesar* forsaken by *Leo*, found his Palace depopulated; none trod that desolate Abode, till the Emperor's Death gave him the Vows and Adorations of the returning World: In that Solitude *Irene* had Time to insinuate her Duty, Affection, Perseverance, and unalterable Resolution, to dye for the Service of *Cesar*. Who, that has even known Adversity, can resist the Charms of being adher'd to and compassionated? Fidelity is valuable even to the Prosperous and Unfaithful! but in Misery, 'tis Magick! 'tis what ties us indissolubly to them that we find it in; a grateful Breast is most susceptible of these Impressions, and much longer retains them. It must be Offences of a very high Nature that can ever cancel the Memory of

Ob-

Obligations in such a Soul as *Cæsar's*; let us not then wonder when we see him ascending the imperial Throne, to behold those few who were Partners with him in his Sufferings, crowding to the uppermost Step! He had been bred to a Deference of their Judgment! Conduct! and Veracity! himself, newly arrived to, and unskill'd in Empire, involved in a foreign War with the mighty *Persian*, tho' 'tis true, the invincible *Leo* had left him an Army as invincible; but it had hitherto been only employ'd in beating down the Out-works of that formidable King. The late Emperor had paved the Way to Conquest, but never trod it, made the Ruin of his potent Enemy inevitable, but was not so happy to see it; by his wise and painful Politicks, all Things were fitted for the Reduction of that haughty Monarch, when hasty Death snatch'd *Leo* (yet young) from amidst the Ardors of his doating People. He knew *Constantine's* Right of Succession, and however dissatisfied he might be with him, never attempted to defraud him. The *Persian* War call'd loudly for a General, who might supply the Loss of *Leo*, at the same Time all *Iberia* revolted to the *Moors*; who, assisted by the *Persian*, gave the Empire a terrible Diversion.

Irene had advanced to the End of the Board her former Favourite *Æmilius*, he was made *Questor*, *State-Edile*, and *Minister*; *Stauracius* was put at the Head of
Leo's

Leo's flourishing Army, and *Horatio* named to command one which should be sent into *Iberia*; thither he was dispatched, arm'd with potent Promises, and only Promises. There were scarce so many Men as were sufficient to prevent saying he was not alone. With this Shadow of an Army! a handful! undisciplin'd! uncloath'd! un-fed! the Empress did not design he should perform any Thing! he was only sent off to leave them at greater Liberty to subvert the Constitution at Home. A Man of his rigid Virtue, who truly loved his Country, and was animated by that ancient Spirit of Liberty and Glory (where each Particular devoted themselves to the Advantage of the Whole) was too clear-sighted a Spectator to be permitted the Representation of what they were acting. He had found a Degree of Goodness in *Constantine Caesar*, beyond what he had met with in any Prince; which determin'd *Horatio* to use all his Endeavours to make him the most glorious, as he was the most virtuous Monarch of his Time.

Fortune now pursu'd and was become fond of *Horatio*, and the more, for that he knew her, and did not depend upon her Smiles for any Thing, always forecasting the Event before the Undertaking. He gather'd together his little Army, and tho' contrary to the Advice of his Officers, laid Siege to the Maritime Metropolis; and in spite of Art and Nature, reduced a City that was
pro-

provided of all Things requisite to make Resistance. So swift, so wonderful was the Conquest, so out of the Road of War, that ten thousand Times the Repetition can never lessen the Miracle! A regular Army would have given Hopes of a regular Siege; had *Horatio's* had either Strength or Discipline equal to the Enemy, the Wonder might have ceased! another might have promised himself Success, as well as himself; but against all Odds! all Appearance! all Hopes! all Possibility! *Horatio* only cou'd overcome!

His Lordship, Madam, succeeded, he gain'd that important City and the Port, became Master of the Sea-Coast, and from thence march'd farther up into *Iberia*. But where were the Forces that should have joyn'd him? Where was the Relief he expected, the Reinforcements of Men and Money so solemnly promised him? He was deserted! betray'd! sacrificed! given up to War and Famine: Yet his little Band, made intrepid by their Leader's Example, wrestled thro' these Difficulties! patient of Heat, and Hunger! they followed him in all his Enterprizes; they obeyed, and conquer'd! *Iberia*, Madam, was *Theirs*! they were actually in Possession! they had it! but *Irene* and her Creatures would not suffer them to keep it! Everlasting Infamy! Shame to late Posterity! Blot to *Cæsar's* Reign! did not one know that *Cæsar* cou'd not reign! 'Twas *Irene* and her Minions who became startled

startled at the noise of Conquest, from one who had stood the Disappointment of all Things necessary for Conquest; the Want of Men and Arms, the Want of Cloathing, Meat, or Money! She bid her Informers tell it to the Winds, they would hear as soon! believe as soon! These were not the Days of Miracles. *Iberia* subdu'd with six thousand Men! the Metropolis possess'd! nothing remaining, but for what King, the Emperor should depute, to go and set himself down in the *Iberian* Throne! All that Tract of World! so many Nations reduced! Impossible! Fiction! Hyperboly! why his Army was not of Force enough to garrison one petty Town! how was it then credible, that he should gain so many Kingdoms? But she was quickly made to know that a Genius so extensive as *Horatio's*, when put upon the Stretch, knows not its own Compass; it dilates, with Surprize even to it self: his Vigilance and immense Views; could dictate and perform beyond what others could imagine. Here the Princess having signify'd her Desire to know the Particulars of that War, was refer'd, as Monsieur the Count *de St. Girrone* had been, to the Arrival of the ingenious *Celsus*; and Lord *Albinus* assum'd his Relation.

When the Empress became but too well assur'd of the Truth of what she had heard, instead of rejoycing, as another would have done, that *Iberia* was subdu'd, she did not acquaint *Constantine* with the News, but assembled

sembled the Council of Six, that had engross'd the Management of Affairs. ' Why
 ' is it, my Lords, said the intrag'd *Irene*,
 ' that I am this Day to ask you, how *Horatio*
 ' has succeeded? By what Enchantment
 ' could he overcome? What Assistance had
 ' he from the Empire? Was it not in our
 ' Council debated and resolved, that he
 ' should have none, nor encourag'd nor re-
 ' call'd! lest he should subdue abroad, or
 ' turn Malecontent, or *Censor* at Home! Is
 ' it you, Lord *Emilius*, that have made
 ' him these Remittances? It must be only
 ' you: Who else has the Imperial Treasure
 ' in their Hands? Or you Lord *Curio*, out
 ' of our Naval Stores? Is it not contrary to
 ' Terms! to Policy! *Iberia* vanquish'd, and
 ' the *Persian War* is finish'd! which way
 ' can you oppress the Orthodox? engross
 ' what Supplies shall be given? or even
 ' have Supplies, but by the Pretence of
 ' War? Can our new-form'd Designs be
 ' manag'd to their End, if Peace ensues?
 ' Despicable! the dastardly Senate, when
 ' once their Fears of War is over, will deal
 ' their Treasure but with a scanty Hand!
 ' Nay, perhaps call you to account for the
 ' Disposal of what has been already receiv'd.
 ' There is a Word, my Lords, can make the
 ' boldest of us tremble, *Resumption*! Which
 ' of the bravest of us, with our purchas'd
 ' Lordships, superbous Buildings, con-
 ' ceal'd Hoards, and foreign Banks, but
 ' shudder at *Resumption*! By way of Retali-
 ation,

' ation, our selves may be made (how un-
 ' willingly soever) to contribute towards
 ' the Discharge of those heavy Debts into
 ' which our industrious Party has plung'd
 ' the Empire! These are the dreadful Effects
 ' of Peace, in consequence of which, none
 ' will be ador'd like *Horatio*. Who will
 ' wonder? Who will rejoice at any Victo-
 ' ry *Staurachus* shall gain from the *Persians*?
 ' his Army equal in Number, superior in
 ' whatever may encourage, cloath, and feed
 ' them; if *Horatio*, without these Advantages,
 ' nay, almost without Men, has thus mira-
 ' culously made us Masters of *Iberia*? But
 ' since it is done, how marvelously soever,
 ' we must hasten to undo it. Let his saucy
 ' Valour be reprimanded, and himself re-
 ' call'd; let such meet your Frowns and
 ' ours, who shall dare to repeat his Actions
 ' with Approbation and Applause: Be bold
 ' in spreading false Reports, how ground-
 ' less and ridiculous soever, the credulous
 ' Vulgar can believe: In these Affairs, your
 ' Lordships were not wont to need a Wo-
 ' man's Diligence, to spur on yours. Re-
 ' present *Horatio's* Success, but as a Course
 ' of what should properly be call'd *Happy*
 ' *Temerity*! the blind Effects of Fortune's
 ' Fondness, in which Judgment, nor Con-
 ' duct have not any Part.

' Glory (which stung that disinterested
 ' Fool, *Horatio*) is a Notion so long since
 ' exploded, that the *Greeks* will easily be-
 ' lieve it could not be the Motive of his
 ' Actions.

' Actions. Represent him Proud ; Impa-
 ' tient of Advice ; Precipitate ; One who
 ' believes Courage the only Requisite to a
 ' General ; when alas ! as we might pro-
 ' duce successful Examples, it is the very
 ' last. Our Party is not yet strong and rich
 ' enough for Peace. *Horatio* has advis'd,
 ' that the *Persian* on that side has already
 ' offer'd it ; that would indeed be the *Crisis*
 ' of our Power, and give the hated *Ortho-*
 ' *dox* an Advantage not to be recall'd ; you
 ' will be then no longer the fortunate *Fun-*
 ' *Eto*, the Masters of your Master ! Empe-
 ' rors over an Emperor ! nor shall *Stauro-*
 ' *cus* be esteem'd that wonderful General,
 ' who could only carry Victory, and restore
 ' Reputation and Glory to the Empire.

Irene having finish'd her Rant, Lord *Æ-*
milius, a little recover'd from that Disorder
 into which her Imperial Majesty's first Erup-
 tion had put his Courage, rose up ; with
 pretended Humility and secret Joy, adorn'd
 with a conscious Smile, he thus address'd
 the Empress.

' Madam, It is no little Satisfaction to
 ' the most devoted of your Creatures, to
 ' find that my Performances have anticipat-
 ' ed your Commands ; that even without
 ' consulting your Imperial Majesty's Inclina-
 ' tions and Resolutions, I have already
 ' obey'd, as if I had been fully inform'd :
 ' Yes, Madam, I have acted all that could
 ' be desir'd, and pretend in this nice Affair
 ' to have out-done my self, and to deserve
 more

' more Acknowledgment than for any other
 ' individual Piece of Service; not that I
 ' ought wholly to attribute the Glory of so
 ' great a Work to my self; the Father of
 ' his Country, the Godlike *Stauracius*! Lord
 ' *Cicero*! and those other noble Patricians
 ' that are here assembled, have assisted me
 ' with their wholesome Advice; by their
 ' means I have been able to blast the Reputa-
 ' tion of the greatest Action that was ever
 ' perform'd.

' It was your Imperial Majesty, and my
 ' noble Lord *Stauracius*, that first made
 ' choice of this hardy General; you knew
 ' his former Exploits against the *Moors*, and
 ' believed he might have Reputation enough
 ' to justify (if your Imperial Majesty's im-
 ' mortal Actions needed any Justification)
 ' the Setting him at the Head of an Army,
 ' you never design'd should overcome! But
 ' I foresaw the Consequences, I was ac-
 ' quainted with the towering Genius of the
 ' Man! his Depth of Thought and Judg-
 ' ment! unwearied Industry! prodigious
 ' Valour, and tho' too late, interpos'd my
 ' Advice against his being sent upon that
 ' Expedition.

' Far, far be it from me, Madam, and I
 ' dare say from Lord *Curio* also, the Send-
 ' ing him those Supplies of Treasure, Men,
 ' and Stores, your Imperial Majesty seems
 ' to reproach us with. He was promis'd to
 ' be join'd upon his landing, with thirty
 ' thousand Men; I took care wholly to for-
 ' get

' get that Article, and to devote the Money
 ' that was given for their Subsistence, to the
 ' use of our *Oligarchy*; then suffer'd the
 ' Madman (I might have justly call'd him so
 ' if he had not succeeded) to sit down, with
 ' a Force only of eight thousand Men, be-
 ' fore a Place that has since, tho' indeed by
 ' his means, with not half so large a Gar-
 ' rison, baffled the Attempts of a regular, well
 ' disciplin'd Army, with one of the *Persian*
 ' Princes at their Head! Who could foresee
 ' an Action, that even when perform'd, can
 ' scarcely be believ'd? a General in spite
 ' of all Defects, resolv'd to overcome: A
 ' General of *unexampled Vigour and Courage*!
 ' exposing himself beyond what a General
 ' ought. So incessant was his Application,
 ' the Hand of Sickness could not deter him!
 ' What can be said to him who will not
 ' yield to the raging Assaults of a Fever,
 ' but in the very Trenches takes an *Eme-*
 ' *tick*, and there expects its Operation? no-
 ' thing but Death can make that Man de-
 ' sist; who sustains almost its Pangs with-
 ' out a Surcease of Diligence. After taking
 ' this important Metropolis, did we send
 ' his Lordship any thing but Words to-
 ' wards enabling him to prosecute his Suc-
 ' cess? Has he not with *Eight thousand Men*,
 ' defended every Inch of Ground he gain'd,
 ' against *Thirty thousand disciplin'd Troops*?
 ' and at last dispers'd and drove them out of
 ' Iberia. Did he not open a Way to the
 ' very Metropolis? King *Roderigo* was
 ' marching

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' marching to set himself down in the
 ' Throne: There needed not much Perswa-
 ' sion for a youthful Monarch to go and
 ' take Possession of so many Crowns: It
 ' was my Master-piece; my Insinuations
 ' kept him where he was, and at length,
 ' sent him through a barren and mountainous
 ' Country, that he might run the risque of be-
 ' ing taken; and in which Journey he must
 ' waste at least two Months, which was time
 ' irrecoverable. So far was that young
 ' Prince impos'd upon, that whilst he was
 ' labouring his own Ruin, he thought he
 ' was working his Preservation, and made
 ' to distrust *Horatio's* Conduct, amidst those
 ' undeniable Proofs he gave of his Sinceri-
 ' ty. By my Intelligence and Address, I
 ' have caus'd this last Absurdity to reflect on
 ' Lord *Horatio*, as if this ridiculous Delay
 ' (which has occasion'd the Loss of what he with
 ' so much Pains, and so many Miracles was
 ' possess'd of) were advis'd by him. Farther,
 ' I took such effectual Methods with King
 ' *Roderigo*, as that in all his March, he
 ' should not favour him with the least Intelli-
 ' gence. When, Madam, (by a memorable
 ' Stratagem) he went to take in the famous
 ' *Saguntum* of the Romans, lest he should
 ' pursue his Conquests, and march with
 ' equal Success to the Relief of the Capi-
 ' tal of the *Edetani*, *Roderigo* by means of
 ' my Emissaries, demanded Two thousand of
 ' his small Army: Did we not do all Things
 ' to sacrifice him? If he was invulnerable
 ' as

as well as intrepid, must I be reproached for not defeating Impossibilities? He performed that Action, and conquered the Kingdom *with bare two hundred Horse, and nine hundred Foot, marching in the Winter Season in stony Mountains, without Cloaths or Sandals, and his few Cavalry upon Horses that could hardly go*: If thus he succeeded, am I to be accused? 'Tis the Vertue of the Man, and which ought to be revered, were it not opposite to the Good of the Cause, in which we are involved.

Chance and Courage seldom produce above one fortunate Event; the Result has convinced us, that his were the Effects of well-laid Judgment: But since Starving would not do, I could only defeat him by calling in Lord *Rutilius* from *Lusitania*: That General has all his Father in him. The foreign Spy educated this his Son, in Artifice and Love of Self; so long as we make it his Interest, we may assure us of his Obedience; fantastick Glory will never carry him *Horatio's* Lengths; in short, he may be depended on: But least by the good Posture of Affairs, he might not find it so easie for him to lose, as it was for the other to gain *Iberia*; *Horatio* was commanded to resign, upon Pretence that the Troops from *Lusitania*, which came along with *Rutilius*, were to be commanded by a General of the Country; Yet, for fear his Presence might over-awe *Rutilius*, I have removed him, Madam, he is no longer

'longer in *Iberia*, I have sent him upon an
 'Expedition to the Relief of *Arles*, Then,
 'when twenty thousand Men (under the
 'Command of a fortunate General) were
 'entered *Iberia*, in Defence of the *Moors*.
 'Horatio is gone, Madam, and three Legions
 'with him, which he is to carry to the As-
 'sistance of the King of the *Lombards*; if
 'he should even hear that *Arles* is taken, he
 'is ordered not to return, but to go and of-
 'fer them to that Monarch.

'He is a Man, Madam, all Courage and
 'no Resentment! When his *Batoon* was taken
 'from him, he still would have served, tho'
 'but in Quality of Voluntier. Have I not
 'had enough to do to defeat such Modesty?
 'and yet your imperial Majesty believes me
 'thoughtless: *Horatio* is obstinately good!
 'impertinently virtuous! his Care extended
 'beyond his Authority; he would succour
 'an Army that no longer obey'd him; and
 'as he had sold Part of his own Patrimony
 'to fit him for the Expedition, and support
 'him under it; now, when he might have
 'had his Baggage, which was taken from
 'him, restor'd, he only desired, in exchange,
 'Corn to support the starving Soldier that
 'he was made to abandon; and afterwards
 'procur'd *Roderigo* a Loan of Money from
 'the *Ligurians*; which nothing but himself
 'could have done.

'There is more Difficulty, Madam, in de-
 'feating the Good, than overthrowing the
 'Wicked; the latter is Matter of Punishment
 'only,

'only, but in the former we have Opinion
 'to combat, and Artifice to oppose to Ver-
 'tue; what then, Madam, are the Merits of
 'this *Juncto*, that have not only traversed the
 'Designs, but blacken'd the Fame of the Per-
 'former? Our Address has caused the preme-
 'dirated Loss of *Iberia* to reflect upon his
 'Management that gain'd, and could only
 'gain it! We have reported him as a Man
 'impatient of Partnership; one that disdain'd
 'to command, if not alone; who could not
 'bear another General should have any Au-
 'thority where he was in Place. It is even
 'advanced, that he grew jealous of the Mo-
 'narch he had made! and would not permit
 'his Approach to his Capital, to ascertain
 'the Conquest, and fix the Crown upon his
 'Head; tho' nothing was so notorious as
 'Horatio's pressing the King to that Expedi-
 'tion, or gave us greater Pain, or a nicer
 'Turn of Thought to defeat. Not satisfied
 'to tear the Lawrel from his victorious Brow,
 'to send him into *Lombardy*, we have repre-
 'sented That Voyage as an idle discontented
 'Sally of his own, departing from a Brain
 'fruitful in Projects, and resolved on the
 'Finishing of Nothing.

'As much as in us lay, most gracious Em-
 'press, we have stifled what we could not
 'misrepresent; his over-running a potent
 'Kingdom in one Campaign, is scarcely known,
 'all Men are discourag'd that dare speak or
 'report his wonderful Actions. Have we not
 'persecuted him even beyond the Pain of
 L dying?

'dying? ruined in his Patrimony! broken in
 'his Constitution! wounded in his mangled
 'Sons! accused as a Criminal! depress'd in
 'Fame as well as Fortune! assaulted from
 'every Place whence we could cast a Dart!
 'what remains, O magnificent Empress! to
 'satisfy your exalted Indignation, but that
 'this *Cæsar* should bleed at the Feet of
 'your ador'd *Pompey*, *Stauracius*, to make
 'Atonement for having dared to be more
 'brave, more vertuous, and more success-
 'ful.'

'Yet, Madam, all that Industry they boast-
 ed of, could not prevent *Horatio* from being
 adored by the disinterested. Tho' his Lord-
 ship was so far wanting to himself, he re-
 fused his own Actions the Justice he would
 have scorn'd but to have done anothers;
 never offering at a Vindication, nor scarce
 allowing his Friends to permit him theirs:
 Perhaps thinking that World, who were
 so weak to be deceived, unworthy of be-
 ing convinced! or, satisfy'd with having
 done his Duty, found all that a good Man
 desires from his Peace of Mind within.
 Unlike those petty Conquerors, who,
 upon the Puff of every Success, send with
 Diligence twenty Pieces to the News-
 Writer, to insert in their Journals the
 Action to Advantage. How few are ex-
 empt from this Vanity, or rather are
 there any but *Horatio*? whose Actions
 when once perform'd, he left their Repu-
 tation to Chance.

Staura-

Stauracius trembled at being thought a Coadjutor in the Injuries that were done him; and before the Report of his being recalled could be supposed to reach him in the *Persian* Territories (tho he was in the Secret when it was resolved on) he sent him a Letter that might make him believe he had not a greater Votary than himself. This Court-Strain of Diffimulation, unworthy the Soldier's Honour, or the Glory of a General, shall remain for ever a Monument of *Stauracius's* dastardly Spirit and quaint Diffimulation. Almost every honest Man has preserv'd a Copy of Lord *Stauracius's Finess*, I was not less diligent than others; that your Highness may be the better Judge, I beg to report it *verbatim*: Upon which, *Albinus* took out a pair of Cedar Tablets from his Pocket, and read as follows.

Stauracius, Father of the Empire,
 To Lord HORATIO,
 Commander of the Legions in
Iberia.

My Lord,

TH^{O'} we have not any direct Account of your Lordship's Progress, since the Relief of the maritime Metropolis; yet the Advices of several other Parts, as well as the Enemy's Frontiers, agree so well, and we are naturally inclin'd to believe readily what we wish, that I persuade my self there is no Reason to doubt of your having, some time since, brought King Roderigo to his Capital. As this good News has been indulg'd here, with the greatest Satisfaction, I do with no less Pleasure, take this fresh Opportunity of Congratulating your Lordship on this glorious Occasion, which is by all Hands attributed to **YOUR VALOUR and GOOD CONDUCT.** The whole Empire is full of Joy for the Advantages this **WONDERFUL** Success will produce to the Publick; and I assure you, I am no less so, for the Addition it has made to your Lordship's Glory, in which no Man alive takes more Part than I do.

After such surprizing Events, there is nothing that we may not expect from You; therefore, I hope your Lordship will not think us too unreasonable

able

able in our Hopes, that we shall once more hear of the entire Reduction of Iberia to the Obedience of their lawful Sovereign, for which you seem designed by Providence, to be the happy Instrument, and I heartily wish you all Manner of Success in the accomplishing this great Work. I am, with Truth and Respect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Faithful

Humble Servant,

STAURACIUS.

There were still some durst record the Actions of the Heroe, and who aim'd at doing Justice to Truth and Him, in the foremost Rank, the ever immortal *Celsus* be remembred; He who so well could evidence the Dangers *Horatio* had run through! the Miracles he had performed, and the Glory he had won! was neither *afraid nor ashamed* to publish his Knowledge to the World, in a Style worthy of the Action. The Heroe and the Historian seem both to be animated with the same Spirit; one to conquer for the Benefit of Mankind, the other to record. Nor is it the least of *Celsus's* Commendation, that in so ample a Field for Rethorick, of which he is so great a Master, he seems to design Matter of Fact, and doing bare Justice to his

asperfed Heroe, rather than Embellishment ! His discerning Judgment referring to Truth alone, where the Action, as it does here, carries with it self-fufficient Ornaments to adorn and compleat the Work.

Your Lordship, pursued *Albinus*, addressing to *Horatio*, (who had shown a modest Uneasiness whilst his Actions had been the Theam,) now the *functo* is dissolved, and your Enemies defeated, will find upon your Return, that many Pens have broke loose from that Silence their Fears seemed to have imposed upon them, pressing forward with Emulation, striving who should loudest speak your Praises ! But I need not recommend to your Lordship (who can so well distinguish) to decide between such who stay till the Danger be past and all Men convinced, and those who had Love and Courage to aim (in the Midst of Danger) at convincing ! nor deter'd by the Tyranny of a Party, who always persecuted, as regularly and bountifully, as they rewarded.

Cou'd you, my Lord, behold the sudden panegyrick Torrent that rows down upon your Lordship, *Herminius*, and the Rest in Power, you would give a Smile at the Concourse, attracted by the Shine of *Cesar's* Favour, and wonder where this Stream had lain so long concealed ; how it could creep so silently before, how rowl so loudly now ! but with the Generality of Writers 'tis confess'd, the Emperor's Smiles creates (as his Frowns destroy) Desert.

Dur.

During the *Iberian War*, *Stauracius* had reduced the *Persian* to a Degree of Distress necessary for Peace; but there was a new-form'd Design at Home, which when we consider the little Importance of the Undertakers, one knows not which to wonder at most, their Impudence or their Folly; the Council of Six, who called themselves a successful Ministry, properly speaking, could only mean what regarded the Fortunes of each other: Of these in order.

' Lord *Stauracius*, Father of his Country, Commander of the Legions, and Counsel of Six; had betrayed his Master, and prostituted his Sister! &c.

' Lord *Cataline*, amongst his other serviceable Qualifications, was honoured with the Title of Libel-maker to the Party, tho' with a Wit as edgless as his Courage. His Artifices have so long vaunted their Merit, that like Tricks of Ledgerdemain, when once discovered, they deceive no more. A voluntary Cuckold, who for the envied Name of Parent, willingly Fathers the Children of his Wife's *juncto*. Himself the last of that *Antimonarchical Race*; by the help of more generous Parents; his Successor, may, 'tis hop'd, have more generous Sentiments.

' Lord *Curio the Proud*, had so much Policy as but to half-beat the Enemy, lest a naval Force shou'd prove useless to the Empire: Raising an overgrown Estate from

' the Maritime Stores; dextrous in sharing
 ' the Profits of *Piracy*, and letting the *Pi-*
 ' *rate* dye, not only with his Lordship's
 ' Commission in his Pocket, but the Hopes
 ' of Pardon in his Mouth; whence the
 ' Soul, as well as Body, became a wretched
 ' Sacrifice! His fine Hall, *i. e.* the Treason-
 ' Room, is adorned with the Pictures of
 ' those that have been Emperors: Full in
 ' the Face of *Constantine-Cesar*, he has set
 ' *Chæreas* and *Martial*, those Regicides of
 ' *Caligula* and *Bassianus*; as much as to say
 ' *Augustus*, see your Fate, when we are dis-
 ' obliged.

' Lord *Cicero*, raised to that Dignity from
 ' the Lees of the People; his Grandfather
 ' unknown, his Father too well known;
 ' such a Friend to the Empire, as to sign
 ' *Carteblanch* for his Master, when bartering
 ' for an inglorious Accommodation with
 ' the *Persian*.

' Lord *Sergius*, who not only values him-
 ' self upon his own poignant Taste in De-
 ' bauchery, but for the odious Talent he
 ' has in debauching others; wasting the
 ' Income of a great Estate, by Measures
 ' as unaccountable, and in Offices as in-
 ' famous, as those were by which he ac-
 ' quired it.

' Lord *Cethegus*, truly Successor to his
 ' Father, tho' more natural in his Vices;
 ' more constant (tho' not of Brain enough
 ' to be so fatal) in his Mischiefs! yet so
 ' devoted to a Party, that he will not ex-
 ' empt

‘ empty even his little Wife, from contributing her charming Endeavours towards carrying on the grand Design.

‘ Lord *Emilius*, that changeful Politician, without the least Reserve of Modesty in his Depredations, bestriding like a huge overgrown *Colossus* the Empire he has wasted: Posterity yet unborn shall pursue his Memory with Execrations, having for *immemorial* Time fix’d a Necessity of Contribution, in discharge of those heavy Debts wherewith his Misapplication of the publick Treasure has burthen’d the Empire! odious is his false and cowardly Character! infamous his Compliance with weak Princes, his Arrogance to the Good! and as if the Ministry were a Trade, rather than an Art, his making his own Advantages from all! As distrustful of his Country, as his Country ought to have been of him; depositing abroad, those innumerable Talents he has so long been gathering at home.

Nor were their Morals more according in Generals than Particulars: Not one of them but had been famed for living in a Course of Idleness and Debauchery; I say, of Idleness, when Wickedness did not require their Activity. They had all combin’d to cheat the Nation, and raise to themselves prodigious Estates from the Groans and Tears of the Publick. Agreeing to devote their ill gotten Riches to the Support of the Common Cause; there they shew’d the

Spartan Equality; and as all Places of Profit were in their Hands, they us'd to bribe the most Despicable, with what ought to have been the Reward of needy Merit. Certainly none ever took such effectual Methods to gain Profelytes; the most senseless Scribblers, the dullest, lyingest Rogues tast-ed their Support; more industrious, more generous in rewarding than the Orthodox, who perhaps made Conscience of encouraging Persons to serve for Gain, lest it should attract those that do not act upon a Principle. Such are sure to be steadfast, no matter how neglected: Vertue is its own Reward: But since the *Juncto* cou'd not refer to that, they made out the Defect with Diligence and a good Fund, by which they were inabled to get Magistrates elected, Wits to commend those Magistrates, and every Step that themselves should take, how absurd and notorious soever, applauded.

Some of them were born from among the People, and but two from *Patricians*! yet all of them rais'd to that Dignity, however equally unworthy! If one prov'd more guilty of one Vice, a second edg'd it out with another: Was this fam'd for want of Courage? That made amends in Avarice! Equally insolent to the Sovereign, whom they oblig'd to take the Mein of a private Person when conferring with them; nor even leaving him a Negative in his own Councils; more arbitrary to their Prince, than any Prince had ever been to his Subject.

Irene

Irene had introduc'd to the Emperor's immediate Service a *Lacedemonian* Youth, born among the *Spartan* Ruins, call'd *Leonidas*: Had not the one been Empress, and the other without a Fortune, there might have been found a Relation in Blood between them: The Modesty and Vertue of *Leonidas*, quickly met a Sympathy from *Cesar*; Their Tempers were of kindred, sincere, generous, not enterprizing, calm and sweet, with a just Reverence of Religion. *Constantine* imperceptibly lean'd that way. *Leonidas* his Manners recommended him first to the Love, and then the Trust of *Cesar*: The Empress quickly suspected this Distinction; her Spies told her, that *Cesar* was pleas'd with no one's Service but *Leonidas's*! that he wou'd smile, whisper, and have little Secrets with *Leonidas*. Irene remembering these were the first Signs of *Stauracius* being a Favourite! was resolv'd she would nip the growing Blossom. *Cesar* had bestow'd an Employment in the Army upon *Leonidas's* Brother, the Empress swell'd to think how a Creature of her raising, durst accept any Advantages for his Kindred that did not come immediately through her Intercession. With all the Insolence of Power! with all the Arrogance of narrow Minds, when by chance they happen to be Benefactors, she reproach'd and threaten'd the humble *Leonidas*, that the next time he durst presume to be beging Favours of *Cesar*, she wou'd have him kick'd out of Court. But when she was

inform'd

inform'd, that *Herminius* had a Friendship with *Leonidas*, and that *Constantine* encourag'd, the Union she laugh'd in Spleen and Contempt; for *Irene* (who thought her self as superior in Power as in Capacity, and who despis'd the Goodness of her Son) gave him to know, in Words well suited to her haughty Airs, ' That she had bestow'd *Leonidas* upon him for a menial Servant, not a Counsellor; he had not Brains enough to direct his own Affairs, much more to advise an Emperor; but like, wou'd to like; 'twas as possible to wash an *Ethiope*, as to inspire him with such Sentiments, as was requir'd from him! He wou'd sooner lean to that Traitor *Herminius's* Advice, whom the Nation hated, and who, 'twas perceiv'd, liv'd in very good Correspondence with *Leonidas*, which had made the latter so disagreeable to the People, and dangerous to the Empire, that she thought it high time for his Imperial Majesty to discharge him his Service; 'twas of such Importance it should be done forthwith, and therefore she wou'd not forbear to insist upon it, and did insist upon it.' The Emperor having not thought fit to make her any other Answer than by a Look, *Irene* went forth, and tho' it was late at Night, and the Court at a Palace of Pleasure on the *Asian* side, a League distant from *Constantinople*, she sent a Gentleman to *Leonidas*, to bid him instantly be gone! his Lodgings were given to another, there was no sleeping

ing for him any longer there ! and withal, that he was discharg'd the Imperial Service, and shou'd not set foot more at Court till he was sent for ! The good-natur'd Youth, who lov'd his Lord more for himself than his Royal Dignity, (and who had never behav'd himself but with Respect and Gratitude to the Empress that had rais'd him) knew himself innocent of any Fault which might deserve so great a Hardship ; his only Crime was his Vertue, and *Cesar's* Love and Favour ! But unwilling to dispute the Commands of a Lady his Benefactress, he put himself upon the Road, late as it was ; not murmuring at being turn'd out without a Moment's Notice, in the Midst of a wintry, inhospitable Sky ! no Chamber or Bed to repose in, till he should go in search of one at *Constantinople* ! He was all Obedience, ascribing to his Destiny, that as yet had never been very favourable, this Turn so wounding and unexpected !

One Day, two, three Days past, and *Cesar* no longer beheld *Leonidas*, who with an Officiousness, departing from Love more than Duty, us'd to attend his Imperial Person ! he seem'd to want his ready Service and Confidence, he asked for *Leonidas* ?
 ' What was become of him ? Was he ill ?
 ' Did any Body know of *Leonidas* ? All who
 ' were in waiting, dreaded the Anger of the
 ' Mother-Favourite, and durst not reply :
 ' Will none answer me, enquired the gracious *Constantine* ? What have you done
 with

' with *Leonidas*? I have dismissed him,' answered the Imperious *Isene*; ' I hope your Majesty will think it sufficient, when I tell you, he is thought dangerous, and that, my Lords, your trusty Counsellors, and my self, esteem it not prudent, that he shou'd remain longer about your sacred Person; a Spy to that Party who seeks to dethrone you; and the Confident and Introducer of *Herminius*'s fatal Eloquence, who fills your Ears with Distrust of your best and most powerful People; such, who in Contempt, they call *Idolaters*! But be assur'd, *Cæsar*, that as it is them that occasion'd the Crown having been set upon your Head, it is they only, that can and will maintain it *There*! There has scarce ever any Prince been ruin'd but himself has been the Cause! What have you, Sir, to do to hag your self with Politicks? Since *Leonidas* has turn'd Cabinet-Counsellor, and *Herminius* had your Ear, you no longer confess your former Serenity! your Brow! your Looks are clouded! in short, your Understanding's puzel'd! the warring Factions are too much for your Imperial Majesty to bear! Why shou'd you ruffle your self thus unprofitably? Do you dispute my Integrity, or that of *Stauracius*'s, who has brought you home so many wonderful Victories, lavish'd his Blood for your Glory, and hourly endanger'd his Life? Or is the faithful *Emilius* distrusted, he whose

' unweary'd

'unweary'd Diligence, and waking Cares,
 'continually seeks how to improve your
 'Treasure, and manage it to an unprece-
 'dented Advantage? Or those others of
 'your Counsellors, who have Capacity and
 'Power to secure you at Home, whilst the
 'fortunate *Stamracius* conquers abroad? Was
 'ever any Fate so perverse as yours? May
 'you not be the most glorious, most happy
 'Monarch of your Age, by only sitting still,
 'and you will needs be journeying to dis-
 'compose and make you miserable? What
 'Enjoyment do you want? Cannot you
 'pray and play, and do any Thing but
 'puzzle your self with State-Affairs?
 'which, credit me, your Genius was never
 'born for: Have you a Mind to dip in
 'Discontents from which you are not made
 'to extricate? either descend all at once,
 'and save *Herminius* and the Orthodox Par-
 'ty, their Intrigue for pulling you down;
 'or keep your Seat, and permit the Go-
 'vernment to them who know how to
 'maintain you there.'

Here *Irene* departed; but, as soon as she
 cou'd instruct them, was succeeded by those
 of the *Juncto*, who kept as little Respect to
 the Imperial Throne as did her Majesty;
 they observ'd indeed a Method among them-
 selves; but whenever they shew'd any Re-
 verence to *Cesar*, 'twas an affected one, an
 assum'd Air of *Devoir*, which they did not
 believe themselves oblig'd so far to cover,
 as even to have it appear, natural!

When

When by Blandishments they wou'd enforce any Request to *Cesar*, then was *Stauracius* appointed, who had been a Favourite of the Heart, one whom *Constantine* had lov'd, and consequently believ'd! Were Persons to be laught into Disgrace, or out of Employment? Was Wit or Ridicule, necessary upon any Exigency? *Cataline*, with his facetious Strain and artificial Management, was commission'd! When they had Occasion to terrify and represent Things dreadful! dangerous! upon which new Measures were indispensable! Then came the fearful *Æmilius* with his affected thoughtful, haggard Brow! If an Action was to be precipitated, and *Cesar* huff'd into Compliance! hot *Ceshegus* was dispatch'd! But for the Crown of all, as in a Consult where solemn Wisdom was requir'd, the last Resource, a Sentence from which there was no Appeal, unerring *Cicero* was the Oracle! the Fate the Destiny of the whole, to whom the *Juncto-Gods* themselves were oblig'd to yield! Oh! Madam, could this profound Sage have been consulted in *Thais's* loose Alcove, what Reverence had then been his Claim? What Obedience due to his inevitable Sentence?

Leonidas's Dismission (in which they imagin'd *Herminius's* Exile from the Imperial Ear was involv'd) appeared of such Moment, that they inforced *Irene's* Opinion with *Theirs's*. *Stauracius* intreated, *Cataline* flattered *Cesar*, and ridicul'd the plain *Laconick*

conick in *Leonidas*! *Emilius* denounced his Fears upon the fatal Consequence! *Cethegus* said there was no other Way, he must and should be disgrac'd, or they were all undone! Temperate *Cicero* could not find any Thing in that Youth, of consequence to his sacred Majesty's Service, which might not be, even, better supply'd by another, in whom there were no dangerous Insinuations: So that upon the whole, it was absolutely of use (in his Opinion) that *Leonidas* should be discharged the Royal Service, if it were only to prevent Heart-burnings and Disorder; and he was forbid upon Pain of the Imperial Displeasure, [*i. e.* the *Juncto's*] to approach *Cæsar's* Presence uncall'd.

Constantine heard their Advice with his usual Benignity: He told them he would consider their Request; which accordingly he did: In his own Imperial Breast he put the Matter to Ballance, and found that *Leonidas* was no otherwise dangerous, but as he was vertuous: *Herminius* had *Cæsar's* unshaken Opinion to uphold him with Esteem! but *Augustus* was aw'd with the Threats of those he believed his Friends, and driven to suspect the Orthodox, by the Insinuations of a Ministry, that, though a little too warm, he thought well-intentioned to his Service; having no Treachery, no Self-ends in his own Breast, he could not suspect them in others: At length he resolved, were it true that *Herminius* and *Leonidas* were engaged in the Interest of the Orthodox, and that those

Interests

ous, that had not the Emperor had more
 than ordinary Goodness, and an assured
 Opinion of his Innocence, it wou'd have
 for ever depress'd his Fortune: But as he
 was conscious of having never in Thought!
 in Word! or Glance! done any Thing
 against her Imperial Majesty's Interests
 nor contray to the Desire she doubtless
 had of preserving her Ascendant over
 her Son; so now he hop'd, she would not
 call his Obedience to *Cæsar*, Ingratitude to
 his Benefactor! Hard! very hard was his
 Destiny! to be accused for the last Sin he
 could be guilty of! He confess'd, the
 Weight lay heavy upon him, in regard to
 those, who believed that Injuries could
 never cancel a prior Obligation; himself
 had taken the Thing the same way, fixing
 only upon the Merit of his Introduction;
 he had a grateful Sense of Duty for his
 Patroness, without the least Resentment
 for his Destroyer! though, unfortunate as
 he was, he well perceived, nothing but
 his Destruction could be acceptable to her
 Majesty: He must either renounce the Em-
 peror's Service, (tho' in it he would ever
 behave himself void of just Offence) give
 up the Means that preserved his Life! or
 be the Theme for reproach, to one who
 every Day sought to crush his Fortune,
 and who, for having once obliged, believ-
 ed she had a Right always to injure; as if
 saving a Person's Life, gave the Benefa-
 ctor a perpetual Claim to Murder what
 he

‘ he had preserv’d ; or by murdering, he
 ‘ could not be called unjust, because he took
 ‘ but what he once preserved.

‘ *Leonidas* begg’d leave, in so nice a Point,
 ‘ to distinguish between the Commands of a
 ‘ Master whose immediate Servant he was,
 ‘ and who ordered him still to remain in his
 ‘ Service ; and those of her imperial Ma-
 ‘ jesty, who had bid him be gone and serve
 ‘ no more ; and who did all that was in
 ‘ her Power, to ruin him, without any other
 ‘ Provocation than his having had the Glo-
 ‘ ry to be acceptable to *Cæsar*.

The Empress was so little us’d to have
 her Laws disputed, especially by one whom
 she look’d upon as her Creature, that she
 flounced out of the Lodgings, without pay-
 ing her Duty to *Cæsar* ! *Airs* she has since
 often given her self, and retir’d to one of
 her rural Retreats, to brood for some
 Days over her Discontents, and seek the
 Means how she might be revenged upon
Leonidas.

The Year after Lord *Horatio* had been re-
 called from *Iberia*, *Caius Æmilius* demanded
 a particular Audience of the Empress ; he
 brought in his Hand that renowned Gene-
 ral, *Rutilius*, whom he presented to *Irene*.
 Still (during the *Questor*’s Speech) where a
Plaudite was expected, *Rutilius* bow’d low,
 as if to remark to the Empress, where lay
 the Strefs of his important Services. While
 this admirable Farce was acting, her imper-
 ial Majesty, with an erect Air of Gran-
 dour,

dour, as if from a lofty Theatre, graciously for this Time condescending to hear what was spoke without speaking her self, now and then smiled him an Assent; and where the greatest Glare appeared, with an Inclination of her Head, was pleased to nod him her Approbation.

‘ Madam, began the Minister, I bring in the Person of Lord *Rutlins*, the most obedient of your Servants; Conscious of well performing his Duty, he throws himself at your sacred Feet, in Expectation of your further Commands.

‘ I come, Madam, to report to your Majesty, Particulars which we have industriously concealed from the World; Particulars of the last Campaign. Care has been taken, Madam, to prevent all *Eclat*; for those Persons who could have informed the World, are most of them dead, and the Rest secured in the Prisons of our Enemies.

‘ What your Majesty heard of Lord *Horatio* last Year, is little to what has been performed in this. He took Towns, and over-ran Kingdoms; drove *Zulema* the *Moorish* King, into Despair! put the Capital of *Iberia* into the Possession of *Cesar’s* Forces, and left us scarce a Possibility (had we not been Masters of the greatest *Finess*) to depart from those Advantages he had gain’d! Our Business was not to give away, but lose; we must yet pretend to keep, what we were willing should be taken.

' taken. *Rutilius*, (who under the late Em-
 ' peror obtain'd so much Renown) found
 ' it a harder Task to fly than fight! but
 ' nothing, Madam, seem'd impossible to a
 ' General, who aim'd at the entire Glory
 ' of pleasing only your most sacred Majesty.
 ' Lord *Horatio* left this General, Madam,
 ' in the Possession of the Capital; and in
 ' that, we may safely say of all *Iberia*. What
 ' was to be done amidst that Throng of
 ' Success? It had still been ours, had not
 ' his memorable Arts diverted King *Rode-*
 ' *rigo* from coming to assure the Possession!
 ' Forty Days, Madam, it was in your paci-
 ' fick General's Hands! he had all that Time
 ' to consider how he might lose it with the
 ' better Grace! he began, by neglecting to
 ' lay in the Magazines that were indis-
 ' pensable towards its Preservation. At the
 ' same time regardless of the important City
 ' of *Toletum*, he left it to the Care of that
 ' holy Priest the Lord Arch-Bishop, who,
 ' besides his Prayers and exemplary Life,
 ' which was certainly able to defend it, had
 ' on all Occasions approved himself such a
 ' stedfast Friend to the House of *Roderigo*,
 ' such an inveterate Enemy to that of *Zule-*
 ' *ma*; and therefore stood in need of
 ' none of your Majesty's Forces to keep
 ' him and his Capital in the Interest of
 ' *Cæsar*.
 ' I formerly made your imperial Majesty
 ' sensible how tedious and difficult was the
 ' Rout which we persuaded King *Roderigo*
 ' to

' to take round by *Cæsar Augusta*. He was
 ' advanced twelve Leagues up the River;
 ' your considerate General drew off the
 ' Forces from the Capital, as in Duty
 ' bound, to meet and conduct the trium-
 ' phant Monarch! Cou'd any Thing be
 ' more plausible? Cou'd any Thing carry
 ' with it a better Face? The whole Coun-
 ' try, as well as the Capital, was left de-
 ' fenceless! expressly left to fall into King
 ' *Zulema's* Power! who retook it with only
 ' five hundred Horse; and as if that was
 ' not a sufficient Blow, we left the impor-
 ' tant Pass of *Complutum* regardless! A Pass,
 ' Madam, that secured to us all that Part of
 ' the Kingdom of the *Carpetani*! as we had
 ' well foreseen, the *Moorish* King did, be-
 ' cause he could not but, seize on it, to-
 ' gether with all our *Pontons*.

' Is not this coming directly into your
 ' imperial Majesty's Sentiments? the Capi-
 ' tal lost! the important Pass of that King-
 ' dom lost! all Men stood in a Gaze! they
 ' saw *Zulema's* Success with wonder, but
 ' they knew not the Springs from whence
 ' he derived his Success! or how it was pos-
 ' sible, in so short a time, he should retrieve
 ' his Affairs, from that desperate State Lord
 ' *Horatio's* Victories had precipitated them
 ' into. Mean Time your General has so
 ' much Address, King *Roderigo* does not at
 ' all suspect but that he was doing his Duty:
 ' Was he not marching to conduct his *Ibe-*
 ' *rian* Majesty to the Capital? How could
 ' he

‘ he then be presumed to be accountable
 ‘ for the Loss of it? ’Tis impossible a
 ‘ Person should be at the same Time in two
 ‘ different Places.

‘ He further took care, Madam, to omit
 ‘ that Indispensable of War, good Intelli-
 ‘ gence. Your sacred Majesty knows Lord
 ‘ *Rutilius*’s Genius too well; are too well
 ‘ acquainted with his native Diligence and
 ‘ Address, to suspect that he could be remiss
 ‘ without a Cause, the greatest Cause, obey-
 ‘ ing your most inviolable Commands! In
 ‘ a Word, Madam, the Enemy was within
 ‘ a League of your Majesty’s Army on the
 ‘ other side the River, before the Legions
 ‘ were informed that there was a *Persian*
 ‘ returned into *Iberia*.

‘ What was next to be done? Your deci-
 ‘ sive General declared, That there was a
 ‘ Necessity for us to abandon the Kingdom
 ‘ of the *Carpetani* to the Enemy: The Ar-
 ‘ my implicitly obeyed him; tho’ we might
 ‘ have subsisted, had we retreated to *Concha*,
 ‘ which was still ours, and advantageously
 ‘ situated upon the Ridge of a Hill between
 ‘ two Rivers, garrison’d with three thou-
 ‘ sand Men. *Rutilius* knew better, Madam,
 ‘ how to serve, than by making so false a
 ‘ Step which might still have preserved us the
 ‘ *Carpetani*! In a Word, he retreated into
 ‘ the adjacent Kingdom, and to compleat
 ‘ the Ruin, permitted the Master-stroke;
 ‘ That Garrison to fall into the Hands of
 ‘ *Zulema*.

' Here, Madam, all our Desires had been
 ' fulfill'd, we should have no further Use
 ' of *Finess*, but for that unthinking Fool
 ' Lord *Tripbonius*; who, as he had not
 ' Sense enough to penetrate your General's
 ' Design, had too little Artifice to be let
 ' into it. He prevented the Blow! a Blow
 ' which had not needed a Second! In short,
 ' Madam, he secur'd our Retreat against the
 ' Design of *Rutilius*, who did not intend we
 ' should have made any. The Opportunity
 ' was fair, without his Assistance your Ar-
 ' my had been cut off at once. But to re-
 ' trieve this false Step (your General know-
 ' ing he was offering a meritorious Sacrifice, not
 ' only to your imperial Majesty, but to the
 ' God-like *Stauracius*) he threw his Troops
 ' into unwall'd Towns! where it was in-
 ' dispensable, that they must become a Prey
 ' to the *Moorish* King; which accordingly,
 ' one after another, they did. In that Win-
 ' ter's Campaign, *Rutilius* squandered seven
 ' thousand Men; an inconsiderable Num-
 ' ber in the Estimation of him, who, were
 ' it in his Power, would offer Hecatombs,
 ' to gain a Smile from your auspicious
 ' Majesty.

' After so considerable a Loss, it became
 ' impossible to prevent, at least the *Feint* of
 ' sending Succours to your exhausted Legions
 ' in *Iberia*. Lord *Lalius* was ordered to march
 ' from *Lusitania* with a Reinforcement.
 ' Your Majesty can't be forgetful of the
 ' Reputation he had acquired under the late
 ' in-

' invincible Emperor *Leo*. We were alarm'd
 ' at his Fidelity to *Cæsar*, and his Capacity
 ' in War! we therefore endeavour'd, as
 ' the first of these Talents was useless to
 ' your Majesty, to make the other so to
 ' King *Roderigo*. He had been promised;
 ' that at his Arrival, he should find Maga-
 ' zines ready; tho' at that Time that we
 ' made him that Promise, we knew the
 ' Contractors could not procure them till
 ' thirty Days after. I do not doubt but he
 ' suspected our Design, and therefore in-
 ' sisted upon Orders for retreating. We
 ' sent them to him indeed, when we hop'd
 ' it was too late. But his wise Foresight
 ' prevented us; by retreating of himself
 ' the Day before the Orders came: Else
 ' he and all his Army had been cut
 ' off.

' But, Madam, notwithstanding the In-
 ' dustry of your faithful General, there were
 ' some of those old Troops remaining, who,
 ' under Lord *Horatio*, had been inur'd to
 ' Difficulties and Conquest; we could not
 ' be safe whilst they were living Witnesses of
 ' his Glory, and our Infamy. A Battle
 ' would probably carry them off! 'Twas
 ' what, that prudent General always advis'd
 ' against: Ground enough for us to pursue
 ' contrary Measures: His Business was to
 ' preserve *Iberia*, ours to lose it: What
 ' Methods more certain than the Reverse
 ' of his? Here, Madam, the devoted *Ruti-*
 ' *lius* exerted himself with more than com-

' mon Ardor. He well knew he was to
 ' lead Men that used to overcome against
 ' Odds! They who had found all Things
 ' possible, believed there was nothing im-
 ' possible! To allay their Heat and give
 ' them a slender Mortification, he sat down
 ' before a Town which had nothing to de-
 ' fend it but an old Castle, to which we
 ' applyed some useless battering Rams.
 ' Here he lay a Week, without designing
 ' to make any Progress in the Siege, and
 ' then drew off, after having lost more
 ' Men before it than Lord *Horatio* did,
 ' at the taking the Maritime Metropo-
 ' lis.

' Nothing but a Battle could yet deter-
 ' mine the Fate of *Iberia*; the Soldiers were
 ' still ardent for Fight. Lord *Rutilius*, Ma-
 ' dam, thought he might venture upon the
 ' Report of the *Persian's* superior Strength;
 ' a true Account of their Army having been
 ' brought him twelve Days before, by
 ' two Deserters of no less Degree than
 ' Centurions.

' Here, Madam, your immortal General
 ' was all himself! whatever Penetration!
 ' Conduct! Reflection! Judgment! could
 ' produce, were eminent in Him! He had
 ' a Task entirely new, all was to be de-
 ' bated with his own judicious Breast! there
 ' was none to trust in that important Af-
 ' fair. He was to fight but not to over-
 ' come! shou'd he at first have fled, his
 ' Men would never have follow'd him, and
 ' those

' those who had survived, probably might
 ' have accused him to the Senate. The
 ' *Coup de Grace* was in being beaten, as
 ' other Generals are, against their Inten-
 ' tions. The *Persians* were then three
 ' Leagues distant, the Disadvantage is ob-
 ' vious of attacking with an inferior Num-
 ' ber, an Enemy advantageously posted. The
 ' Plain was about a League over, surround-
 ' ed on every Side by Hills; He took care
 ' to fatigue his Army the Morning they
 ' were to fight, with a March of three
 ' Leagues. The Enemy were drawn up in
 ' two Lines, besides a Body of Reserve:
 ' We had but one compleat Line, and about
 ' half another, with no Body of Reserve.
 ' Our Foot was exposed in the Plain, the
 ' Horse posted on the Sides of the Hill;
 ' your Majesty, tho' a Woman unskill'd in
 ' War, cannot but form an Idea of the pre-
 ' posterous Disposition, where the Infantry
 ' were exposed to the utmost Disadvantage,
 ' and the Cavalry removed from assisting
 ' them.

' The *Lusitanian* General, as it had been
 ' suspected by *Rutilius*, fled with three thou-
 ' sand Horse before a Blow was struck;
 ' what shall I say, Madam, their Destiny
 ' was inevitable; tho' your Soldiers, worthy
 ' of a better Fate, did all, and more than
 ' Men could be supposed to do, yet, intrepid
 ' as they were, they must be vanquished.
 ' The Contest was bloody! the Event mor-
 ' tal! How many brave Men lost their
 M 3 Lives?

' Lives? How many of those, who with
 ' *Horatio* were Conquerors, now became
 ' conquered? The Fight lasted but an
 ' Hour, yet was it not the less fatal. Be-
 ' hold, the Marks of it remaining in your
 ' wounded General. 'Tis perhaps, Madam,
 ' the only Battle where all that fought,
 ' except himself, were either kill'd or taken
 ' Prisoners.

' Here, Madam, ended *Cæsar's* Empire in
 ' *Iberia!* here ended *Roderigo's* Reign! This
 ' Campaign, which had lasted but three
 ' Weeks, was decisive! what remains is
 ' but the Shadow of Royalty, of which that
 ' titular Monarch must not yet be dispossest-
 ' ed: 'Twill serve for a Pretence to the Se-
 ' nate for perpetual Imposts: Which, like
 ' those which have already been given,
 ' must still remain (as I ever shall) un-
 ' der your imperial Majesty's Dispensa-
 ' tion.

' We have found our selves obliged, Ma-
 ' dam, to give some Account to the Pub-
 ' lick; those who have lost their Parents!
 ' Children! Husbands and Friends! will
 ' be inquisitive; there's something due to
 ' their Tears; if they hear a plausible Rea-
 ' son, 'tis a Relief to the Bitterness of their
 ' Woe! our first Pretence for Fighting was
 ' Want of Provision, tho' it was easy for
 ' us, Madam, to have retired to where
 ' we had winter'd; the Kingdom of the
 ' *Edetani* was still in a Condition to sup-
 ' port us; accordingly we had promised
 ' King

‘ King *Roderigo*, to return that way to meet his Majesty in *Celtiberia*.

‘ Our second Pretence is, That that King had taken six thousand Men from us; they do not see that would have been a good Reason against fighting: The credulous World can believe more than we have Occasion to impose. The Truth is, he had taken but one thousand, and lest we should have been too strong, the Rest were left in Garrisons upon the Sea-Coast.

‘ The third Reason persuades, That our Communication with the Kingdom of the *Edetani*, where we had winter’d would have been cut off, unless we could pass those Plains, which the Enemy were possess’d of.

‘ But, Madam, we were nearer to the Kingdom of the *Edetani*, and the Country between *Setabis* and *Saguntum* (not more fam’d for *Hannibal*, than now for *Horatio*) when we were under the Walls of that old Town we vainly had besieg’d; I must thus demonstrate it to your sacred Majesty; the Town being but three Leagues distant, the Field of Battle five, ’tis easy to query which was nearest.

‘ The Parallel would not be difficult to make between the two Generals: Lord *Horatio* could not gain with a greater Rapidity and Vigour, than the other has lost: *Horatio* struggled through a thousand Difficulties to conquer! *Rutilius* has not waded thro’ fewer to be overcome! *Horatio*

' could not subdue more in one Campaign,
 ' than *Rutilius* permitted to be subdu'd in
 ' another ! The former was Matter of Ruin
 ' to your Majesty's Interest, the latter has
 ' put your Security beyond Dispute. I do
 ' not doubt, but by your punishing of One,
 ' and your well-rewarding the Other, none
 ' will hereafter dare to pursue any Com-
 ' mands, but those of your most sacred Ma-
 ' jesty and the invincible *Stauracius*.

The *Juncto* went on in securing, to them-
 selves and their Dependents, all Offices of
 Profit and Trust: Now was the Navy, Le-
 gions, Senate, Treasury, the Citadels possess'd
 by their Creatures. The Orthodox were
 not only discouraged, and Idolaters ad-
 vanc'd ; but care was taken to chuse Magi-
 strates for the City, and People from such
 who were devoted to the Ministry. *Cesar*
 was no longer mentioned, or but barely
 mentioned, as Matter of Form only : He
 was seen as rarely as the eastern Princes of
 old ; encompass'd with none but Spies !
 Creatures of the Empresses, that carried his
 every Sigh, his least Whisper with *Leonidas*,
 to the Apartment o' *Irene*. Never any
 Court had so dull an Air, those noble Ap-
 pearances, *Naumachia*'s, the Circus, Assem-
 blies ! Glories of former Reigns, were dwindle
 into distrustful Forms, and outward Sa-
 lutations : They even endeavoured to per-
 suade the Emperor, that he loved not Con-
 versation, that Company did not agree with
 his Health and Constitution, and often con-
 dol'd

dol'd with his Imperial Majesty, the Fatigue they were obliged to give him in signing of Dispatches: All other Marks of Authority were usurped by the *Juncto*. Could it have been effected, they would have found an Expedient to unburthen him of *That*. *Amilius*, scarce vouchsafing to tell him any further, than that such and such Papers required his Hand; and when *Cesar* would sometimes attempt to have Reasons given, he would huddle up his Bundle, pretend being short'ned in Time, or grow displeas'd, as if *Cesar* distrusted his Capacity or Fidelity, and be for laying down the Imperial Load, resigning to those whom his Majesty had a greater Confidence in.

Constantine, who cost the Empire much less in his personal Expence, than any of the *Cesar's* had done, having no Privy-purse but what was of the *Cabal*, would sometimes send a Command to Lord *Amilius* for Money; the saucy *State-Edile* would not vouchsafe to rise from his Dice or Chess-board, but send by a common Hand, perhaps the twentieth Part of what had been demanded, saying, That was all could be procured; and when next he went to *Constantine*, would be sure to recommend good Husbandry, and to tell him the Emptiness of the Treasury, the exorbitant Expence of the War, whilst himself and his Family squandered in Gaming, and hoarded in their Coffer, more than any of the Race of Favourites had ever done.

Mean time, the titular Emperor sees non approach his Person, but such as are Slaves to the Ministry; his Servants, Officers, Friends, (but alas, those were disincouraged from approaching him) officiated, as they were placed by others, without either Love or Reverence to his Person; their Duty was transferred to them that had the Power, those who could advance and maintain them in their Posts, *Cæsar* had not any to give: His Guards, his Rods and Axes were Pageantry, the Out-side of Empire, an Imperial Slave, a Royal Captive in the Midst of a numerous Train; he saw none that he durst trust, unless *Leonidas*, who could only see, but not break the Captivity of his Master.

Now might be said of the Greek Empire, what had been formerly of the Carthaginian State, when *Hannibal* had made them so often victorious: *Never were the Affairs of the Common-wealth more flourishing, and never more desperate; never had it greater Reputation abroad, or greater Misery at home.* *Stauracius* had yet one Step to take, before he would condescend to give Peace to the Empire: As he was already by Favour rais'd to a Height above all Favourites, he would secure to himself a Fortune lasting, as great. The Empress, his Wife, incessantly influenc'd his Ambition. *Herminius* and his Party gave them continual Apprehensions, those nobler Patricians that in former Reigns had served their Country in Posts that were now filled by People of Yesterday,

day, continually alarm'd them with their Discontents; such, born great, with the noblest Blood of *Rome* in their Veins, were totally unemploy'd and discountenanced. A few had usurped the Royalties of many; Those who (before their successful Ministry) durst have scarce crouded into Sight, now blazed with an awkward Glare, full in the Face of the old *Roman* Nobility. The *Valerii*, the *Agrippi*, the *Curtii*, and the *Fabii*, &c. these were the dreaded Champions of the Empire's Liberty; these were they who would not come into any Measures destructive to the Constitution. *Stauracius* was therefore resolved to raise himself above needing what he could not gain; a Proposition was made to the *Juncto* to create him *Perpetual! Father of the Empire*, and *Commander of the Legions for Life!* A Title which equal'd that of *Dictator*, so long since laid aside. In return, he was to maintain them in the Places they held; and after the Death of *Cæsar*, (if *Stauracius* chanc'd to survive him) to endeavour, by Favour of the Soldier, at restoring the Consular State, or to abolish Hereditary Right, that so the Empire might never hereafter be Successive, but become entirely Elective: The Ministry and Senate should henceforward chuse their *Cæsars* themselves: *Stauracius* stood the fairest, and in prospect of being the first; till then he was to be made Head. They had not yet enter'd upon so detestable a Proposition, as laying the Emperor aside; tho' alas! what

a Shadow must he have been, when the Substance, the Army, was irrevokably under the Command of another. As to Religion, they unanimously voted the Extirpation of the *Orthodox*, and the Propagation of *Herefy*: This had long been in their View; for some Years backward, as any Dignity of the Church fell, the Promotion was sure to be made in Favour of an Idol-Worshipper. My Lord of *Antioch* had likewise invented new Terms of Allegiance to *Cesar*, such as, he believed, could only be taken by *Schismatics*, by which he hoped the *Orthodox* would have been unqualified for any Offices of Trust and Profit; not foreseeing how potently the Church would contend, the Brethren striving with one another which should give *Constantine* strongest Proofs of their Duty! firm Adherence! and unchangeable Loyalty. The Episcopal Sees had been gradually filled with such who were to preach up the Power of the Ministry, the precarious Title of *Cesar's* Right of Obedience from his People, or rather, that *Cesar* was made by Scripture to be subservient to them; Emperors being created for common Good, and whenever they forfeited their Trust, it had been found expedient, *That one Man should die for the Sins of the People.*

Mean Time the Wisdom of the *Juncto* deliver'd themselves by their Oracle, Lord *Cicero*. Before they would bring the Senate and Army to make Lord *Stauracius* Perpetual, they required that himself and the Empress should
give

give them Proof that they were absolutely in their Interest; lest when an irrevocable Trust was once confer'd, they should join with the Emperor, and by such means, becoming stronger than the *Juncto*, dissolve them at Pleasure, and give their Authority and Profits to others.

The Expedient found, was, that *Irene* should behave her self with Disrespect and Insolence, more than ordinary, to the Emperor; and that Lord *Stauracius* should take the first Opportunity to dispute *Constantine* Commands; so to make an irreconcilable Breach, and to let *Cæsar* understand, that he was now to be commanded by him.

Your Highness may believe, it did not cost the haughty *Irene* much to act the Part that was given her! She readily forgot Blood Gratitude! Kindness! Reverence! and the Duty and Acknowledgment that a Favourite Subject should pay a Monarch! there was nothing disrespectful or abrupt that she did not quickly become guilty of, leaving the very Place with Contempt, the Minute before *Cæsar* was to enter it: Rarely appearing in the Presence, but when she was sent for and then with an Air so extremely averse or thoughtless, as if she were alone, so that it could be no longer doubted, but her Emperor was not only become her Aversion, but her Scorn. Upon any Indisposition, (as *Constantine* had but a weak Constitution) instead of assisting him with ready Love, and dutiful Service; she would, in his very hearing reproach

reproach ——— and fogh ——— at his Infirmities, ——— be sick, ——— and could not eat in three Days after such odious Sights ——— Oh! unparallell'd Angel-Goodness in *Cæsar*, not to send her to another World, instead of letting her live to make him her Mockery in this.

Irene thus admirably acting the Part that was enjoyned her, gave the *Juncto* no Cause to doubt of her being sincerely in their Interest: But it was now Time for *Stauracius* to exert himself: One of the *Tribuni Militum* was lately dead; *Cæsar* thought fit to transfer *Leonidas's* Brother to that Post, (who was already *Tribune* in another Legion, tho' not so ancient as were the *Armenian* Legions) a Person without Exception, and who had long served the Empire in the *Persian* War. At another Time perhaps *Stauracius* would not have so highly resented it; he had no mighty Crash of Passion in his Composition, he did not care to be warm'd, it must be a very great Occasion that rais'd his Phlegm, tho' he could personate sometimes: Accordingly he went to Court, and the Emperor having told him, that he had made *Leonidas's* Brother *Tribune*, in one of the *Armenian* Legions; *Stauracius* fell into all the Indecency both of Manners and Expression that was required! 'He reproach'd *Cæsar* with the bad Return he made to all his important, faithful Services; the Blood he had Spilt; the Triumphs he had procured him: Therefore to have the
: Officers

‘ Officers in his own Army made without
 ‘ his Knowledge, and one prefer’d whose
 ‘ Right it was not, was such an Indignity
 ‘ he could never forgive! And very well
 ‘ knowing the Use they had made the Em-
 ‘ peror believe he had of his unequal’d Ser-
 ‘ vice, he told *Cæsar* he would serve no more
 ‘ nor never see his Face again! so abruptly
 ‘ leaving the Presence, he departed the
 ‘ Court with the same Air and Fury.’

Now indeed helpless *Cæsar* was the world
 of Slaves! a Prodigy! an obeying Monarch
 the Ingratitude of that Monster *Stauracius*
 out-did all Example; He, that had been rais’d
 by *Constantine*’s unweary’d Bounty! reward-
 ed with all the Honours of an Empire
 overwhelmed with wealth! cover’d with
 Favour and Indulgence! next to *Cæsar* in
 the Imperial Throne! more glorious! more
 happy! more rich and powerful than him-
 self! To repay him so ungratefully for a
 his Bounties! his Love, his Tenderneſs
 this was an Arrow in the Heart of the af-
 flicted Monarch! the mighty Anguish wrung
 Tears of Woe from his Eyes! Who should he
 unburthen himself to? none! none! but
 his faithful *Leonidas*, the only Creature of
 his Trust; all besides had been frown’d away
 from Court, or were at the Devotion of the
 new Criminal, and therefore not fit to be
 advis’d with.

Poor *Leonidas* no ſooner heard what had
 occasioned the Diſpute, but he humbly
 threw himſelf at *Cæſar*’s Feet, to beg he
 wou

would please to accept the Sacrifice he willingly made him, of what he had been graciously pleas'd to bestow upon his Brother: Nay, conjur'd the Emperor not to embroil himself with so great a Man as *Stauracius*, but by all means to be reconciled to him with the soonest. *Constantine* took the Advice, and sent for the haughty Offender, whom he could not forbear to reproach, yet with such Tenderness, as would have melted any other but a Barbarian's Heart: In conclusion, *Cæsar* told him he yielded the Point, he would no longer insist upon the Disposal of the Legion, tho' 'twas given away; but in favour of him, whom he was always us'd to oblige, he had recalled the Grant, and now he might do what he would with it. This unexpected Goodness defeated Lord *Stauracius's* Designs; but he had done enough to satisfy the *Junio*, no longer distrustful either of the Empress's or his Lordship's Sincerity. They went on forming Cabals, tampering with Senators, buying and bribing Voices, in order to raise him to that unexampled Dignity. And that they might further mortify *Cæsar*, and satisfy *Irene's* particular Spleen, it was resolved, that a Petition should be made to the Emperor, that *Leonidas* might be discharged the Imperial Service: To that Height of Insolence and Barbarity were they arrived, as not to leave him one inferior Servant to attend him in his very Bed-chamber that was
not

not intirely in their Interest, and consequently ingaged against their Master's.

Herminius, watchful as the Guardian Genius of the Empire, had Spies in the very Closets of the Ministers: Seeing the Exigency, he sent to give *Leonidas* Notice of their Design, and conjur'd him to procure an Opportunity with the soonest, for him to speak to *Cesar* alone, without the Notice of the *Juncto*. This was difficult to accomplish, the unhappy Monarch (amidst the Hearts and Hands of Millions of Millions of Loyal Subjects, that would have prostrated their Families and Fortunes, nay, have dy'd for him) was kept a Captive to a handful of Conspirators, besieg'd in his own Imperial Palace! environ'd with Spies, and brow-beaten by Favourites! 'till it became impossible for him to have that Freedom of Conversation which his meanest Subjects enjoy'd. In the most glorious Reign that the Empire had for many Ages possessed; He! who was the Source of that Brightness, languished in Darknes! shut out from the Light of Society! Friendship! Duty! and all those Marks of Affection and Reverence, which his doating People, had they been permitted, would have crouded to bestow! amidst the Shouts and Joy with which his indulgent Sway did cheer their Heart, his alone was heavy! desolate! and discontented! tho' more beloved than all the *Cesars* put together; treated with Contempt and Aversion, and which was the most mournful Circumstance,

cumstance, brought to this Condition, by having loved, and trusted too far; by having armed these very Men against him! by having given them Power to be Ingrates, who in themselves had been Nothing! without Weight! Dignity! Interest! or any Merit to recommend, or make them formidable.

Blind and Partial Dispensation; should not the *Genii* of Kings, have a double Portion of Intelligence and Capacity to elect the Grateful and reject the Unworthy? Had *Constantine's* been blest'd with that Illumination, where would ever have been the Authority! Riches! Dignity of *Irene!* *Stauracius!* *Amilius!* &c.

Herminius appeared to the Emperor in this dangerous Conjunction, to supply the Remissness of his Angel; he discovered at large the Designs of his Favourites, told him 'It was only from himself, that those
' Men durst take Leave to destroy himself,
' and that but till *Cæsar* was pleased to exert the Authority of *Cæsar*. Nations would
' assist him in dispersing that hated *Cabal*:
' All Orders of Men groaned under their
' Tyranny: The Church shrouded up her
' mournful Beauties, under the dark Curtain of Persecution. Her Purity was defiled! her Faith exploded and ridicul'd,
' as simple and old! Hereticks and Atheists brought in to wear her Honours,
' whilst the lawful Possessors were discountenanced and persecuted! her Doctrine
' wrested

‘ wrested to speak the Language of Ruin to
 ‘ the Hierarchy and Sovereignty, an odious
 ‘ Explanation, by way of Limitation, being
 ‘ lately brought in, to introduce Rebellion
 ‘ and Prophaneness.

‘ That, as to *Emilius*, he had the su-
 ‘ perior Hatred, stood in the foremost Rank
 ‘ of Aversion with the People; (tho’ twas
 ‘ confessed, *Cetbegus* and *Cataline* came fast
 ‘ behind him); his publick Depeculations
 ‘ were unprecedented! the tremendous
 ‘ Abuse of the Navy was such (wherein
 ‘ Lord *Curio* was deeply involved) that the
 ‘ Coelestial Throne was continually invaded
 ‘ by the Groans and Cries of the despair-
 ‘ ing Mariner; their howling Wives! and
 ‘ starving Infants! such unheard of Villany
 ‘ and Cruelty had been practised upon those
 ‘ miserable Wretches, that no Slaves were
 ‘ ever so reduced! no Condition of Humanity
 ‘ so deplorable! Besides the Injustice
 ‘ wrought towards *Cesar*, and the Empire
 ‘ in Property, there was a black and horri-
 ‘ ble Accusation standing ready, to con-
 ‘ found and over-whelm these rapacious Pa-
 ‘ tricians. Nor was their Pride less noto-
 ‘ rious than their Injustice! the trusting
 ‘ Merchant was obliged to attend each suc-
 ‘ cessive Morn, for successive Years, the
 ‘ Uprising of the haughty *Emilius*: Like
 ‘ Statues in dumb Rank, upon Pain of the
 ‘ greatest Misfortune, his Lordship’s Dis-
 ‘ pleasure, they durst not speak, durst not
 ‘ prefer their Suit, till his gracious Nod
 ‘ was

‘ was pleased to distinguish them; to their
 ‘ irreparable Loss of Time, Ruin of their
 ‘ Credit, joined to no less a Grievance,
 ‘ the prodigious Discount upon Pay-
 ‘ ments.

‘ As to *Stanracius*, never was any Gene-
 ‘ ral so little beloved by his own Legions;
 ‘ indeed since *Crassus*, none had been so
 ‘ greedy of Property; nor would he be any
 ‘ longer formidable, when once *Emilius*
 ‘ was displac’d, who had hinder’d him to
 ‘ conclude a Peace, that inestimable Good.
 ‘ The lawless Power of the Conspirators
 ‘ once reduc’d, it was not to be doubted
 ‘ but he would content himself with being
 ‘ the second Person of the Empire, without
 ‘ any longer aiming to become the first; he
 ‘ new born to a grateful Sense of those un-
 ‘ bounded Honours with which his Services
 ‘ had been repay’d.

‘ True, it would be difficult for those
 ‘ who enter’d upon Affairs, to draw them
 ‘ from that Abyss and Perplexity wherein
 ‘ they were plung’d; yet that was all they
 ‘ had for it; now was the Time, or irre-
 ‘ trievable Destruction would overtake the
 ‘ Empire; yet a little longer and their Grie-
 ‘ vances would be past Redress; the speediest
 ‘ and boldest Attempt (when under the
 ‘ Regimen of able Physicians) was often-
 ‘ times the best; those who could apply
 ‘ proper and fortunate Remedies, might
 ‘ expect, from Application and Time a for-
 ‘ tunate Event. Such as the renowned *Ho-*
 ‘ *ratio*,

'ratio, *Nicephorus*, who had been fortunately
 'conceal'd in a College at *Athens*, from
 'Irene's Persecution, and was now within
 'his own Palace, ready to assist, as became
 'the Champion of the Church, and the
 'Uncle of *Cesar*. The generous and po-
 'pular Prince of *Campania*: The royal
 'Blood of *Ancus Tullius*, was eager to be
 'spilt in so just a Cause: *Poplicola*, and the
 'far fam'd Orator his Brother: *Cato*, that
 'old and renown'd Buckler of the Empire,
 'who in former Reigns had so successfully
 'opposed the growing Greatness of the
 'Persian: *Agrippa*, who had never unbent
 'his Brow upon the Faction, but with firm
 'Adherence to Religion, and stedfast Loyalty
 'to *Cesar*, had made a Stand to their
 'perpetual Inroachments, and with his
 'Strength of Eloquence and Reason, had so
 'often strip'd them naked to the World.
 'That divine Orator and civilian *Pomponius*,
 'who with such Force of Argument and
 'prodigious Judgment, had defended the
 'holy Patriarch. *Julius*, who had already
 'join'd the Wisdom! Counsel! Experi-
 'ence! Capacity of Age; to the Fire, Vi-
 'vacity, and Execution of the Young. Seve-
 'ral more, who, to the Glory of Religion,
 'were irreproachable, and adorn'd with
 'such concurrent Vertues, that no Age or
 'Reign could boast of so many great and
 'dis-interested Patriots: These were ready,
 'with their Lives and Property, to assist his
 'Majesty, in dissolving that new and hated
 'Hy.

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' *Hypothesis*, Duty and Affection to the Ministry, Contempt or Forgetfulness of *Cæsar*, who seem'd contented to be treated as one deposed, or under extream Minority, or as if the State labour'd under an *Interregnum*, where in doing nothing, Heaven would yet think him answerable for all that he permitted to be done; the Hardships inflicted upon his suffering People, and the Out-rage offer'd to Religion.

' Nor could his imperial Majesty long flatter himself with Safety to his Person, from a Set of Men who contriv'd how to take him Prisoner in his Bed-chamber; leaving none There to attend him, but what were Slaves to their arbitrary Will. *Leonidas* was to be dragg'd from his Service, *Stauracius* declar'd Perpetual, and then it would be too late to ward the Danger when the finishing Stroak was given.

But as the Crown of all, the artful *Herminius* contriv'd to dispossess *Cæsar* of that fatal Ring: Then might have been seen the Force of Magick: *Constantine* rousing himself from that Lethargy, which having run its Course, can stupify no more. *Herminius* beheld the lazy Vapour of Indolence breaking from around the ease Emperor; slowly it arose, and still ascending, left him at length ————— strengthened ————— confirm'd ————— bright ————— and all himself ————— *Herminius* ravish'd to behold his sovereign Lord returning to his native Vertue, fell at his Feet in Raptures

tures that bespoke his Loyalty and Trans-
 ports. *Cæsar* striving with the last dying
 Efforts of that soporiferous Prepossession,
 ' Bid *Herminius* speak again, he had but
 ' half heard before. Could *Stauracius* be so
 ' brutal? him! whom he had adorn'd with
 ' Honours till there was none but that of
 ' *Cæsar* left to bestow! In Return, could he
 ' not permit his Maker, to receive the Ser-
 ' vices of one faithful Domestick? How
 ' ugly did the Beauties of that Man appear,
 ' when deform'd by Ambition! Ingrati-
 ' tude! and Treason? *Horatio's* Letters,
 ' which *Herminius* presented, warm'd him
 ' with new Sense of Danger and Glory;
 ' he admitted and hated the miserable Infa-
 ' tuation he had labour'd under, told his
 ' honest Counsellor the Particulars of that
 ' Distrust they had given him concerning
 ' the Principles held by the Orthodox; his
 ' most faithful Relations and Friends: A
 ' new Soul! new Life! inspir'd his Frame!
 ' He call'd upon his noble Uncle and his
 ' suffering Children! He could not enough
 ' wonder how he had so long been blinded,
 ' so long overwhelmed with a fatal Lethar-
 ' gy! been so very stupid as to center in one
 ' House, all Honours! all Regards! all Af-
 ' fection! and by them so far over-ruled,
 ' as to turn out all his faithful Kindred and
 ' dutious Servants, to make Room for a
 ' Number of petty Tyrants, more absolute
 ' and imperious than ever the *Spartan Ephori*
 ' had been over the *Lacedemonian* Kings.

‘ In Conclusion, *Constantine* bid *Herminius* summon all those great and trusty Friends that were then in *Constantinople*, to be at his Rising the next Morning. Your Highness need not ask, if these noble *Patriots*, with ready Zeal and intrepid Courage, obeyed the Summons. The Conspirators were justly alarm’d at their Appearance: Some instantly ran to acquaint *Emilius* of this great and dangerous Congress, ’twas time to fly; tho’ his Lordship had even held the Dice, he would have pass’d his Hand in such an Exigency: Rendering himself with extream Precipitation on the Emperor’s Side, he was confounded, when *Leonidas*, with a becoming Boldness, refused him the Door; his Fears immediately carry’d him to refuge in Lord *Geera*’s Opinion. *Cethegus* and the Rest were summon’d; those who could be found, met upon the Debate. ‘ His unerring Lordship did not foresee what Occasion they had to be so excessively alarm’d: ‘ Tho’ *Herminius* was bold and brave, yet he thought, he knew the Business of the State too well at this Juncture, to dare advise the Change of Hands; to go upon new Measures with an empty Treasury! an unpaid Navy! anticipated Imposts! an Empire plung’d so deep in Debt, and engag’d in an uncertain foreign War! It would be not only cooling the People’s Zeal, from whence Supplies must come, but casting Waters on *Stauracius*’s Ardor, making him cold in the Cause of
‘ Con-

Conquest, and perhaps disobliging him to a Degree that he might be brought to quit his Charge.

Cethagus was of Opinion, that they were yet safe, the Emperor had been too deeply prepossess'd against the Orthodox, brought by the *Juncto's* Insinuations, and crafty Fallacies, to distrust and fear all who were not its Creatures. Nor durst even those who would be call'd *Patriots*, embroil Affairs. The Species of the Nation was in the Hands of their Friends; without Money, how could they maintain a War? What was the Name without the Power? The Thunderer without his Thunder? Therefore he resolv'd, that they durst not could not change, or even subsist Independent of the present Ministry.

On the contrary *Emilius's* native Despondency presum'd to offer, that themselves had rather a real than an imaginary Strength. The People were for *Cesar* whom they doated on, as well as on the orthodox Religion. The Time (drawing nigh for the Election of new Magistrates) he feared would quickly convince them, that the Eyes of the World were too soon open upon the *Juncto's* Design. *Herminius*, long since devoted to the Good of the Empire! had Courage to attempt any Measures, that might have a Prospect of reclaiming them from that manifest Walk they were in to Ruin! He had a Genius! Patience! Industry! able so surmount the greatest

‘ Difficulties; and was bold enough (he
 ‘ durst affirm) to attempt them. *Irene* was
 ‘ hated, which occasioned *Cesar*’s being
 ‘ more beloved. On Lord *Stauracius*, al-
 ‘ way faithless and ingrateful! there was
 ‘ no Dependence to be had; so well he
 ‘ knew the native Falsity in him, that to
 ‘ secure himself, that General would not
 ‘ hesitate at betraying what was dearest to
 ‘ him! he did not doubt but upon a good
 ‘ Account he would vote even for taking
 ‘ the Heads of the *Juncto* without Reserve,
 ‘ even of *Emilius*’s; tho’ for his Lord-
 ‘ ship’s Sake, *Emilius* had sacrificed the
 ‘ Empire, and confirm’d himself a Villain!
 ‘ nor should he be in the least surprized to
 ‘ find *Stauracius* making early Offers of Peace
 ‘ and Service to *Lucifer* himself, were he
 ‘ once in Power! in publick disavowing
 ‘ and condemning those very Actions, which
 ‘ he had in private not only approved, but
 ‘ advanced! there was nothing but such a
 ‘ Defection remaining to make the *Father*
 ‘ of the Empire more contemptible than he
 ‘ was, or to the last Degree despised:
 ‘ That should it happen otherways, and
 ‘ *Stauracius* should be disobliged, and have
 ‘ such unexpected Generosity as to prop
 ‘ that Building which had never been rais’d
 ‘ but to sustain his Interest and Glory! *Ho-*
 ‘ *ratio*; disinterested and truly brave, was well
 ‘ capable, not only to command the Forces of
 ‘ the Empire, but to govern the World. He
 ‘ who so miraculously had govern’d himself,

in

“in Point of that Resentment due to the
 ‘Injuries he had received from the *Juncto*.’

Accordingly it was found, that *Emilius*’s desponding Spirit, had dictated more Truth, than either Lord *Cicero*’s solemn Wisdom, or hot *Cetbegus*’s Fire and sanguine Temper; then succeeded that memorable Insurrection of the Legions, and People that has been noised throughout the World! so different from those Principles, which (for more than twenty Years) had been infused into them. It could be interpreted to nothing but the express Finger of God, his Almighty influencing Spirit dispers’d amongst the meanest of the Croud. Then was the formidable *Juncto* dissolved; not punish’d for the Past, only disarm’d of hurting for the future. But to show that they were still the same, unalterable in their Spirit of Restlessness and Ingratitude; not half so thankful for the Power they had so long enjoy’d, as inrag’d for the Deprivation; they bound themselves in a solemn awful Sacrament, to take Revenge upon the Champions of the Church and State! combining their prodigious Wealth! Subtilty! indefatigable Industry! Spirit of Slander! false Reports! and other Auxiliaries! to terrify and distract the People.

Forgive me Heaven, if I erre! When (upon a Recollection of their Behaviour, and the Impatience wherewith they expected every Courier, in hopes ’twould bring News of the *Perfians*’ Success) I believe they wish’d,

(if they did not send) that King Intelligence; by which his prostrate Courage was rous'd to an Interruption of that Treaty of Peace he had so often sued for: But he will find himself deceived, those who are now at the Head of Affairs, have no Interests but that of the Empire; nor need the People scruple to lend their Aid to the Continuation of the War; their Aid! which will be now employ'd to no other Use but to bring the Enemy to advantageous Terms. Scandalous Upstarts, Profligates without Principles or Reputation, have not any longer the Helm: Compare the Prince of *Campaigne*! *Agrippa*! *Horatio*! *Nicephorus*! and *Hermippus*'s Circumstances, with those of *Scarracius*, *Cicero*'s, *Sergius*'s, *Curio*'s, or *Emilius*'s, and then tell us which Party has serv'd the Empire with the cleanest Hands, and most disinterested? Do I judge amiss, If I conclude that those People who gave the *Persian*, *Iberia*, under their own Ministry, would have been pleas'd that he should have got even *Greece*, under that of their Successors? Their laudable Hatred of a Foreign Enemy, was changed into an implacable one for those at Home: They spar'd no Cost to spread false Reports, and disheartning Forgeries amongst the People; and when the Time came for the Election of new Magistrates, how industrious! how expensive and extravagant! by which means they expected their usual Success, especially at *Constantinople*, the Nursery of Faction. But to their
Confusion

Confusion, the *Tribunes* of the People, were all chose from among the Orthodox. The elder Magistrate was called another *Gracchus*, for his Love to the People, his great Abilities and Eloquence! Wise! Brave! and ever Loyal! the Champion of the City! who on all Occasions was watchful of, and advanced her Interest in the Senate. Thro' bred to Business, he had improv'd himself in Literature! His good Sense! Knowledge of Affairs! enduring Honesty! Industry! and Vivacity of Spirit! gave the *Patricians* to see, that all Merit was not confin'd to their Rank. May the Imperial City never want a Person, as well capacitated, and as diligent, in defending her Rights and Liberties!

Herminius was now surnam'd *Brutus*, the new Deliverer of his Country (may the unthankful changing *Greeks* never forget the Benefit) who with an Alloy of Temper, and sincere Intention to propagate *Cæsar's* Glory, and the Good of the Empire, caus'd all Resentment and personal Vindictiveness to subside, even towards those Persons who had offered conditional Pardon, Honours and great Rewards [powerful Temptations] to an indigent Criminal, to throw his Treasons upon *Herminius*! The honest Villain, disdain'd to pay so notorious a Price for Life! God be glorified! that there is still so much Vertue in the Race! A real Traitor to *Cæsar* and the Empire, under Sentence of Condemnation;

gave up his Revenge, and very Being; had better Principles, and a more tender Conscience, than those who would so infamously have bribed him. My Lord of *Antioch*, Bishop as he was, preached up to him in Prison, Merit, arising from his Accusation of *Herminius*! On the contrary, Terrors! in destroying (when he might preserve) his own Life, *viz.* that he became a Self-murderer! and consequently Heir to eternal Damnation! Whereas his Confession would secure him from that tremendous Judgment; and be of eminent Service not only to himself, but to the Empire and Religion.

Herminius forgave the Inhumanity, and rather strove to cement than widen the unhappy Divisions of his Country: Not carrying the Beauties of Religion to an intemperate Region, lest she should be scorched into the Deformity of Persecution. He unveiled the amiable Virgin! expos'd her mild and native Charms! placed her in the Road of Invitation, to allure the Return of those faithless Lovers, who led by Blandishment and interested Arts, had prostrated their Vows and Adorations at an Apostate Shrine!

Stauracius was still continued; *Cesar* hop'd Time and Reason would awaken him from the Golden Dream of lawless Power; and tho' his young Necessities had led him into infamous and ingrateful Measures, yet now all Difficulties of Fortune were surmounted, and himself the richest Subject of the East, he need not be wicked for the Sake of Wickedness!

Wickedness! an *Ethiope* when it became his Interest to be other than Black, without spilling the Water, might permit the kind and gentle Service of those, who would endeavour to make him White.

Then did the vertuous *Leonidas* taste a rest from Persecution, in whom was to be seen the Reverse of that Rapine, Ingratitude, Pride, and Contempt, his Predecessor had been guilty of: Truly generous! recommending for Merit in others, not Reward to himself! Happy those Monarchs whose Favourite are so free from Vice as *Leonidas*.

But to close this long Discourse of Politicks, with something of a delicious Flavour, I have left to the last, to bring your Highness acquainted with the young *Julius*: His Person is indeed such as cannot but be infinitely agreeable to the Fair; to look on him, one would think it the End of his Creation! but to hear him speak! to know, and understand him! we quickly learn that he is equally formed for all Things: A Star which is risen in our dusky Horizon, to light the warring Factions into the immortal Day of Concord, and Agreement. If this Task be ever to be accomplished, *Julius* must be the Man; he only is fit to work the Miracle: Who has such glorious Youth! indefatigable Industry! fine Sense! finished Politicks, as *Julius*? He sets down at an early Age a Martyr to the Empire; to *That* he resigns, in his invaluable Bloom, those Hours so fit for another Monarch, and

which can never return again. *Herminius*, that awful Friend, whose Darling he is, knows such a Genius is scarcely the Produce of ten Ages, and therefore ought to be devoted to publick Good! Now may Arts and Sciences hope for Incouragement; *Julius* can judge as well as reward; perform as well as judge; what pity Business should take from us so excellent, so eminent a Genius? His Word is as sacred as the inviolable Oath of *Sixx*, from which *Jupiter* himself can never recede: Whoever is blest with *That*, may depend upon the certain Performance. In short, his Qualifications, more than his Name, has caus'd the Parallel to be made between him, and that immortal Dictator, *Julius Cæsar*, of whom the Historians say, in Words nicely applicable to our *Julius*, That to the Grandour of his *Mien*, he was endow'd with the greatest Soul, the most magnanimous Spirit, and of the most wonderful Abilities and Accomplishments, that Rome, or perhaps the World, ever saw; whether we consider him in his Care and Vigilance, in his Valour and Conduct, in his Knowledge and Learning, in his Pardoning and Forgetting Injuries! all which noble Qualities made him belov'd and reverenc'd by the People, honour'd and ador'd by his Friends, esteem'd and admir'd, even by his Enemies!

Oh! my Lord said the Princess, let us go to *Constantinople* to see the young *Julius*: he is worth losing one's Heart to so well finish'd a Conqueror as you de-

describe him. In this little History, we reverence, and admire *Herminius*! but with the same Sentiments of Respect, we have something of more Tender: In a word, it may be said, you have made us love *Julius*. Is it his Youth, or the Expectations we have from him, that more intimately inclines the Heart? *Herminius* has already perform'd, is in Possession of our Esteem and Gratitude; but future Hopes carrying the Mind beyond the present Possession, let the Good be never so great, we have a Reserve for *Julius*, that only himself can inspire. *Herminius*, answer'd *Albinus*, will not be displeas'd at the Distinction; as a Proof that he is wholly free from Envy or Emulation, he durst bring that extraordinary Genius into the Light, and is pleas'd to see the World cannot but applaud his Choice: *Julius* repays him back in the tenderest *Species*; their Converse is the Wonder of a degenerate Age, who can no more comprehend than imitate the Beauty of honest Friendship.

As Lord *Albinus* had finish'd his Relation, and was receiving the Thanks of the Princess and the Rest of the Audience, a Gentleman came to tell the Envoy of *Charles* the King, that his Servants were returned from *Nova*, and had brought along with him the learned *Celsus*. *Erbelinda* had been prepossess'd to his Advantage as well as the Company, and begg'd he might be required to repair immediately to her Pavilion, which would be honoured by a Person of his Merit.

After having been presented to the Princess, and allow'd the Grace to kiss her Hand, he was, by her Permission, at leisure to receive those Honours which Lord *Horatio* bestowed upon him; and the Embraces of the Count *St Girrone*, Monsieur *l'Envoye*, and Lord *Albinus*, who did not stay for Ceremony to take him in their Arms. When those Careses were over, *Celsus* acquainted that noble Company, he had met the young *Equestrian Camillus*, at *Nova*, who was come not long since from *Constantinople*, and designed to spend two or three Years in Travel; but hearing Lord *Horatio* was so near, he was ambitious of seeing again the Heroe that had performed so many Miracles for his Country. *Horatio* having assured the Princess, that *Camillus* was a Gentleman perfectly entertaining, with Wit, Humour, and Sense above his Age, good Reading, good Nature, and, in short, Master of every Accomplishment, she sent a Gentleman to the Envoy's Pavilion, (where he waited *Celsus's* Return) to fetch *Camillus*. His fashionable Mien, handsome Person, gay Conversation, quickly won him the Approbation of the Princess and her Court; the Company seem'd enlivened by his and *Celsus's* additional Discourse; *Ethelinda* permitted the Freedom that is necessary to make People easy; and being her self a perfect Mistress of good Breeding, there was no Danger that the Liberty she gave, should make

make any other Person forget, near her, that which is so essential to agreeable Society.

Horatio enquir'd if they came that Morning from *Nova*? and whether they did not find themselves fatigu'd? *Celsus* answered him, That having the Day before received the Honour of his Lordship's Commands, by Monsieur *l'Envoy's* Servants, they had immediately procur'd a *Pass*, which both the Governour and the Emperor *Genferious*, had granted to the Minister of the King of the *Branks*; and they had accordingly, last Night, pass'd thro' the numerous Troops of that Monarch, without expecting the Benefit of the Morning. *Camillus* rejoyned, that they had been so far inconvenienced by their Eagerness of saluting his Lordship, as to take up in a sorry Village at a worse House, where they had pass'd the Night with little Satisfaction, had not an unexpected Adventure happen'd, which had yielded Diversion beyond the Promise of the Place: Having not come far, they found themselves very much at Ease; but tho' they in reality had been fatigu'd before they had enter'd the Princess's Pavilion, they should immediately have forgot every Thing but the Honour of being admitted into a Place where they had received so much.

I am glad, answer'd the Princess, to find *Celsus* without a Pretence of delaying the Design we have upon him. Lord *Horatio* has permitted us to expect a Pleasure which he so well can give us, I mean the Particu-
lar,

lars of the *Iberian* War; and to shew of how much Importance it is to me, I have resolv'd to stay to Day in this Pavilion, and not to proceed in my Journey, tho' I trespass by it upon King *Bernaldus's* Goodness, who impatiently waits my Return. But, Gentlemen, because we hope the Narration is of some Length, and that we should be loth to admit an Interruption, be pleas'd to refresh before Noon with what my Servants are bringing, and we will defer, till after Dinner, Lord *Heracio's* Conquest of *Iberia*; but, pursu'd she, addressing to *Camillus* with that Smile so natural to her, and so irresistible, shall we not hear what Adventure it was that could divert Persons of sense & Taste, as I hear your self and the discerning *Celsus* are, especially in a pitiful *Cyberet* upon the Road? it may amuse us till Dinner. I know not, Madam, *Camillus* modestly reply'd, whether I shall not injure the Relation: Or even whether the Adventure will bear Repetition: Or if your Highness is so easily diverted as I am: You, Madam, who every Day see Variety of Objects, and great Attempts, will perhaps find the Account I shall give of two vain and unfortunate Persons, very dull; but since I am so much honoured by your Highness's Commands, it is my Duty to obey.

Arriving late in that Village, which stands half way between this Place and *Nova*, we found but one House that had any Light in it. Being Strangers, they with Difficulty could

could be brought to open us the Door; but that Point once gain'd, we took care to make our Host as civil as his Nature would suffer him. We could dispense being without a Supper, since that wretched Hovel was not like to afford us any Thing to eat that was tolerable. We only ask'd him for a Bed, and, if it were possible, a Chamber to our selves? Our Landlord quitted his own, assuring us, that was all he could do, because the best Room was taken up by an unfortunate Lady, that had been brought to Bed three Weeks since; and that he had been forced, two Hours before we arriv'd, to put a Gentleman into the same Chamber, in another Bed, who had been arrested for Debt. I understood that this House was a Prison of Ease, as I may call it, to the great One; where wretched People (when forc'd against their Wills to be just) were brought as soon as they could be taken. In this miserable Place they remained, according to the Mercy of their avaricious Keepers: If they found they had little or no Money, they sent them off into other Prisons. Your Highness may believe we did not much care to be among such merciless People; we had a Sort of Horror at it; however, since it was but for a Night, we order'd a good Fire, and secur'd our Door, recommending those who came along with us, to the Care of my Landlord and his best Wine.

I throw

I threw my self down upon the Bed in my Cloaths, expecting only to nod, (*Celsus* was already in a profound Sleep by me,) when I was roused by a charming Voice in the next Apartment, something so musical, that tho' she only spoke, there was Harmony in the Sound. ' All's quiet again, ' Sir, says that lovely Neighbour. Alas! ' sure the New-comers Misfortunes are not ' great, or they have been used to them, ' that they seem quiet so soon. They are ' doubtless fallen asleep, and I may pursue ' our Discourse.

' As I was saying; We have seen one ' another the Object of Admiration: Me- ' thinks there is a Sort of Parity in our ' Destiny in more Things than our present ' uneasy Circumstances! If you are just ' now, Sir, resolved (notwithstanding the ' Obscurity of the Place) upon Shining, ' and design in your Writings to assume ' the Name of *Don Phæbo*;—it is well ' known how often I have blazed! If my ' Birth be not illustrious (for my Mother ' has assuredly told me, I ought to renounce ' the Vanity of being Daughter to the Pa- ' triarch of *Nova*, since her Intimacy with ' him did not begin till after I was in the ' World :) If, Sir, I say my Birth was not ' elevated, yours was not exalted: If I ' have suffered by Love, you have not ' escap'd better by Philosophy. As concern- ' ing our mutual Misfortunes, I take the ' Glory to remain wholly on my Side; ' whereas

‘ whereas you apply’d your Invention to
 ‘ obtain Credit with tricking Pretences,
 ‘ and by plausible Falsities getting your
 ‘ self into Trust! I was importun’d, and
 ‘ sought to, to be trusted; People petition’d
 ‘ me, that I would please to do them the
 ‘ Honour to be in their Debt: Tho’ I
 ‘ think, the End was the same, making a
 ‘ Figure which neither our Rank nor For-
 ‘ tune ever design’d us for.

‘ Have I squander’d vast Sums? you have.
 ‘ not, Sir, been more preserving: There’s,
 ‘ indeed, this Difference, that I made my
 ‘ Expence in the Eye of the World; You,
 ‘ yours in a Corner, and unaccountably:
 ‘ To this Day, ’tis a Miracle how you are
 ‘ still thus distress’d, considering the Ad-
 ‘ vantages and Contributions you have had.
 ‘ For my Part, I was us’d to act the Prin-
 ‘ cess, and was really such in my Heart!
 ‘ I could not eat without so many Dishes
 ‘ of Meat:—It was not possible for me to
 ‘ put my Limbs to that mechanick Motion,
 ‘ Walking: I was forc’d to have my *Ivory*
 ‘ Chair to carry me forth, and a proportio-
 ‘ nable Number of Slaves: I could not live
 ‘ in little dirty Lodgings! nor wear Sandals
 ‘ under the highest Price. I could not suffer
 ‘ the Touch of any Linnen next my Per-
 ‘ son, that was not extravagantly fine: What
 ‘ shall one say, I was so nice, I became un-
 ‘ sufferable to my self; I retain’d nothing of
 ‘ my Birth and Education, but a certain Af-
 ‘ fection to Lovers of my own Degree—Ha
 ‘ —the

' —the Musick of the one — and the
 ' enchanting Voice of another — They
 ' sunk into my Soul! — There's a
 ' strange Delight in bestowing Favours to
 ' Creatures beneath us — those
 ' that believe themselves honoured by our
 ' Concession: Here, Sir, the Parallel still
 ' holds. — You have had the same
 ' amorous Condescension for Inferiors, in-
 ' somuch that I have heard it reported from
 ' your self, that your first Lady's elderly
 ' Charms were the *premier* Favours you ever
 ' tasted from a Gentlewoman; therefore we
 ' have seen two Children born to you, one
 ' from a little Mechanick in a Shop, and the
 ' other from your *Bright Cook-Maid*: Ah!
 ' Sir, have you ravish'd the World with
 ' your Writing! What Raptures has my
 ' Voice occasion'd? Have you been un-
 ' grateful to your Friends? I have not been
 ' less thankless to my Benefactors! Have you
 ' assum'd a haughty supercilious Look?
 ' Have I been more humble? Could any
 ' Thing equal the Pride wherewith I have
 ' made the whole Court wait for my Per-
 ' formance? and when I had a Mind to
 ' exert my Power, I would totally disap-
 ' point them. Have not you, a little *Plebe-*
 ' *ian*, with as comparative an Insolence,
 ' presum'd to treat our most exalted Princes
 ' with Indignity? believing your Pen ne-
 ' ver did you so much Honour, as when it
 ' aim'd at dishonouring others. Had not I
 ' my Power to make my Fortune?
 ' nay,

' nay, still have, cou'd I be but perswaded
 ' to part with my Pride, and be submissive
 ' and thankful to the Town for their Fa-
 ' vours. This is exactly your Case, you
 ' wou'd have us think 'tis your own Fault if
 ' you don't condescend to be Great; I be-
 ' lieve you are only hinder'd like me, be-
 ' cause 'tis so dull and tiresome doing no-
 ' thing but one's Duty; 'tis what we ought,
 ' and therefore can't come into: Tho' I must
 ' confess, I can't see what they should court
 ' you for, 'tis but an Air you give your
 ' self: Your Morals have made your Pen of
 ' no Estimation: Your Impudence in a-
 ' busing the Emperor's best Friends, shou'd
 ' but little encourage them to reward you:
 ' Besides, mercenary as you are known to
 ' be, it prevents your carrying any Weight:
 ' 'Tis prodigious, when you really need
 ' Supplies your self, to throw the Calumny
 ' upon others of writing for Bread: Is it
 ' not by way of forestalling, what they
 ' might much more justly say of you? But
 ' when we would speak of Hypocrisie, the
 ' Feinte you make of Vertue and Religion,
 ' there I drop you, because I believed my
 ' self above all Occasion for Dissimulati-
 ' on; you knew their Amiability, their
 ' Weight when one would buy Esteem, if
 ' you could not attain to the Practice,
 ' you assum'd the Pretence; and that has
 ' been of Service to you with those, who
 ' have not paid the Expence of being ac-
 ' quainted with you.

' But,

' But, Madam, answer'd the Person up-
 ' on whom the Lady had bestow'd the
 ' Name of Don *Phæbo*, tho' your Lady-
 ' ship be extream nice at a Parallel, as yet
 ' you could never pretend, with the Charms
 ' of your Voice, to be so important as I
 ' have been with my Pen; you have never
 ' fed such a Croud beneath you, who sa-
 ' tisfy their Hunger only by nibbling at
 ' the Redundancy of my Wit. Ha! Sir,
 ' answer'd the Lady hastily, that may be
 ' true; But how many feed you? the learn-
 ' ed Dead, and a great Number of the
 ' witty Living; I have heard a pretty large
 ' Roll of your Benefactors, and cou'd, up-
 ' on Occasion, remember the most confi-
 ' derable of them. Methinks, 'twas a little
 ' hard to make a certain Person pay you
 ' in Wit for the kind Office you did him,
 ' in his Distress, in helping him to a *Sage*
 ' *Femme*; then for your Secresie, he is par-
 ' ticularly obliged to you for concealing
 ' that slender Frailty of his so thoroughly,
 ' that all the World knows it; you must
 ' be telling your Wife every Thing, these
 ' uxorious married Men! But this is no-
 ' thing to your Performances —————
 ' 'Tis so well known after an Age of Dul-
 ' ness, when you have had a charitable
 ' Lift, that I am surpriz'd you will throw
 ' the Road open (by censuring others of
 ' living upon you) to shew by whom you
 ' live: Is there not a certain old Fable of
 ' a *Bird dress'd up in borrow'd Feathers*? I am
 ' afraid,

'atraid, Don *Phæbo*, if every one should
 'have a Fancy to his own Ray, your Wor-
 'ship would be very near shorn of your
 'Beams, or those that remain be found
 'with but an indifferent Degree of Lustre.
 'I defie you to say any such Thing of me,
 'my Excellencies were all my own.

'Your Ladyship, answer'd Don *Phæbo*,
 'keeps very improving Company, let me
 'die! grown an absolute Wit, and a pro-
 'digious Critick! not altogether so poi-
 'gnant as my self! but pretty well; tho'
 'this is nothing, Madam, to what may
 'be said; we are scarce in the Degree of
 'Comparifon, till we've heard Particulars,
 'by which we may conclude upon Gene-
 'rals. Your Ladyship has already been
 'told of what I have to boast: I have
 'kept nothing a Secret from your Lady-
 'ship that was extraordinary; in Return, I
 'prepare my self with a World of Plea-
 'sure to expect your Adventures.

'Ah! Sir, reply'd the harmonious Un-
 'fortunate, as I have mismanag'd my self
 'they are insignificant, not half so confi-
 'derable as they might have been; I ne-
 'ver valu'd the Care of my Fortune, 'twas
 'enough I indulg'd my Humour; that was
 'a present Satisfaction, the other a distant
 'View. My Father was one of the *Mountai-*
 '*neers*; the Charms of his Wife (whom the
 'Patriarch of *Nova* had accidentally seen)
 'lifted him into his Service, where, quick-
 'ly, all became at my Mother's Devotion.
 'I was

' I was then six Years old, but (to the
 ' Mortification of her decaying Charms) ten
 ' Years after, I proved her Rival; not by
 ' any Design, I had no Inclination to the
 ' overgrown Churchman. I had always
 ' something in me that was an Enemy to
 ' Hypocrisie, tho' his good Lordship us'd
 ' to tell me, 'twas better privately to dis-
 ' semble, than give open Scandal. I was
 ' quickly sick of his fulsome Cant: Tho'
 ' in Reality he had no Religion at all, a
 ' strict Sort of Devotion (revengeing per-
 ' sonal Injuries with a Gust) excepted. He
 ' was in his Heart a Heretick, and favour'd
 ' none but what were so; indeed the Re-
 ' venues of the Chair oblig'd him to con-
 ' form to the Rules of the Church, which
 ' he us'd to do in a Morning; but then at
 ' his own Palace, he had *Evening-Explication*,
 ' *Lectures*, by which he debauch'd the lower
 ' Sort of People, into whom he was in-
 ' dustrious to instil his heretical Notions:
 ' Besides, he kept a *Seminary* of Youth at
 ' his own Charge, who were brought up to
 ' an Abhorrence of the Orthodox; those
 ' were only promoted, and put into Pre-
 ' ferments as they fell, infecting the Church
 ' with a creeping Leprosie, that as the
 ' pious Patriarch hopes, may in Time, over-
 ' run the Purity of her Doctrine.

' What Opinion could I, a Girl, have of
 ' Religion, or the Necessity of it, when I
 ' found my self every Day persecuted to
 ' my Ruin, by one of the Head Professors?

' Never

' Never was any so heroically cruel ; zealous Man ! He was down upon his Knees
 ' to me in every Corner of his Palace ;
 ' gave me the finest Things ; that Part I
 ' lik'd indeed, but when he would kiss
 ' me ——— Nauseous ——— my
 ' Stomach would turn ——— my Mother
 ' was no longer gracious in his Eyes,
 ' but as she could influence me to receive
 ' his odious Address ——— but even
 ' that would not do, he was forced to bring
 ' my Father into his Interest ; good Patriarch !
 ' he would sollicite so devoutly ———
 ' would persuade one 'twas a Sin to be
 ' cruel ——— so warm in his Con-
 ' victions ! ——— when I told him a
 ' Priest ——— he 'twas scandalous !
 ' the Patriarch, notorious !
 ' a religious ! ——— detestable !
 ' He would tell me my
 ' Charms had Power to tempt an Apostle
 ' ——— In short, our narrow
 ' Circumstances produced my Father's absolute
 ' Command, and I was ——— with
 ' loathing in my Heart ——— sacrific'd
 ' to his hated Embrace : Yet I must do
 ' my reverend Lover this Justice (remembering
 ' a Piece of his Doctrine, that unless it be
 ' an Injury to our selves, we should never detract
 ' from others) that in his Way, he proved the most
 ' furious, most amorous, most ardent Votary I
 ' ever met with.

' The two *Foibles*, by which his Lordship
 ' had been always agitated, were *Love* and
 ' *Anger*; upon more Occasions than one, he
 ' has been struck Speechless by these two
 ' mighty Potentates! Possession increas'd
 ' his Desire; he was so fond, his whole
 ' Revenue was at my Devotion; this first
 ' taught me to squander ——— here I was
 ' ador'd by his People; they were all my
 ' Creatures ——— but I hated the *Patriarch*.
 ' There was a Man ——— Oh Don *Phæbo*!
 ' who by the Charms of his Voice, capti-
 ' vated my Soul! his uneasie Circumstan-
 ' ces compelling him, before I was wound-
 ' ed, to leave the Empire, he designed for
 ' the Court of *Charles* King of the *Franks*,
 ' who is said to give true Encouragement to
 ' Arts, unlike our cold Northern Climate,
 ' our late *Russian* Emperor, who was not
 ' very likely to reward, what he never de-
 ' sign'd nor desired to hear. Don *Phæbo*,
 ' who could be separated from the pleasing
 ' Warmth, the Pleasure I received from so
 ' dear a Lover? In a Word, forgetful of In-
 ' terest! Fame! Ambition! I agreed to
 ' share his Fortune. Whatever I could ga-
 ' ther from the Patriarch's shining Palace;
 ' what my Father's Credit, tho' unknown
 ' to him, could procure; the Liberality of
 ' my Devout Lover! all was packed up to
 ' be carried along with us. But, some Star,
 ' injurious to *Loovers*, prov'd averse, a Wo-
 ' man whom I trusted with the Secret, be-
 ' trayed it to my Mother. My Cargo was
 secured,

' secured, and my self stop'd. The Patri-
 ' arch became enraged, and ordered me to
 ' withdraw from out of his Palace; tho'
 ' that was not the Height of my Misfortune;
 ' my Lover was departed, and my Father
 ' full of Remorse, not only fell sick, but
 ' into such a violent Weakness of Mind,
 ' that no Man in his Senses could be guilty
 ' of. He wrote down the hated Particulars
 ' of the Patriarch's Amour with me; the
 ' detestable Part he had in seducing me;
 ' because he had dreaded the Power and
 ' Anger of his Lord; this he sign'd with
 ' his own Hand, and not long before his
 ' Death, conjur'd his Confessor to deliver
 ' it to the Emperor, that he might forbear
 ' to honour that licentious Prelate with
 ' his future Esteem.

' Rob'd of my Father's Support, the Pa-
 ' triarch's Liberality, and involved for
 ' those Things I had taken upon Credit to
 ' carry with me: What could I do, but en-
 ' deavour to make some Advantage of that
 ' extraordinary Voice which Nature had be-
 ' stow'd upon me, and which had cost my
 ' Father more than two thousand Pieces to
 ' improve? you know the Success ———
 ' What might I not have expected? How
 ' was I ador'd? but born with a Genius too
 ' mighty for my Fortune! incapable of lit-
 ' tle Things! and surrounded by noisy Cla-
 ' mours, I was forced to quit the dear De-
 ' lights of being admir'd, and admiring!
 ' oblig'd to give up my Dominion over the
 ' Town

' Town, who have so often waited the Call
 ' of my Inclination, before I could deter-
 ' mine whether I would please to allow
 ' them such Diversion as was in my Power
 ' to bestow ! and which was worse, forc'd
 ' to grant my Favours to a Person I did not
 ' love, and suspend conferring them on one
 ' I did. In a Word, my threatening Credi-
 ' tors threw me into the Arms of a Milita-
 ' ry Tribune : I was a long Time buried
 ' with him in a detested Solitude, near this
 ' Place ; 'tis true, he omitted nothing,
 ' even beyond his Capacity, to make me
 ' easie ; but alas ! what was his little In-
 ' come to the large Expence I had been
 ' us'd to ? I could have very well lavish'd away
 ' his Pay in a Week ! but this Niggardliness
 ' of Fortune was not all I had to complain
 ' of : The Emperor sent him upon an Ex-
 ' pedition against the *Vandals*, he left me
 ' alone, (the Extreame of Sorrow in his
 ' Heart and Face) with what Provision he
 ' could afford, to serve my Occasion till his
 ' Return : That was the Time I took Advan-
 ' tage of, to see the Person belov'd : I of-
 ' ten went *Incognito* to *Nova*. One fatal
 ' Day, upon my Return, I was seiz'd and
 ' hurry'd to this detestable House, where I
 ' fell in Travail ; and tho' I am discharg'd of
 ' the Debt which brought me hither, am
 ' oblig'd to expect the necessary Time when
 ' it will be safe for me to depart.

' Thus you see my Life is not fill'd with
 ' surprizing Events like yours ; I have
 ' none

' none of those fortunate Incidents in Wed-
 ' lock; I am still unmarried; but then it
 ' is confess'd, I am guiltless of that Anxi-
 ' ety you must have often felt in Fetters,
 ' especially when after complimenting your
 ' first Lady (in the Condition she was then
 ' in) with a real Marriage, how must you
 ' be affected and perplexed at the Report
 ' of her Brother's being yet living, by whose
 ' Death she was entituled to that Wealth,
 ' which had made a Husband of Don Phe-
 ' bo? Your Fame is not quite so clear in
 ' reference to that ugly and odd Misfortune,
 ' which was so fatal to her, occasion'd by
 ' your Sister; but a younger Wife, and a
 ' cry'd-up Beauty, were Consolations for a
 ' less commodious Loss. How is it that a
 ' Man of your Sense suffers himself to be
 ' govern'd by the Women? The Town
 ' have been let into the Secret; we know
 ' so well from your Writing, when you
 ' have had any matrimonial Discontents; I
 ' can't say Disputes, for I hear the sullen
 ' Fair seldom does you the Honour to let it
 ' go so far; How can a Person of your Fire,
 ' wait, after Midnight, for four Hours to-
 ' gether, imploring the obdurate Beauty to
 ' break her killing Silence? whilst she,
 ' vain of the Adoration, turns her Back,
 ' stands looking out of a Window, and
 ' will neither vouchsafe a Word, nor glance
 ' her Eyes, by the Prospect of their Bright-
 ' ness, to relieve your Anguish? When you
 ' O come

' come home late, they say the naked Fair
 ' rises from her forsaken Bed, thus to receive,
 ' and thus to punish you for your so long
 ' Stay, which instantly produces a History of
 ' conjugal Delights from you, I assure you,
 ' Sir, it is not the least successful Subject;
 ' you have not succeeded better in many
 ' Things than in *connubial* Union. Ah,
 ' Don *Phæbo*, if you had stuck there, and
 ' not dabbled in awkward Politicks; which
 ' were often as unseasonable and blamable
 ' as your present Boast. What do you
 ' think your Enemies (for your Manner
 ' has made you many) will say, when they
 ' come to know from what humble Cir-
 ' cumstances that exalted Panegyrick upon
 ' your self, is dated? Do you not believe,
 ' you will give them too just an Occasion to
 ' ridicule Self-sufficiency! Vanity! and per-
 ' haps Pride! I'm sure Presumption. Oh,
 ' none Madam interrupted the Don, will
 ' be so uncharitable to reflect, or be witty
 ' upon a Person in Misfortunes, and of
 ' such a Nature as mine are; *Who ever made*
 ' *a Satyr upon a Beggar?* As such I grant
 ' you, reply'd the Lady, you may be safe,
 ' and entituled to our Compassion; but
 ' should we behold a Wretch, (one in the
 ' Circumstances you name) assuming haugh-
 ' ty Airs! ridiculing his Contemporaries!
 ' reproaching them that by him they eat
 ' and live? Insulting over the Poverty of
 ' their Genius, vaunting the Richness of his
 ' own! calling his Friends that had serv'd
 ' him

him *Slandervers*, only for reporting his Ingratitude: Would not such a Beggar deserve a double Portion of Reproach, and be the truest Subject of Satyr? deserve something more poignant than ever you bestow'd upon Lord *Tamas*, who had in his own Person peculiarly oblig'd your Worship; not to insist upon what you derived from his immortal Parent, who gave your helpless Infancy the memorable Benefit of an instructive Establishment; without which charitable Education, 'tis fear'd, Don *Phabo*, you could not have had Learning enough to qualify you for being witty upon his Descendant.

Camillus's graceful Manner made this little Narration, tho' nothing in it self, agreeable to his Hearers. Lord *Horatio* ask'd him, How Love was now made at *Constantinople*? What was the newest Scandal? The Princess had been lately entertain'd with so long a Discourse of Politicks, Changing the Scene to one more Gay, could not be unentertaining. If your Lordship, reply'd *Camillus*, will be pleas'd to ask the fortunate *Celsus*, and he but please to tell you, I am assur'd that nothing escapes his Knowledge that's worth it. 'Tis *Camillus* is the happy Man, answer'd *Celsus*, the Ladies worship him! there's none of their Secrets that are such to him: But he'll tell none of them, interrupted *Horatio*, so we are like to be but little the better for his Knowledge. I am acquainted with his Talent very well;

he's very good at Silence. . . What ! to his Friends, answer'd the Princess? that's a provoking Quality in a Man of Wit and Humour ! we Women so little encourage it, that 'tis a Maxim amongst Ladies, we had rather they should tell of us, than not tell to us. *Camillus*, how will you get off this Difficulty, said *Horatio* ? There is none in it, with Submissions to your Lordship, reply'd *Camillus* ; because there can't be any Secrets when *Esbelinda* would be inform'd : Laws were never made for those who carry an universal Right to the Obedience of all Mankind, as does her Highness. I shall be proud to contribute, in my Turn, to the Entertainment of so much Beauty. Very gallant, reply'd *Horatio* ; pray, young Gentlemen, make way as fast as you can, for something so very new as discreet *Camillus*'s Discoveries.

My Lord, answer'd *Camillus*, at your Return, your Lordship will find a new Climate at *Constantinople*, in relation to Love : These are no longer the Days of Passion, as when you adored the bright *Ximena*, were happy with the killing *Livia*, *Livia* ! whose *Cupid* dispensed as many Arrows as Glances ! Either the handsome Women are taken up with Parties, buried in Policks, or compound for something more gross ; the Affections of the Body are as often vari'd as their Cloaths ; for, alas ! they love no more. My last Adventure lets us into a new Mode of Amour ; not naming real Names, your Highness,

ness; and his Lordship, won't accuse me of much Indiscretion. I must confess, secret tho' I am, 'tis a Pleasure to unburthen my self: The Discourse I heard some Days before I left *Constantinople*, has run in my Head ever since.

Behold me, Madam, be pleas'd to cast your killing Eyes towards me; with this tolerable Person, I made a passable Woman, when dress'd like one: There was a young Creature who yet persisted in so unfashionable an Air, as Love! she permitted me to visit her in the Disguize of her own Sex. As her Fortune was much inferior to her Beauty, she was obliged to take a Post about a Lady in the Palace; but my Business was not Eternal, so I did not think her less charming for not being Rich. We pass'd some happy Moments in this Garb; I was esteem'd a Country Relation, and had the Liberty of the Family: Several pretty Rencontres with the Men, amorous *Doncours* and Languishments, from those who thought I was a Woman, serv'd as lucky Incidents to keep up our Diversion and Taste to one another.

One Evening that I was waiting her Leisure in a Closet, adjacent to the Bed-Chamber, she came running to me, and bid me retire upon the Instant, for her own Lady, her Ladyship's Sister, and two young Relations, were coming to enjoy themselves with *Coan* and *Falerh* Wines, upon a grand Consult, whereto she was not to be admitted; her

Post being assign'd at the Chamber-Door, to prevent any of their People from knowing their Ladyships were there.

I presently had the Idea of an agreeable Scene between four such fashionable Ladies, all young, coquet, and prude, at the same Time: I begg'd my Mistress that she would let me conceal my self, and she should know their Discourse at second-hand; no Servant was ever Proof against Curiosity, or prefer'd Duty to Love; there's more Fidelity due to the latter: She lock'd me in, took out the Key, and immediately I heard the Chamber fill with warbling Voices that thrill'd my Blood, and discompos'd my Heart. My melodious Neighbours, without having Patience to stay till the Cups were set in order, and their Gentlewoman dismiss'd, began a confus'd Dialect; each persisting in their own Opinion, without hearing what was said by others. I found they were too warm for an Audience to be able even to guess at the Matter in Debate. At last Lady *Martia's* Tongue got the better, that was the Name I heard them call her, (for when they went upon private Adventures, to prevent Discovery, each had her *Nome de Guerre*); the rest had weary'd themselves into a Minute's Silence, and thus her oraculous Ladyship deliver'd her self.

' Indeed, Sister *Fulvia*, I can't understand what you and my prude Cousin *Aurelia* mean by being below'd; what would you be at? you talk of the Heart: What is that

' that unseen Thing, so greatly coveted, so
 ' little understood? I know no other Value
 ' it has, than as it bestows the Person,
 ' which is no false imaginary Delight;
 ' there's Substance in that, and no Deceit;
 ' you have what you feel you have: Not so
 ' in the Heart, there's nothing more distant;
 ' oftentimes even in the Moment you are
 ' told, with a thousand Professions that 'tis
 ' yours, you find it at the Disposal of ano-
 ' ther. My Cousin *Julia's* wife, she knows
 ' this to be true; but she is not such a Fool
 ' to distempere her self about it. Not I
 ' indeed; reply'd the Lady, it answer'd my
 ' End, I got a young and rich Husband by
 ' my Beauty; his Heart was certainly in-
 ' gag'd, or it could never have carry'd him
 ' into a Marriage so unequal in Fortune.
 ' The first Year or two I was perfectly
 ' ador'd; the extravagant Caress of a passio-
 ' nate Husband, is certainly the most trou-
 ' ble some, impertinent Thing in Nature!
 ' I wonder they don't Blush in being guilty
 ' of Extreams; good Gud, how hot and
 ' how cold are these Men? Lords of the
 ' Creation, as they're called, upon my Soul,
 ' the Contrariety of their Passions, make
 ' them the most ridiculous Part of it. When
 ' they have an Appetite they eat with such
 ' a Gust, nay, so voraciously, as if they
 ' thought they should never have their
 ' Bellies full: When (by an Excess of
 ' Greediness) they feel themselves cloy'd,
 ' that they are swell'd even to bursting, the

' Fault to be sure never lies in them, they
 ' won't own a Surfeit; 'tis we are chang'd,
 ' not they. Is there any good-natur'd
 ' Wretch uses our Table, begins my Health,
 ' remembers me seven Years ago, when I
 ' was the High mode, tho' perhaps not so
 ' handsome as at present? my complaisant
 ' Spouse recollects those dear Days of De-
 ' light, with a Shrug and a Sigh from the
 ' Bottom of his Heart, cries ah, my Lord
 ' — she was — *Julia* was — at fif-
 ' teen *Julia* was irresistible — But now,
 ' alas! — two or three and twenty — is
 ' that an Age for Beauty? — ah, the
 ' Difference — the irretrievable Bloom
 ' — her Features are grown large and
 ' coarse, not like *Julia's* — but 'tis in vain
 ' to repine — whose Dial ever stands
 ' still? — come hither Spouse, kiss me
 ' for what thou hast been: — let me, if
 ' possible, dwell upon the dear Remembrance
 ' — I would give all my Estate thou
 ' wert still the same lovely *Julia* I once
 ' ador'd. Cousin *Fulvia*, if I lov'd the Man,
 ' don't you think this Manner of Treatment
 ' would be an insupportable Mortification?
 ' quite contrary, I'm easie under it, let the
 ' Wretch be dully witty in his Way —
 ' I'll be happy in mine — But Cousin,
 ' Reputation being so nice a Good, an *Er-*
 ' *min* that won't bear the least Soil, my
 ' Cousin *Martia* and my self have found a
 ' way to taste the substantial Part of Love,
 ' without the Danger and Scandal! now
 ' Cousin

‘ Cousin *Fulvia*, and Sister *Aurelia*, out of
 ‘ our great good Respect and Tenderness we
 ‘ have for both of your desolate Circumstan-
 ‘ ces, (buried, as your neglected Charms
 ‘ seem to be, in the dull Embrace of Poli-
 ‘ tick Husbands) we have thought fit to let
 ‘ you into the darling Secret, and if you ap-
 ‘ prove, to lend you our Assistance towards
 ‘ carrying on a Communication that may
 ‘ give you the solid Joys of Love without
 ‘ the Reproach, provided you can have Wit-
 ‘ enough, with us, to wave the Particular
 ‘ of the Heart, which serves for nothing
 ‘ but to distract the Senses. I would not
 ‘ love and be beloved by the most perfect
 ‘ *Adonis* that *Venus* ever sigh’d for; because,
 ‘ without giving me one Grain more of
 ‘ Pleasure, it would indanger a Load of In-
 ‘ famy. Pray, what was the Consequence
 ‘ of *Narcissus*’s Flame, for my Cousin *Mar-
 ‘ tia*, and the Distinction she had for *Narcis-
 ‘ sus*? Was not all the Town busie with the
 ‘ Fragrancy of her good Name, till it be-
 ‘ came an offensive Odour to the Nice and
 ‘ the Vertuous? not counting the Perplex-
 ‘ ity of his having Amours with others,
 ‘ Possession it self is a Sweet that cloy’s!
 ‘ *Martia* loaths *Narcissus* at this Day more
 ‘ than she does her Lord; the Cause why is
 ‘ plain, because she doated on the first, and
 ‘ never rose above Indifferency for the
 ‘ other. What Torment? what Perplexi-
 ‘ ty, to get rid of a Lover that will still be
 ‘ belov’d? who believes it meritorious to

' persevere, tho' what created his Merit
' (our Liking) be no more?

' Did ever you hear of a Man, who was
' in Favour with one of our Distinction,
' but he had some Confidant with whom to
' taste over again the Delights we give?
' that Confidant has another, and so suc-
' cessively, till we become the publick Theme;
' Besides, young Fellows, now adays, affect
' a nauseous Behaviour in respect of Wo-
' men: One sneers in your Face, pulls all
' the Beauties of the Town to Pieces, finds
' fault with the Eyes of *Berenice*. Who
' ever was a *Belle* with blue Eyes? *Oktavia*
' dresses her self like a Fright! she's so old,
' dares swear near Eighteen; her Cloaths
' with all the Colours of the Rain-bow.
' Young *Phryne* has such high Shoulders,
' 'tis such a forbidding Sight; a Month af-
' ter, because her Face is handsome, all the
' Town takes the Mode of high Shoulders,
' from her natural Defect, and carrying
' themselves into an odious Imitation of
' what *Phryne* would have given any Thing
' she had not been born with. That same
' young Fellow comes into the general viti-
' ous Taste, and quarrels with *Domitia*, his
' accomplish'd Mistress, for an Ungain,
' Unbred, Country Thing; one who is so
' stupid, she cannot acquire a modish Be-
' haviour; does not know how to carry her
' Hands, and Arms; how to advance her Shoul-
' ders with an Air, hers being positively, at
' least, four Inches below the becoming Height.

' Another

' Another Fool yawns, gives a Look of
 ' Fatigue and Disdain, and draws his
 ' Mouth awry, and cries out upon the
 ' Wearisomeness of Life! ——— no new
 ' Pleasures! no fresh Scandal! no Invitation
 ' to Joy! all's dull! insipid! worn
 ' out Repetition! what would he give to
 ' have a more vulgar Taste! — to be dully
 ' pleas'd, as so many wretched happy Fellows
 ' are? Name War! Ambition! Reading!
 ' Building! Dancing! Musick! the
 ' Theatre! Love! he has tir'd them all out
 ' of Favour. Courage (to which he is a mortal
 ' Enemy) is necessary for War; he does
 ' not know where the Pleasure, by way of
 ' Diversion lies, of living no more ———
 ' Ambition is for dull plodding Mortals,
 ' unfit for Men of Taste and Delicacy.
 ' Reading, he has run through all that Part
 ' of the Story, there's nothing new, Authors
 ' not only live upon one another, but
 ' themselves: repeat the same Thing twenty
 ' Times over, like an old Tale told several
 ' ways. There ought to be Invention
 ' on to make what they write go down;
 ' something they want *je ne scai quoy*;
 ' they produce not any Thing worth looking
 ' over, &c. Building, both himself and
 ' his Estate are already worn out that way.
 ' What Men call Diversions — are no longer
 ' such; there are now no Performers;
 ' who sings, dances, or speaks with tolerable
 ' Harmony? wearied with such Apes,
 ' such Parrots, such Cat-Calls, can any who
 ' has.

has tasted *Roscius*, bear Candle-Snuffers?
 — Love! — ridiculous — a descending Goddess could not give him a Pang: Yet by way of *Innuendo*, his abstemious Worship will let your Ladyship hope, that if you are so unfortunate to be enamour'd at his fine Person, he wants ill Nature enough to throw you quite into Despair.

A third proves a *Petrician*, one of the old (or which is worse, of the new) made *Classes*: His Quality has a Title to all the Favours any Lady has in Reserve; 'tis a Whirl-pool wherein Pride! Vanity! Ignorance! Avarice! Diseases! exposing Reputation! are suck'd in and forgotten: That my Lord is pleas'd to honour you is enough, no Matter for the Merit of the Person, or how enormous are his Vices, His Lordship would give all the World he could be in Love; never was a Lover, tho' he has often personated one, yet has a Glut of Amours upon his Hands, he is so excessively throng'd, what can one do? Passions are not in one's own Power! hates taking Pains; no Woman can be worth the Fatigue of Approaches, or the Plague of departing Compliments! How much more agreeable would they prove, if they did not extort superfluous Address, put a Man to the Rack, to confess what his Heart is guiltless of? For his Lordship's Part, he loves a Commerce where he does not find himself obliged to speak, especially when he is of a Humour to be silent.

But,

' But, granting a Youth of unexception-
 ' able Merit (one whose Heart were worth
 ' the touching) become your Conquest;
 ' the Plague of Jealousie, which always at-
 ' tends great Passions in such a Court as
 ' this, certainly discovers the Amour, and
 ' your Reputation becomes an unavoidable
 ' Sacrifice to your Lover's Suspicions, and
 ' Indiscretion.

' This I was us'd to tell Lady *Martia*,
 ' when she was doating on *Narcissus*: I
 ' drew her off from that Attachment, but
 ' not till it was too late; I then brought
 ' her into the Cabal, but she had too much
 ' Fire for so dull a Commerce; she could
 ' not taste the pall'd Delights of her own
 ' Sex. I must confess, she made me an
 ' Apostate to the Religion (her self ex-
 ' cepted) whose Votary I am to the highest
 ' Degree. My Sister *Aurelia* too, was
 ' one inclin'd to that Worship; but I think
 ' she's so taken up with managing at Home,
 ' and assisting her Spouse in Intelligence and
 ' Politicks, that she neglects her devoir
 ' to the *Sodality*.

' I hope, my dear *Julia*, interrupted *Mar-*
 ' *tia*, I have not shewn my self insensible
 ' of your Love; who left a magnificent
 ' Palace of my own, to come and be in
 ' Lodgings near you, because the Distance
 ' rob'd me of so much Time in going and
 ' coming? Time! devoted to nicer Joys!
 ' Ought I, lovely *Martia*, answer'd *Julia*,
 ' to value my self upon that Sacrifice?
 ' Which

Which of your Mother's Perfections was
 I oblig'd to for it? her amorous or avari-
 tious? Has not your Principle of good
 Housewifry (how commendable I won't
 say, in one of your Rank) occasion'd that
 Desertion by which you have been able
 to reduce without Noise, so great a Part
 of your Train? but be that as it will;
 since the Benefit is mine, the Complaint
 ought not to be so,

There is a Tradition, Lady *Fulvia*, of
Claudius's Empress *Messalina*, (you need not
 turn over your learned Lords high-bought
 musty Manuscripts to find what were her
 Diversions; she frequented common Hou-
 ses, and was pleased to be treated as a com-
 mon Woman. 'Tis supposed the whole
 Sex were acceptable to her Majesty; she
 received without Distinction or Objection
 whoever offered themselves: Charming
Martia and my self have refin'd upon the
 Invention; we first put our selves in a
 genteel *Dishabillie*, generally speaking of
 black and white, because most worn and
 less distinguishable: Sometimes I visit
 her Ladyship; sometimes her Ladyship
 visits me; our Intimacy is so well known,
 none Wonders at the Dearness: Our Peo-
 ple are sent off. When met, to be sure we
 pass the Evening together till far in the
 Night; our Women are acquainted with
 the Pleasure we have in being shut up
 with one another, and of course deny us
 to all Company. We steal out by a Back-
 Way.

‘ Way in a common Coach to the *Tire-
Woman’s* or *Wardrobe Fashioner’s*, where we
‘ veil and adjourn to the *Amphitheater*,
‘ seat our selves amongst the *Courtizans*,
‘ and think it Policy to be esteemed such.

‘ There we have our Choice of the hand-
‘ somest, wittiest, most promising of the
‘ Sex. The Fruit-Women who know all
‘ that comes, tell us their Character, and
‘ what Estates they have ; we take care not
‘ to ingage with Rakes of what Quality
‘ soever : Let me assure you, Ladies, Mo-
‘ rality, Sense, Humanity, lies most among
‘ the Rank of Landed-Men, esteem’d but
‘ meer Gentlemen : The Youth of Quality
‘ are too much indulg’d in Idleness, to be
‘ Learned ; instead of Improvement, they
‘ practise early Pleasure and Debauchery :
‘ Besides, there are a great many military
‘ Officers very agreeable Fellows, born of
‘ good Families, with genteel Adress, well-
‘ made Persons, and a World of Love,
‘ each in themselves able to attract a Heart
‘ of Value ; for two Thirds of the Year in
‘ the Field, banish’d from Beauty, they
‘ look upon Women as Miracles, and
‘ therefore adore us : We have found Abun-
‘ dance of safe Diversion among these Peo-
‘ ple : We talk, laugh, eat with them ;
‘ they see our Faces, become ravish’d with
‘ our Youth and Beauty ; forget the *Courti-
zan* in the Charmer, embrace with Ar-
‘ dour, and give us all that can be accept-
‘ able in the Sex ; nay, pay us too ; which

' my Cousin *Martia* thinks none of the
 ' worst Part of the Entertainment ; tho' she
 ' can want no Money, yet she fancies what
 ' she gets that way is lucky ; a foolish Su-
 ' perstition she has : Ask her to shew you
 ' the Purse consecrated to *Venus*, where she
 ' puts all her Gettings ? she dares not let
 ' you know how full it is.

' For my Part I could well dispense from
 ' receiving the Offering, but for Fear of
 ' becoming suspected. If we like our
 ' Treat, we consent to return another Time
 ' to the Banquet. The Lover parts from
 ' us without any Curiosity, because he be-
 ' lieves we are of a Rank not to deserve it ;
 ' yet so vicious is the modish Taste, that
 ' he's not the less amorous for it : You may
 ' be sure we take care our Choice should
 ' not fall amongst such as frequent the
 ' Court. As to our Appearance on solemn
 ' Days, encompass'd by Train and Equi-
 ' page ! seated in a magnificent Chariot !
 ' our Person blazing with Jewels and ori-
 ' ental Pearls ! Robes shining with Gold
 ' and precious Gems ! a Man durst not believe
 ' his own Eyes, nor (tho' he heard us speak)
 ' his Ears. He would perhaps conclude, his
 ' lovely *Courtizan* was not unlike that re-
 ' splendent Lady, and long with a double
 ' Gust till the Hour of Assignment, that he
 ' might possess the Court-Beauty in the Per-
 ' son of his Common Charmer.

' But, Cousin, interrupted *Fulvia*, are you
 ' not afraid of *Lady Rosana's* ill Fortune ?

' she

' she used to go upon such Frolicks, but
 ' how was she serv'd? brought before a Ma-
 ' gistrate, confin'd, and at last forced to
 ' declare her Quality, to the Confusion of
 ' her Fame. That was her Indiscretion,
 ' Madam, reply'd *Julia*, she affected the
 ' Courtizan, still with Reserve to the Wo-
 ' man of Honour. She would be suspected
 ' for a Person of Condition, by which she
 ' gave the Men Curiosity to follow her :
 ' Dropping all such ill-tim'd, haughty Airs,
 ' we are never dogg'd, nor are never in
 ' Danger of it. *Rosana* amused her self
 ' unprofitably ; she would be witty and a-
 ' busive, raise the Lover's Spleen and De-
 ' sires, and then forsake him, which often-
 ' times was not in her Power to do ; sus-
 ' pecting her Quality, he would not be for-
 ' saken. Our Business is solid Pleasure, not
 ' empty Froth, we would love, not talk. I
 ' could tell you of some very pretty Amuse-
 ' ments, enough to tempt you to be of our
 ' diverting Society.

' I remember, cry'd *Martia*, my first Ad-
 ' venturer was a young handsome Gentleman
 ' of the Country : As a certain Proof that
 ' he did not know me, after we grew inti-
 ' mately well acquainted, he began to curse
 ' my Father and my Mother for their Op-
 ' pression ! which at their own Price, had
 ' forc'd him to sell a Parcel of Land that
 ' lay convenient for their Building. Had he
 ' but known the Reprisals and sweet Re-
 ' venge he took upon their Daughter ,
 ' 'twould

'twould have doubtless comforted him for
 his Sufferings. I owned he pleased me so
 well, that for two Months I thought on
 nothing else ; twice a Week I indulg'd in
 his Conversation, which, believe me,
 was very diverting and full of practical
 Instructions.

' Sister *Fulvia*, is not this better than pul-
 ling the Pages to Pieces ? killing them till
 they lose their Breath, haggling the Colour
 out of their Face ; for if of a weakly Con-
 stitution, those young Wretches sink under
 the Effort : If naturally robust, they're al-
 ways bold, and grow so presumptuous,
 'twould make one tremble to think on't.

Sometimes *Julia* and I change Lovers,
 sometimes direct apart, sometimes to-
 gether ! we see Men in all Humours, they
 don't give themselves the Pain of Dissimu-
 lation, before such Creatures as they sup-
 pose us to be. I may very well affirm,
 they carry the Delights of Sense to as high
 a Pitch as they can go, we give a Loose to
 Nature : The less she is disguised, the
 more amiable she is. I've often wished
 myself the Person I represented ; a bright
 and entire Votary to *Venus*, without af-
 fected Honour, tasteless Grandour, and un-
 deserved Reputation ; in short, what Joys
 are so poignant ? What Bliss comparative
 to swelling Love and dear Security ?

' I have been diverted with receiving ma-
 ny good Proffers in my Garb of *Courtesan*,
 even from Men of our own Family.

' Once

' Once a the Procurer, who was taken with
 ' something jantie about me, tho' she did
 ' not see my Face, fate her self down by me,
 ' before the Comedy began, and would have
 ' made an Affignation for my own dear
 ' Pappa; (I wish my Lady-Mother had been
 ' of the Audience;) but she told me, he
 ' never gave but a Piece; I begg'd to be
 ' excused, I was above his Lordship's stinging
 ' Price ————— I told her, I had more
 ' Mind to such a one, naming my own
 ' Spouse; I fancy'd there might be Hopes
 ' from his not loving his Lady, and the
 ' large Estate he possess'd: She gave me mo-
 ' therly Advice against entring my self in-
 ' to that Gang, unless I would resolve to
 ' run thro' it, and be undone for ever.
 ' The Prince of ————— was at their
 ' Head, the most debauch'd, yet the most
 ' inhumane, the most dangerous to our Pro-
 ' fession, of any Man living. Perpetually,
 ' noisily drunk, and then full of Mischief.
 ' As to her Part, he had more than once
 ' scour'd her poor Windows, frighted away
 ' her Ladies, by the ill-natured Tricks he
 ' played them; and which was worse, had
 ' almost ruin'd her Family by carrying a-
 ' way the Catalogue of Names, true and
 ' false, of her Gentlewomen, with their
 ' Place of Abode; by which she had been
 ' at a great Loss to oblige Persons of Qua-
 ' lity in a long Time after.

' Ladies, pursu'd the discreet *Martia*, I
 ' make bold with my own Spouse, without
 ' asking

‘ asking your Leave; but believe me, I
 ‘ love conjugal Peace too well to offer a^t
 ‘ any Part of the Discovery I may have
 ‘ made of either of yours; *Julia* may do as
 ‘ she pleases.

‘ O nothing to destroy Pleasure, answer’d
 ‘ the charming *Julia*.’ [All this Time I
 could hear the Wine warmly pass about,
 and oftentimes it, as well as its Effects,
 commended,] ‘ I never was so tempted in
 ‘ my Life, continued she, as at the Addresses
 ‘ of young *Decius* the *Patrician’s* Son. He
 ‘ brought his charming Bride, her Beauty
 ‘ dazzling, as the Shine of Angels, to the
 ‘ *Pantomimes*; yet left her to the Adoration
 ‘ of the Croud, to come and divert himself
 ‘ among the *Courtizans*. He had been but
 ‘ two Days marry’d, but made me the Sa-
 ‘ crifice. If I would be pleased to accept his
 ‘ Efforts. I was afraid he would know me,
 ‘ or I should not so willingly have pass’d
 ‘ over the Graces of his Person, his Wit,
 ‘ Humour, Conversation, those solid, as well
 ‘ as gay Accomplishments, that make him one
 ‘ of the most polite agreeable Persons of
 ‘ the Age.

‘ Chance threw me once upon a melan-
 ‘ choly Lover. He was to have been mar-
 ‘ ry’d to a lovely Widow, you must all
 ‘ have heard of Lady *Stratonice*. The Match
 ‘ was much to her Advantage, and the more
 ‘ because she had had an Affair with *Mu-*
 ‘ *tius*, who had reaped her Favours in Con-
 ‘ sideration of a Contract he afterwards de-
 ‘ ny’d

ny'd to perform, and dared her to prosecute upon it. Her Fame was of more Value, which the Traytor very well knew. Besides she had then the Offer of the young *Equestrian Valens*. The Day of Marriage was assign'd; on the Eve of it, the destin'd Bridegroom taking the Liberty of the Lodging, came up the Back-stairs unseen. Hearing *Stratonice's* Voice in her Closet, he absconded behind a Skreen to learn her Discourse. The Confidant of her Amours with *Matius* was then with her, whom she upbraided in his Name with all the Treachery she had met from him, recounting her Dishonour, the Contract, and those Particulars that had ruin'd her! In Consequence she gave up that fatal Writing, and all his false Letters, to the Person, and desired her to return back with hers to *Matius*, for she was now no longer her own but *Valens's*, whom she was to espouse the next Day, and therefore did not think it discreet, to leave such Witnesses of her Frailty in the Hands of a Villain.

Valens bless'd his Stars for the Discovery, and from that Moment set foot no more in *Stratonice's* Lodgings. But as he had truly loved her, she made a deep Impression upon his Heart, he was persuaded to seek his Cure in Diversions, and began with me: I succeeded so well, that in two or three Meetings he had forgot the wanton Widow. This well-made agreeable Gentle-

' man was so fond, I could not but be grate-
 ' ful; methought 'twas something more de-
 ' licate (our Commerce) than only Sense.
 ' We loved one another. In short for one
 ' Winter, he made my whole Diversion with
 ' very little Addition; he even proffered
 ' me to take me from my Way of living to
 ' carry me to his Country Seat, and settle an
 ' ample Fortune upon me; here was good
 ' Luck for a *Courtesan*! my Cousin *Martia*,
 ' who can't bear losing what may be got,
 ' persuaded me to take it, but could not ad-
 ' vise me in what Manner. So the Matter
 ' dropp'd; I grew weary of my *Equestrian*,
 ' and my *Equestrian* I suppose repeated his
 ' old Remedy to his old Distemper, the
 ' Cure of a new Face.'

Camillus was thus proceeding, when News
 was brought the Princess, that King *Beraldu*
 and Count *Oswald* were at Hand, and sent
 to tell her Highness, they would in a Mo-
 ment be with her. The Blood rose to *Eibe-*
linda's Face; she was receiving new Proofs
 of her Charms from the Impatience of
 a Lover truly touched! insupportable Ab-
 sence had carryed it from Reason, had car-
 ryed it from Interest; and brought the amo-
 rous Monarch (regardless of all Things but
 Love) without being expected, to the Feet
 of the adorable *Eibeline*.

F I N I S.

The following Books written by
the Author of the *New Atalantis*,
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NOvels. Vol. I. The Powers of Love in
Seven Novels, viz. I. The Fair
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